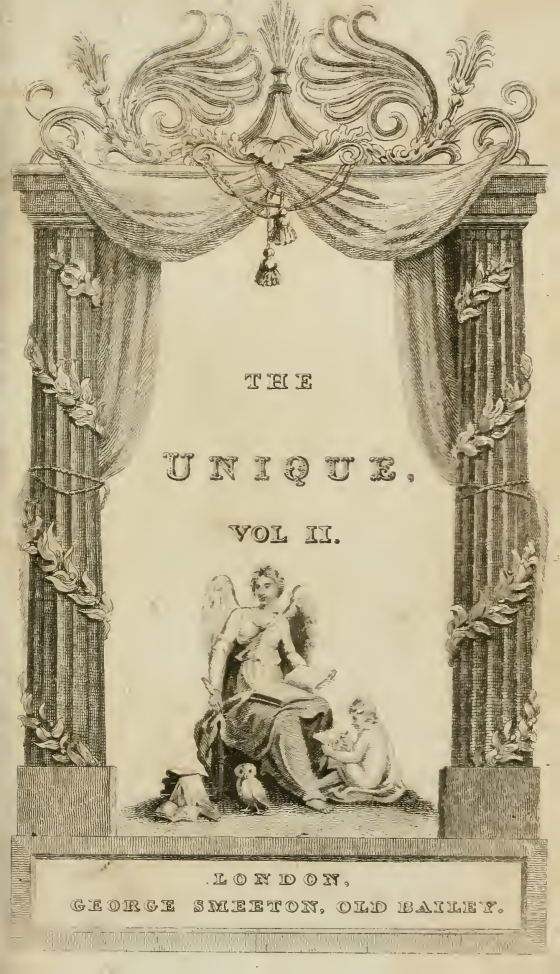


Robert J. Sells,
TUNBRIDGE WELLS.





THE
UNIQUE,
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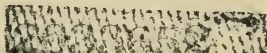


LONDON,
GEORGE SMEEETON, OLD BAILEY.

INTRODUCTION.



THE art of imparting to the solidity of marble and durability of brass the features of departed Worthies, had crouded the cities of Greece and Italy with innumerable statues; and the inhabitant, in passing through the streets, found himself in company with those philosophers or warriors who, centuries before, had merited these lasting



honors from the gratitude of their country. The portrait-painters, since the revival of the art of Painting, have not only multiplied the resemblances of our public characters, but also animated the walls of our apartments with the likenesses of friends of whom death has bereft us; and the wonders of the pallet allow us to identify beings whose very sepulchres Time has already converted to dust. The art of Engraving justly boasts of a still higher advantage—that of multiplying also, and to an almost infinite number, with very little trouble, the works of the two sister-Arts, by placing under the eye of every one, faithful copies of Statues, Busts, Cameos, or Paintings, dispersed throughout the world.

To these considerations all biographical publications, adorned and enriched with portraits, owe their origin. The adjoining print, as if standing by in order to vouch for the truth of the Author's narrative, aids considerably the memory of the reader, and strikes the imagination of the physiognomist who sees, or thinks he sees, in the countenance of the man, an evidence of all, or at least part of that which is related of him.

It is proper to observe here, that in our present selection we have been directed less by the purity or goodness of the character represented, than by its singularity, or the interest it may excite in the mind of the Public. For, a biographer is rarely enabled

to delineate a character of uniform and unmixed merit, and to exhibit it to posterity, as an unsophisticated type, for instruction and imitation. Such is the frailty of the nature of man; so powerful are the attractions by which he is allured, and the passions which agitate and often deform him; so artfully concealed, and so delusive the snares, which surround him in every stage of existence; that the history of the greater number even of eminent men, is to be studied rather for the investigation of errors in order to avoid them, than contemplated as the mirror of personal perfection.

Under these circumstances, it was utterly impracticable to follow in this work any

moral order of classification: and since a chronological series would have been as useless as an alphabetical one would appear ridiculous, we have taken the liberty of presenting the Portraits, with the biographical Sketches, promiscuously. In such manner the Originals would be placed, if they were collected in a gallery of paintings; an arrangement, which not being adstricted to special rules, save perhaps in regard to similarity of size or ornament of the frame, offers a most entertaining variety; and whilst it carries the imagination of the beholder from place to place, from age to age, gives him a pleasing opportunity of exercising that wonderful privilege of his mind—the godlike faculty of penetrating, in an instant, the immen-

sity of time and of space, unretarded and unopposed :

——— vivida vis animi pervicit, et extrà

Processit longè flammantia mœnia mundi :

Atque omne immensum peragravit mente, animoque.

Lucret. lib. 1.





LADY JANE GRAY.

LADY JANE GRAY,

ELDEST daughter of Henry Gray, Marquis of Dorset, and Duke of Suffolk, was not more distinguished for her illustrious descent, than for her endowments, her virtues, and her unhappy destiny. On the side of her mother she was allied to the royal house of Tudor. Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, was the daughter of Charles Brandon, and of Mary his wife, Queen Dowager to Lewis XII. of France, and daughter to Henry VIII. of England.

Jane, lovely in her person, gentle, modest, and amiable in her temper, endowed with a superior capacity, and powers of application uncommon for her sex and age, was educated with the young King, Edward VI., whom she emulated, and even surpassed, in every liberal attainment. She had, at a very early age, applied herself to the acquisition of the Greek, the Roman, the Arabic, Chaldee, with the French and Italian languages, and was conversant both with ancient and modern literature. She devoted herself more peculiarly to the study of philosophy, of which she became enamoured; nor was she unacquainted with the sciences and arts. She wrote a fine hand, was mistress of music, and excelled in the customary avocations of her sex. The theological controversies of the times also peculiarly engaged her attention. She possessed great sensibility of temper, with a devotional turn of mind, and had on investigation imbibed the principles of the Reformation. She is styled by Dr. Burnet, in his history of the Reformation, "The wonder and delight of all who knew her."

Her talents and sweetness of manners endeared her to the young King, and induced him to yield with the greater facility to the projects of her father, and of the Duke of Northumberland, whose fourth son, Lord Guilford Dudley, espoused the Lady Jane, in May, 1553, two months previous to the decease of Edward. Northumberland represented to the young monarch, who,

LADY JANE GRAY.

weakened by the infirm state of his health, was susceptible to every impression, that his sister Mary and Elizabeth, had both been declared illegitimate by parliament; and that though Henry by his will had restored them to the succession, their birth yet rendered them obnoxious to the people; that they were but his half-sisters, and, if legitimate, could not possess the crown as his heirs; that both justice and interest required their exclusion, in which case the succession devolved on the Duchess of Suffolk, whose heir, the Lady Jane, was fitted to adorn a throne, and to constitute the happiness of the nation. That even should her title by blood admit of objections, of which there was no just ground, the King, possessed of the same powers which his father had exercised, might devise the crown, by letters patent, to whoever he might think proper to name.

These reasonings could not fail to move a young prince in Edward's situation, whose predilection for the protestants made him tremble at the idea of devolving the crown to Mary, a bigotted catholic: while his tender affection for Elizabeth yielded to the persuasion, that to exclude one sister and admit the claims of another, would be considered as unkind and unjust.

As the health of the King continued to decline, no argument or artifices were omitted by the subtle Northumberland to obtain his purpose, in which by his industry and perseverance, he at length succeeded. During the negociation of this affair, many inauspicious circumstances occurred. The maladies of the King becoming daily more alarming, he was induced, by the counsel of Northumberland, to dismiss his physicians, and to resign himself to the care of an ignorant pretender. Dark suspicions were entertained by the courtiers, as the disorder of the King exhibited more fatal symptoms: his breath became more laborious, he spoke with difficulty, his legs swelled, his countenance was livid, and his pulse failed. On the 16th of July, 1553, he expired at Greenwich, in the sixteenth year of his age, and the seventh of his reign.

LADY JANE GRAY.

Jane, humble and unambitious, absorbed in her studies, her mind devoted to elegant literature, and her heart full of tenderness towards her husband, whose merit justified her affection, received from her father-in-law the tidings of her advancement with equal astonishment, terror, and grief: rejecting the splendid destiny which courted her acceptance, she pleaded the preferable right of the princesses, while she declared that her principles would not suffer her to avail herself of the honours proffered to her. But vain was her opposition to the ambition of the dukes: her mother, her husband, whose persuasions the sensibility of her heart rendered but too efficacious, joined to importune her: overpowered by their solicitude, and their united influence and authority, which she had been unaccustomed to resist, she at length yielded a reluctant assent, and sacrificed to her family her inclinations and her judgment.

Jane having been conveyed by Northumberland to the Tower, where it was customary for the sovereigns of England to pass the first days of their accession, orders were given to proclaim the Lady Jane throughout the kingdom. These commands, were, however, executed but in London, and its environs, where the proclamation was received with coldness, silence and concern, and in many instances with contempt and scorn.

The mists which ambition had spread round Northumberland beginning to disperse, he saw without being able to avert, the gathering tempest: he had levied forces, which were assembled at London, but dreading the cabals of those whose compliance, fear or artifice had extorted, he appointed Suffolk to the command, while he remained himself near the person of Jane.

Perceiving his army too weak to encounter that of Mary, he importuned the council for a reinforcement; who, availing themselves of the pretence, left the Tower, as if to execute his commands. Having deliberated on the path they should pursue, they quickly persuaded themselves, that one method only remained of atoning for the conduct into which they had been betrayed; a prompt return to the rightful heir. This resolution being com-

communicated to the mayor and aldermen, was received with alacrity, and followed by the proclamation of Mary. The people expressed their approbation by shouts of applause: even Suffolk, finding resistance vain, opened the gates, and declared for the Queen.

Jane resigned with cheerfulness the pageantry with which she had been invested, declaring at the same time, that she returned to a private station with far greater pleasure than she had quitted it.

Northumberland, deserted by his followers, and despairing of success, joined in the general voice in favour of Mary. He was, however, taken into custody, tried, condemned, and executed; while the Duke of Suffolk, the Lady Jane, with her husband Lord Guilford Dudley, were as prisoners, committed to the Tower.

Though sentence had been pronounced against the Lady Jane, and Lord Guilford, neither of whom had attained their seventeenth year, no intention appeared of putting it into execution; so powerfully did their youth plead in their behalf. But the imprudence of Suffolk, not long after precipitated theirs and his own fate. A rebellion, originating in the religious discontents of the nation, which was exposed to persecution by the bigotry of the Queen, having broken out, headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt, Suffolk, with a view of recovering the crown for his family, joined the insurgents. His guilt and ingratitude were imputed to his children, whom the Queen determined to sacrifice to her vengeance and her fears.

Warning was accordingly given to the Lady Jane to prepare for death; a doom which the innocence of her life, and the misfortunes to which it was exposed, rendered but little formidable to her reflecting and pious mind. The Queen, under an absurd pretence for the salvation of their souls, harrassed the remainder of their lives with tiresome disputations. Priests, the most celebrated for their learning and acuteness, were commissioned to exhort the Lady Jane to a change in her faith: and neither arguments, flatteries, threats, nor promises, were spared to shake the firmness of the youthful heroine, whose courage baffled the attacks of her per-

secutors. Having defended her opinions with ability and resolution, she addressed a letter to her sister in the Greek language, accompanied by a copy of the Scriptures, and an exhortation to maintain, in every trial, that fortitude and perseverance, of which she trusted to give her the example.

The order for her execution was announced to her by Feckenham, the Queen's chaplain, who was commissioned to offer to her at the same time, a reconciliation with the church of Rome. To the first part of his mission she listened without emotion; in reply to the latter, she told him, she had no leisure for farther controversy, but should devote the short remainder of her time to a preparation for her fate. On being informed by him, that three days' respite had been granted to her, for the purpose of endeavouring to procure her conversion, she answered, "that her meaning had been misunderstood; that she desired not her life to be protracted, neither had she wished the Queen to be solicited for such a purpose."

The evening before her death, she was again persecuted, by bishops and priests, with arguments and persuasions, to die in obedience to the true church; but, finding all their importunities fruitless, they at length quitted her, as, 'a lost and forsaken member.' She endured these impertinences with exemplary patience and temper, and returned their anathemas with prayers.

Her husband, on the day of her execution, intreated to be allowed a last interview with his wife; this she declined, alleging as her motive, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both, and incapacitate their minds for the constancy and courage demanded by their approaching fate. Their separation, she added, was but for a moment, when they should reunite never more to part, in scenes where neither disappointment, misfortune, nor death, would disturb their felicity. It had been intended to execute both husband and wife on the same scaffold; but the council were justly apprehensive of the impression which this spectacle might make on the people; the youth, the beauty, the birth, the innocence of the victims, could not fail of

moving every heart. Jane was therefore ordered to be beheaded within the verge of the Tower, and Lord Guilford to suffer on the bill. Jane beheld from her window her husband led to execution; when having given him some token of her remembrance, she awaited her own fate with tranquil firmness. On her way to the scaffold, whether through malice or inadvertence, she was met by the lifeless body of Lord Guilford: this affecting spectacle forced from her some tears which the report of his constancy and firmness quickly dried, while it inspired her with new courage. She attested at the scaffold her innocence of intentional wrong, but without breathing the shadow of a complaint against the severity by which she suffered. Her crime, she said, had not been ambition, but the want of constancy to resist with sufficient firmness the persuasions of those whom she had been accustomed to obey. She declared, that she submitted cheerfully to death, as the only reparation she could make to the injured laws. As the instrument of the ambitious projects of others, she confessed her punishment to be just, and trusted that her history would prove useful in demonstrating to all, that personal innocence is no excuse for actions which tend to the disturbance of the whole community. She concluded her remarks with a solemn profession of her faith, and devoutly repeated a psalm in English. Rejecting the proffered assistance of the executioner, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women. The executioner, kneeling, implored her forgiveness, which she readily granted him, adding, "I pray you despatch me quickly." Then kneeling, and saying, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!" she meekly submitted to her fate. This tragedy took place February 12, 1553-4, when the admirable and heroic victim had scarcely completed her seventeenth year.

Her father the Duke of Suffolk, paid the forfeit of his imprudence and his crimes: he was soon after the death of his daughter, tried, condemned, and executed.





SIR HUMPHRY DAVY .

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, BART.

P. R. S. &c. &c.

THE object of this memoir has, perhaps, done more for the *chemical* world than any man who has preceded him ; but whilst we thus pay a tribute to the man of scientific research, we must not forget that Sir Humphry Davy combines both the scholar and the philosopher ; and although apparently devoted to the mutation of forms in the Laboratory, he has not been unmindful even of the variation of the Muses, to which the pages of the "Annual Anthology," now discontinued, bear ample testimony, in the shape of some very spirited poetical effusions, said to have emanated from his pen ere he was ten years old ; an amusement he pursued to a much later period.

Descended from an ancient family in Cornwall, he was born at Penzance, near the Land's End, in the year 1779, on the 17th of December ; at the grammar schools of which place and of Truro, he received the rudiments of his education, and gave early proofs of those masculine powers, which have since procured him distinguished honours from his sovereign, and an imperishable reputation among men.

Having originally intended to pursue the medical profession, he resided some time, at Penzance, with a friend of his maternal grandfather, a Mr. Tomkins, who was a surgeon of considerable eminence, and from whom he derived both intellectual and professional improvement. But intending to graduate at Edinburgh, he at length became the pupil of Mr. Borlase, who also resided at Penzance, a gentleman of great intelligence, both as a surgeon and a scholar ; under whom, by steadily pur-

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

suing a methodical system of reading, previously determined upon, he became, at the age of eighteen, familiar with the science of Botany, Anatomy, Physiology, Mathematics, Metaphysics, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry; to the latter of which his genius had decidedly devoted him.

His first discovery in the *arcana* of science, was of great importance—no less than that sea-weed rendered the air contained in water pure, by the same agency that vegetables deprive atmospheric air of its noxious qualities. This at once marked him as a man of unwearied research, and he was looked up to as one from whose perseverance much was to be expected. This fact he made known to Dr. Beddoes, with whom he had become intimate, and who was, at that time, endeavouring to form an establishment, in order to ascertain, experimentally, the power of gas as applied to the cure of human diseases.—Dr. Beddoes was so much pleased, that he invited Davy, then under twenty, to join him in his pursuit; to which the latter consented, conditionally—that the whole of the experiments should be under his immediate controul. This being conceded, he relinquished his predetermination to graduate at Edinburgh, and removed to Bristol, where Dr. Beddoes then resided: here he spent some considerable time, and contracted an intimacy with Davies Giddy, Esq. who has since taken the name of Gilbert, a gentleman well known to the scientific world, who being also an admirer of the young experimentalist, determined him, by his advice, to continue a career, which he has since run with so much honour to himself, and substantial advantage to the world—of which the safety-lamp may be fairly quoted as an instance. Mr. W. Clayfield frequently assisted him in his labours, during his residence at Bristol, where his indefatigable zeal, in the pursuit of his favourite science, brought to light the respirability of the nitrous oxide. Soon after, he published his work, entitled, “*Researches Chemical and Philosophical,*” in which he embodied the result of his experiments in gaseous matter. This publi-

cation procured him the Professor's Chair in Chemistry, at the Royal Institution, by introducing him to the notice of Count Rumford, who deeply interested himself to procure Mr. Davy's election. From this period we find him in the very nucleus of scientific information, with ample facilities to extend his inquiries into the secrets of nature. Domiciliated in the British metropolis, at the very head of a liberal institution, he had the command of a well-appointed laboratory, a complete electrical apparatus, with the various scientific instruments belonging to that establishment; thus his means were more perfect than he had hitherto found them, and he bent the whole force of his genius on chemical science. He carefully examined, but without making any new discovery, the vegetable substance called *Tannin*.

In 1803, although he had not yet made those discoveries which have since spread his fame upon eagle wings, not only in the estimation of his own countrymen, but in that of the whole world, he was chosen a member of the Royal Society; in 1805, he was made a member of the Royal Irish Academy; and, in 1806, he became the Secretary to the Royal Society, and was in correspondence with the most eminent chemists and literati of both hemispheres. His experiments with the galvanic battery had now, for a considerable period, engrossed his attention; and it was at this time also he delivered his Bakerian lectures before the Royal Society, the first of which made known some highly important phenomena of the chemical actions of electricity, especially relating to alkalis and acids.

In 1807, he communicated his grand discoveries of the metallic bases of pot-ash and soda, which he called *potassium* and *sodium*; and at the same epoch, by like experiments, he decomposed and ascertained the metallic bases of other substances; after which, he demonstrated, that oxmuriatic acid was not, as it has been supposed, a compound, but a simple substance, and he called it *Chlorine*.

At first, some of the French chemists rejected his

hypothesis. that *oxygen* was one of the alkaline principles ; nor would they allow *potassium* and *sodium* to be any thing but *hydrates* ; however they were ultimately obliged to acknowledge its correctness. For the honour of science it ought never to be forgotten, that although England and France then waged a war of unexampled inveteracy, the French Institute awarded the prize to our recondite countryman. This was no less honourable to Napoleon, who was then at the head of the Institute, than that he should also send him a sum of money, and further grant him free passports, so that he might travel wherever he listed, through the dominions then under his controul ; thus the rancour of belligerency bowed to the superior genius of Sir Humphry, then Mr. Davy.

In 1811, Mrs. Apreece, an amiable and accomplished widow lady, of considerable fortune, became the object of Mr. Davy's solicitude and affection ; and in the following year (a short period previous to which happy event, he had the honor of knighthood conferred upon him by his present Majesty, then Prince Regent), he led that lady to the hymeneal altar.

In a series of lectures began about the same time, and which he continued for three years before the Board of Agriculture, Sir Humphry particularly impressed upon their minds the dependance of that branch of British wealth, upon the science of chemistry. In 1814, he was chosen Vice-President of the Royal Institution, and a corresponding member of the French Institute. In 1815, at the particular request of a committee of gentlemen formed at Sunderland, in consequence of the innumerable accidents which arose from the explosion of fire damp in the coal mines, Sir Humphry examined most of the large collieries in the north (an undertaking of equal importance both to science and humanity), to provide, if possible, a remedy ; and after numerous experiments to ascertain the qualities of the exploding gas, it ended in the invention of his *Safety Lamp*. This effort of his indefatigable genius was considered so eminently useful, that the coal owners of the Tyne and Wear presented him

with a service of plate, estimated at the value of 2,000*l.* The originality of this invention was for a time disputed: but it is now generally allowed.

In 1817, Sir Humphry was created a baronet, and elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. During the two following years, he travelled to Italy, where he analyzed the colours used by the ancients in their paintings; and examined the manuscripts found in Herculaneum. These he thought were not completely carbonized, but closely adhered together by a substance chemically produced during the long period they had remained buried, and which might be dissolved: but not more than one hundred out of nearly thirteen hundred afforded any likelihood of their being successfully unrolled. In 1820, he returned to his native shores, about which period, Sir Joseph Banks, the late venerable President of the Royal Society, dying, Sir Humphry Davy and Dr. Wollaston were looked upon as the most eligible members to fill the vacancy. Dr. Wollaston, however, refused to stand in the way of his friend; and, notwithstanding he was opposed by Lord Colchester, who was himself proposed without his own sanction, the disputed chair was given to Sir Humphry Davy, by a majority of nearly two hundred; nor shall we detract from the merits of the defunct President, by adding, that it has never been so ably filled since the days of that constellation of science, Sir Isaac Newton, as it is by the present noble occupant.

The last important discovery for which the world is indebted to him, is the prevention of the corrosion and decay of copper used for lining the bottoms of ships, by a very simple method, and which he communicated to the Royal Society. The cause of the corrosion, he said, was a weak chemical action constantly exerted between the saline contents of the sea-water and the copper: and he recommends the application of a very small surface of tin or other oxydizable metal, which any where in contact with a large surface of copper, renders it so negatively electrical, that sea-water has no action upon it; and a little mass of tin brought in communication by a

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

wire with a large plate of copper, entirely preserves it. This discovery, by order of the Lords of the Admiralty, is now coming into actual practice on board ships of war. The works of which Sir Humphry is the author, are, *Chemical and Philosophical Researches*; *Elements of Chemical Philosophy*; *Elements of Agricultural Chemistry*; and divers pamphlets: besides a considerable number of papers published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, &c.





GIOVANNI BELZONI.

GIOVANNI BELZONI

WAS a native of the city of Padua, and descended from a Roman family, which resided there many years. In 1803 he arrived in England, and married shortly after; and it is said, during that time, he performed at Astley's Amphitheatre. He left England in 1812 for the continent, and embarked for Egypt in 1815, where he remained to 1819. The discoveries which he made in this country, and Nubia, are the subject of a work which he published in England. The object of his visit to Egypt was to construct hydraulic machines, to water the fields with greater expedition, and less expence, than the method usually adopted in that country. Curiosity led him to see the pyramids in the neighbourhood of Cairo, in company with Mr. Turner, an English gentleman, who procured an escort of soldiers from the Bashaw.—They ascended the first pyramid before the rising of the sun; and, Mr. Belzoni described the scene as grand and imposing beyond description. Our limits preclude us from entertaining our readers with the sublime prospects of which it was composed, and which lavish nature seemed to have scattered around him, in terrific though delightful magnificence. Mr. Belzoni returned with his friend to Cairo, strongly impressed with the influence of a scene which he had long desired, but never expected he should have the happiness to behold.

He now determined to leave Cairo, and, accordingly, applied to Mr. Salt, the British Consul, to procure him a firman from the Bashaw, to sail up the Nile. Mr. Salt, who had long deliberated on removing the head of the statue of the younger Memnon, which lay at Gornou, a village near Thebes, availed himself of this opportunity, and proposed to Mr. Belzoni the raising of the bust, and conveying it down the Nile to Alexandria, with an intention of sending it to London, and offering it as a

present to the British Museum. To this proposal, Mr. Belzoni agreed.

After conveying the bust to the banks of the Nile, he went with some Arabs to a cave, where he was informed that a sarcophagus was discovered. Mr. Belzoni entered through a long narrow cavity, where he was frequently obliged to creep on the ground. They reached the sarcophagus at length, which nearly closed up the passage. Mr. Belzoni immediately set the Arabs to work, and cleared out the large entrance, in order to remove the sarcophagus. He left Cairo accordingly on the 3d of January, 1817, and reached Alexandria in eleven days, where he lodged the bust of Memnon in the Bashaw's magazine to await its embarkation for England.

Mr. Belzoni, after visiting every place worthy the attention of the antiquary and inquisitive traveller, returned to Thebes, and commenced his operations anew. He determined to make the sacred valley of Beban el Malook the scene of his researches. In this fortunate valley Mr. Belzoni made his grand discovery of the tomb of Psammuthis, King of Egypt. He caused the earth to be dug up at the foot of a steep hill, immediately under a torrent, where no vestige of a tomb appeared. He kept the men at work, however, for three days, and at length discovered an entrance into the solid rock, eighteen feet below the surface. He contrived, by placing beams across the pit, to reach the entrance, and open it: on entering, Mr. Belzoni found himself in a beautiful hall, twenty-seven feet and a-half long, and about twenty-six feet wide, supported by square pillars. This entrance hall led to a chamber twenty-eight feet long, and twenty-five feet and a-half wide, also supported by pillars. On one side of the entrance hall he discovered another corridor, thirteen feet long, which led to another beautiful corridor, thirty-six feet six inches, by six feet eleven inches. The paintings still became more and more perfect as he advanced. A descent of ten steps led to another corridor, seventeen feet by ten feet five inches, which led to a chamber, twenty feet

four inches by thirteen feet eight inches : in this chamber was a grand display of Egyptian gods and goddesses. This chamber led to a large hall, about twenty-eight by twenty-seven feet, supported by two rows of square pillars : on each side of the hall is a small chamber, and the end led to a grand saloon with an arched roof, about thirty-two feet long, and twenty-seven wide. On the left of the saloon was a chamber about twenty-six feet long, and twenty-three wide : at the end of this room, facing the hall of pillars, was another grand chamber, forty-three feet four inches by seventeen feet and a-half wide. In the centre of this room, Mr. Belzoni discovered the most perfect and valuable remains of Egyptian antiquity,—a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, nine feet five inches long, and three feet seven inches wide : its thickness two inches ; and transparent sculptured within and without with several hundred figures and emblems. It was placed over a staircase in the centre of the saloon, leading to a subterraneous passage three hundred feet deep.

Mr. Belzoni, with the assistance of M. Ricci, made drawings afterwards of all the figures, hieroglyphics, emblems, ornaments, &c. in the tomb ; and took impressions of every thing in wax, a task which occupied him more than twelve months. The paintings, &c. are all minutely described in the work before us : the description, though brief, takes up fourteen pages.

Shortly after the discovery of this celebrated tomb, Mr. Belzoni left Thebes for Cairo, to which he conveyed his second collection of antiquities.

Finding it dangerous to remain any longer in Alexandria, Mr. Belzoni determined to leave Egypt altogether, and having conveyed his collection of antiquities, his sarcophagus, models, drawings, &c. on board, he sailed for Alexandria, where he found letters, on his arrival, from the Consul, and Mr. Bankes, who were then absent ; from hence he proposed making a journey to the Oasis of Ammon. He set off, accordingly, and visited many of those places whose primitive glory is long since set, but

which still derive an importance, from the splendour of their ancient fame. Amongst others, we may note the lake Moeris, the town and temple of Haron, the ancient town of Deuay, the ancient Bacchus, the ruins of Arsinoe, &c.—With the present state of these places he makes us particularly acquainted, and his opinions, with regard to the relations which they bear to others, mentioned in ancient history, are peculiarly interesting. Having procured a guide through the desert, he pursued his course westward; and, after a journey of two days, came to various tumuli, which he considered to be the graves of Cambyses' soldiers, who are known to have perished in the desert.

Having passed on, he arrived at the village of Zaboo, where he was indebted to his address, and the experience he had acquired from travelling, for his reception among the natives; who manifested, at first, very great unwillingness to admit him among them. Having, however, succeeded in conciliating their friendship, he made many excursions round the country, in search of antiquities. The natives, however, took care to search him all over, whenever he returned from a cave, imagining he had found a treasure, which they supposed all these caves contained, but which they dared not examine themselves, believing them to be the residence of devils. He had more difficulty, however, in bringing the Sbeik, Cady, and inhabitants of El-Cassar, to admit him into their village, as they could not be persuaded, that any man would have travelled so far in search of old stones; and, consequently, that it must be treasure alone, of which he was in pursuit. He obtained permission, however, to enter, on condition, that he should not write a single word, nor practice any sort of magic, during his residence among them, lest they should fall sick and die. Having agreed to these conditions, he was permitted to pursue his researches. He visited, among other places, the tombs and fountain mentioned by Herodotus in Melpomene, and which he places near the temple of Jupiter Ammon. Having explored every thing of note here, and in the adjacent country, he returned once more to

Rosetta, and thence to Alexandria, from whence he sailed for his native country, where on his arrival, his admiring countrymen struck a medal to his honour, which was presented to him by his native city Padua: it had two Egyptian divinities, seated on an altar-like seat, with the inscription—

OB. DONVM. PATRIA. GRATA. A.
MDCCCXIX.

And on the obverse—

IO. BAPT. BELZONI
PATAVINO
QVI. CEPHRENIS PYRAMIDEM
APIDISQ. THEB. SEPVLCRVM
PRIMVIS APERVIT
ET VRBEM. BERINICIS
NOBIAE. ET LIBYAE. MON
IMPAVIDE DETEXIT.

On Mr. Belzoni's arrival in England, he made a splendid exhibition of the treasures brought by him from Egypt, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, where he erected a fac-simile of the tomb of King Psammathis; he also embellished the exhibition with some mummies, and other ancient relics of the greatest interest. This splendid assemblage engaged the attention of the British public for nearly two seasons; when Mr. Belzoni removed his collection, and prepared for the prosecution of his travels in the interior of Africa. Accordingly, he left England early in 1823, and on October 23d, in the same year, embarked in his majesty's brig, Swinger, to be conveyed to the river Benue. It was his intention to have landed at the Island of St. Jago, to endeavour to proceed thence to the river Gambia, and from thence to commence his route; but at the Swinger arriving at St. Jago, finding there was no chance of a vessel to convey him to the Gambia, he determined on coming farther south.

Mr. Belzoni assumed the Moorish costume; having a long beard and mustaches. The wife of Mr. Belzoni accompanied him as far as Fez.

BELZONI.

The following letter from a young gentleman of Liverpool, to Mr. A. Hodgson, communicates the particulars of the death of this enterprising traveller :

“ Brig Castor, British Accarah, January 7, 1824.

“ I wrote you some time since, almost at a venture, mentioning the arrival in Benin River of Mr. G. Belzoni, the celebrated traveller, who was attempting to reach Hossa and Timbuctoo, by way of Benin. I am sorry to inform you that, like others who have made this trial, he has perished. He died at Gato, the 3d of December 1823.

“ He had been a considerable time a very welcome guest on board this brig, waiting for the time a Mr. J. Houtson could accompany him to Benin, whose interest with the King of that place he considered would be serviceable to him. On the night of the 24th of November he left us, with Mr. Houtson, for Gato. On parting with us, he seemed a little agitated, particularly when the crew, to each of whom he had made a present, gave him three loud cheers on leaving the vessel. ‘ God bless you, my fine fellows, and send you a happy sight of your country and friends,’ was his answer. On the 3d of December I received a letter from Mr. Houtson, requesting me to come to Benin, as Mr. B. was lying dangerously ill, and, in case of death, wishing a second person to be present. I was prevented going, not only by business, but a severe fever, which had then hold of me. He was interred at Gato, next day, with all the respect possible; and I furnished a large board, with the following inscription, which was placed over his grave :—

Here lie the remains of
G. BELZONI,
Who was attacked with dysentery at Benin,
(On his way to Houssa and Timbuctoo),
On the 26th of November, and died at this place, 1
December 3, 1823.

The gentleman who placed this inscription over the grave of this intrepid and enterprising traveller, hope that every European visiting this spot will cause the ground to be cleared, and the fence round the grave repaired, if necessary.”



ELEANOR GWYNN.

ELEANOR GWYNN.*

THIS beauteous, fascinating and celebrated creature, who possessed every virtue but that of chastity, was, without doubt, of the lowest rank; and, as far as appears to us from all accounts hitherto known, had little or no education. What we learn of her, is, that she was born in a night cellar, sold fish about the streets, and oranges in the Theatre in Drury Lane; and rambled from tavern to tavern, entertaining the company with songs. In her person, according to her picture, by Lely†, she was low in stature, red hair, and what the French call *en-bon-point*; she had a most bewitching manner; remarkably lively *killing* eyes; and her foot was of the most diminutive size: in short, she was one of those women that could make a man fall in love with her whenever she chose, even against his will. If Joseph had had her to contend with instead of Potiphar's wife, I think we should have had a different version of the story handed down to us.

She was taken into the house of Madam Ross, a noted courtesan; and got admitted into the Theatre as early as the year 1667, and appeared in the character of Panthea, in the play of *King and no King*. She very rarely appeared in tragedy, but is known to have acted the part

* She is thus described, in the different portraits of her, mentioned by Grainger:—

Madam Eleanora Gwynn.

Madam Eleanor Gwynn.

Madam Ellen Gwynn.

Madam Ellen Gwin.

Mrs. Ellen Gwynn.

† There is a bust now to be seen of her at Bagnigge Wells, formerly her country residence, and where she used to entertain the King and the Duke of York, which though badly executed, confirms the likeness of Lely's pencil.

of Almahide, in the *Conquest of Granada*; to which Lord Lansdown alludes in his *Progress of Beauty*—

“ And Almahide once more by kings adored.”

It is supposed the passion which Mr. Hart* the player had for her, was the cause of her introduction on the stage. She was kept by Lord Buckhurst† before she was retained by the King, and is said to have been introduced to the latter by the Duke of Buckingham, with a view of supplanting the Duchess of Portsmouth.‡ If any credit may be given to a manuscript lampoon, dated 1686, Mrs. Knight, a famous singer, and favourite of Charles II. was employed by that monarch as a procuress: particularly she was sent with overtures to Nell Gwynn; whom, as the same authority says, Lord Buckhurst would not part with till he was reimbursed the expenses he had lavished upon her. The king at length created him Earl of Middlesex for his compliance.§

“ Gave him an earldom to resign his b—h.”

In the edition of *Memoirs de la Vie du Comte Grammont*, p. 280, 4to. edition, it says:—*Milord Dorset, premier Gentilhomme de la Chambre, venoit de lui débaucher la Comédienne Nell Gwynn.*” But the author of these *Memoirs* is mistaken, for it is certain Nell Gwynn was Dorset’s mistress before Charles became enamoured of her. It is said the king fell in love with her on her

* Malone, in his *Shakspeare*, v. i. pt. 2. p. 278, says, “ Charles Hart, who, I believe, was our poet [Shakspeare]’s great nephew, is said to have been Nell Gwin’s first lover;” but from a passage in a satirical poem by Sir George Etheredge, it appears Nell Gwynn was kept by Lacy, and *afterwards* by Hart, previous to her elevation to the “ royal bed.”

† See a note in Boyer’s translation of *Grammont’s Memoirs*, which Mr. Dryden told Boyer.

‡ See Burnet, vol. i. p. 263.

§ Granger, vol. 4. p. 187, seq.

speaking the epilogue of *Tyrannic Love*, which seems to have been written by Dryden on purpose. This celebrated poet was her professed patron, and, as he is known to have been a man of gallantry, was supposed to have been successful in addresses to her. However that may have been, it is a certain fact, that he gave her the most showy and alluring parts in his comedies, and wrote several prologues and epilogues expressly for her. But the more immediate cause of her becoming an object of the monarch's favour and affections, was the following whimsical circumstance, which, while it marks the dissipation of Charles II. gives no indifferent picture of the state of the stage, and the taste of the audience of that day. At the other house (the Duke's, under Killgrew's patent) Nokes had appeared in a hat larger than Pistol's, which gave the town wonderful delight, and supported a bad play by its pure effect. Dryden, piqued at this, caused a hat to be made the circumference of a hinder coach wheel, and as Nell was low of stature, and what the French call *mignonne et piquante*, he made her speak under the umbrella of that hat, the brims thereof being spread out horizontally to their full extension. The whole theatre was in a convulsion of applause; nay, the very actors giggled, a circumstance none had observed before. Judge, therefore, what a condition the *merriest Prince alive* was in in such a conjuncture. 'Twas beyond *odso* and *odsfish*, for he wanted little of being suffocated with laughter. Immediately after the performance, the King went behind the scenes, and took her home to supper with him.

After this elevation, she still continued on the stage, and though in general comedy, she did not rank with Betterton, Marshall, Lee, Bourell, &c. for the airy, fantastic, and sprightly exhibitions of the comic muse, her genius was most aptly calculated, and according to the taste of those times, she was considered the best prologue and epilogue speaker in either theatres.

She must now, however, be no longer considered in the light of a player, but as the *mistress* of a king, and

here she nobly belied the meanness of her origin, and that seminary of vice in which she was bred. Madame Gwynn met and bore good fortune as if she had been bred to it; she discovered neither avarice, pride, or ostentation; she remembered all her theatrical friends and did them service; she generously paid off her debt of gratitude to Dryden; and was the patroness of those eminent writers, Otway and Lee.

When she became more immediately connected with the king, that gay monarch was already surrounded with mistresses—the Duchesses of Portsmouth and Plymouth, with Miss Davies,* and others, were considered to be in that capacity; but these were known to be unrestrained in their conduct. Mrs. Gwynn preserved her character to the last; and being once solicited by Sir John Germain, to whom she had lost a considerable sum of money at play,† to exchange the debt for other favours, she no less honestly than wittily replied, “No, Sir John, I am too good a sportswoman to lay the *dog* where the *deer* should lie.” Nevertheless Bishop Burnet terms her, “the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a court;” but adds, “that she continued to the end of the King’s life in great favour; and was maintained at a vast expense. She was not only the favourite of the monarch, but of the people; and though that age abounded with satires and lampoons against all the rest of the king’s

* Miss Davies, or Mary Davies; or, as Granger stiles her, Moll Davies; was some time comedian in the Duke of York’s theatre. She had one daughter by the King, named Mary, who took the surname of Tudor, and was, in 1687, married to the son of Sir Francis Ratcliffe, who became Earl of Derwentwater. It would be indelicate to mention the particular consequences of the collation of sweetmeats, made up with physical ingredients, by Nell Gwynn, and given to Mrs. Davies the night she was to lay with the King. It is sufficient to hint at the violence of the operation, and its disastrous effects; for it caused her royal master to turn her off with the *small* pension of a *thousand pounds* per annum. Charles fell in love with her, on hearing her sing the ballad of “My lodging is on the cold ground.”

† Is it not probable, that this circumstance gave Hogarth the idea for his celebrated picture of “The Lady’s last Stake?”

mistresses, as the cause of political disasters, Mrs. Gwynn not only escaped, but met with their approbation. She was no less munificent in her charities; sociable with her friends, and what was singular, piqued herself on a regard for the Church of England, contrary to the genius and disposition of the crown.* Once as she was driving up Ludgate Hill, in a superb coach, some bailiffs were hurrying a clergyman to prison, she stopped, sent for the persons whom the clergyman mentioned as attestators to his character, and finding the account a just subject for pity, paid the debt instantly, and procured him a preferment.

She had a very fine understanding, was humourous, witty, and possessed the talents so necessary to enliven conversation in an eminent degree, and generally kept her place at table with the King, the Lords Rochester, Shaftesbury, &c. till they quitted the bounds of decency, when she never failed to retire.

She lived long enough to see, and, without doubt, to lament the decline of that family which had raised her to rank and fortune; having the good sense to avoid meddling with the politics of the times. After the king's death she purchased a house in Pall Mall, where she lived many years with a most unblemished reputation. Here she died in the year 1691, and was buried with great funeral solemnity in the parish church of St. Martin in the Fields; to the ringers of which, among many valuable donations to others, she left a sum of money to supply them with a weekly entertainment, which they enjoy to this day. Dr. Tennison, who was vicar of St. Martin's, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, preached her funeral sermon, or, according to the malice and prejudices of some envious and ill-natured persons, a fulsome panegyric upon her and her profession; nay this circumstance was urged as an objection to Dr. Tennison's promotion; but Queen Mary defended his conduct

* When Cromwell's tall porter, *Daniel*, was in Bedlam, and had his library allowed him, it is said, that the most conspicuous part of his books was a large bible, given him by Nell Gwynn.

and merit, by replying—"that it was a sign this unfortunate woman died a penitent: for, had she not made a truly pious and christian end, the Doctor could never have been induced to speak well of her."

In short, this celebrated actress, and no less celebrated woman, had the peculiar merit of turning the original stream of her fortune from poverty and vice, to rank and character: a merit which few, very few, are capable of practising; so it is but justice to these few to have their merits recorded.

Eleanor Gwynn was the maternal founder of the St. Alban's family, which family is of royal origin, being descended from Charles II., in consequence of an intercourse with Nell Gwynn. Charles their son, born in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, May 8, 1670, on whom that monarch conferred the name of Beaucler, was ennobled by letters patent, having a Barony, an Earldom and Dukedom conferred on him in succession. He was made by King William one of the bed-chamber, and captain of the band of pensioners, and sent by that king to France, to congratulate on the marriage of the Duke of Burgundy.





MR. COBBETT.

MR. WILLIAM COBBETT.

THE "*Spectator*" has observed, that every reader involuntary figures to himself some likeness of the man whose writings he may be perusing. Mr. Addison's sentiment, generally speaking, undoubtedly holds good. It is the more especially true as regards a writer who may command by his manner or attract by his abilities no inconsiderable share of public conversation or attention. Such is the case, for instance, with Mr. Cobbett. He has long been before the public eye. He has been, and continues to be, a voluminous writer, engaging undauntedly in the discussion of any question—whether it be the fate of an empire or the value of the potatoe—the conduct of the Spaniards or the excellence of "*Swedes*;" and though he may not have won upon the world's affections, he has wrung from all who know any thing about him or his writings, the admission that "*Mr. Cobbett is unquestionably an extraordinary man.*" Thousands wish to know something about him; thousands like to read what he may write.

As a political writer—always examining one *Register* by itself, never placing by its side any succeeding or preceding *Register* on the same subject—he shows himself at once able, ready, strong, and triumphant. He is equally full of energy, and of reasons for his *pro tempore* opinions. With vigour of frame and intellect which no labours can tire; with sagacious and cunning industry that can with ease and delight unravel the dullest or the most difficult details, and strip weaknesses in argument, so that they are made to tremble under the castigation given or threatened them; he grapples and wages war with all subjects with spirit that never seems to be weary, with clearness, and frequently strength of language that are manifest to all, and a rough eloquence of mind that has made the ablest stand aghast.

As a *domestic man*, there is every thing to admire in Mr. Cobbett. Careful in his own mode of living, indulging in no excesses, preferring even milk and water to beer; he at once regards his own health and sets a good example to all the house. When nine o'clock comes, he begins to think of bed; but then in the summer he rises with the lark, and is as cheerful too, and in the winter he will be up before day-light, at his desk or looking to the cattle. He is a great man for a garden; not a little bit of garden, with nice gravel walks, in front of the house; but a garden consisting of at least an acre, and three or four acres of pasture. Such is the extent of his garden ground, and meadow for the cow, horse, &c. behind Mr. C's present residence at Kensington. Besides the garden, there is, in fact, a *little farm-yard*;—and in such grounds may be found proofs, if Mr. Cobbett's books on such subjects did not afford them, of the skill and delight he evinces in *rural affairs*. To judge from what may there be seen, it might be supposed that such affairs had occupied the whole of Mr. Cobbett's life and studies; indeed, the heart of the man—arguing from what may there be seen, and from his "*Cottage Economy*," (an incontestibly valuable work), his "*Treatise on Gardening*," and parts of his "*Year's Residence in America*,"—it might be concluded, had been wholly and entirely wedded to RURAL LIFE. The family also display the effects of Mr. C's instruction and example. They are active and neat; highly respectable in their demeanour; and presenting steady and intelligent countenances. This description applies to the daughters as well as the sons; and there is not one that is not skilful at the pen as well as with books—so that any one of them is ready to write at the father's dictation. This once led Mr. Cobbett to exclaim that "*he spoke Registers, he did not write them*;" and such fact may account for the ease with which he can get through vast quantities of writing, for the untired energy which equally characterizes the last and the first sentences of his *Registers*. There is nothing about the composition that ever looks like weariness or haste; he

seems always ready to proceed further; want of space only appears to occasion the close. This is one great reason why the *Registers*, to the "million," more particularly, read so well. A prosy, dull, and unenergetic speaker before a crowd, however profound and extensive may be the resources of his mind, soon ceases to be listened to; while the man who appears *alive* to the cause, who identifies himself and all his hopes with their interests and welfare, and who has good language, though his mental resources be very humble, shall have implicit attention as well as unqualified applause. But where there is vast strength of mind, amazing resources, and a *memory* that seems never to suffer that to be forgotten which ought to be remembered; where such accumulated merit is aided by activity and energy that appear to know no sleep, it is not surprising that he can always command the attention of those readers (and Mr. Cobbett has many such readers) who dislike the man.

As to the *person* of Mr. Cobbett, he partakes of those peculiarities which the imagination of every reader might be supposed to form from a contemplation of his writings. More of the old English farmer than the author—more of the stubborn frame that sets itself up against the Government, than the individual who desires to be praised on account of fine compositions—more of the rough and hardy, and hard-mouthed individual who would quarrel and fight, and pull down whatever other men had raised up, than of the man who would smoothly talk and quietly write in a "study." That is the picture of Mr. Cobbett's person; in his writings you see the man. He is of good stature, of robust frame, with a round face, ruddy complexion—the farmer's ruddiness—small, piercing eyes, and white hair. With his plain coat, old-fashioned double-breasted waistcoat, and solid top boots, with straps on both sides, as they used to wear them forty years ago, his whole appearance is that of a sturdy and staunch yeoman of the tough old English and roast-beef school. His step is firm, the general gait carrying with it the mixture of defiance and independence, as if those limbs

bore the "lord of the lion heart and eagle eye." When he got upon the tables at the Crown and Anchor, for instance, after his return from America, and at the "Mechanic's Institute," the firmness of his tread made them shake again beneath him. His countenance is decidedly manly, but somewhat spoiled by the smallness of his eyes, and it displays great strength of mind, with hawk-like shrewdness. He is evidently a decidedly *thinking* man—a man whose thoughts are always at work, comparing, answering, exposing, or castigating; indeed, his *Registers* appear to be so many series of reasonings, doubtlessly being frequently commenced without knowing how they shall end, or what principles they shall enforce, and hence the inconsistencies that are to be found in Mr. Cobbett's writings. Perhaps, that which would most disappoint the physiognomist in contemplating the person of Mr. Cobbett, would be his laugh;—it is the *silliest laugh* that the world ever saw or heard.

Mr. Cobbett was born on the 9th of March, 1766. His father was a farmer, an honest, industrious and frugal man, and happy in the possession of a wife of his own rank, who like himself was beloved and respected. The grandfather of Mr. Cobbett was a day labourer, who worked for one farmer, from the day of his marriage to that of his death, a period of upwards of forty years. Mr. Cobbett had three brothers, one a shop-keeper, the second a farmer, and the youngest in the service of the East India Company.

Mr. Cobbett's earliest employment was in his father's farm, where he continued till the autumn of 1782, when he went on a visit to a relation who lived in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth, when beholding the British fleet riding at Spithead, he from that moment resolved on being a sailor; accordingly, he went on board the *Pegasus* man of war, and offered himself; but the Captain (Berkley) a generous and compassionate man, persuaded him against entering, telling him of the toils he must undergo, and the punishment that the least disobedience or neglect would subject him to. At length, by his persuasion, he

returned home, but not before he had applied to the Port-Admiral Evans to get his name enrolled among those who were destined for the service. He once more returned to the plough, but he was spoiled for a farmer; he sighed for a sight of the world; and those things in which he formerly delighted, were neglected; the singing of the birds grew insipid; and even the heart-cheering cry of the hounds, after which he formerly used to fly from his work, bound o'er the fields, and dash through the brakes and coppices, was heard with the most torpid indifference. Still, however, he remained at home till the following spring; when on the 6th of May 1783, he sallied forth to seek adventures. He went to accompany two or three lasses to Guildford-fair, and had to meet them at a house about three miles from his house; but he had to cross the London turnpike-road. The stage coach had just turned the summit of a hill. The notion of going to London never till this moment entered his head; yet the step was completely determined. Up he got, and was in London the same evening.

Shortly after his arrival in the metropolis, he was employed by a Mr. Holland, of Gray's Inn, as a writer, or quill-driver, to copy for him: here he toiled from five in the morning till eight or nine in the evening. He never quitted the office except on Sundays, when he used to walk to St. James's Park, to feast his eyes with a sight of the grass, the trees and the water. In one of those walks, he cast his eyes on an advertisement, inviting all spirited young men who had a mind to gain riches and glory, to enter into his majesty's marine service. Knowing that the marines went to sea, and his desire to be on that element had rather increased than diminished, since he had been penned up in London. In short, he resolved to join that glorious corps, went down to Chatham, and entered, early in 1784, as he thought, into the marines; but the next morning, he found himself before the captain of a marching regiment, destined to serve in Nova Scotia: it was of no service for him to grumble, he had taken a shilling to drink the king's health, and he made himself

contented, anxiously longing for the time to sail for the earthly paradise which he was led to believe Nova Scotia was. He, however, remained near a year at Chatham, learning his exercise, and taking his turn in the duty of the garrison. His leisure time he wisely employed in reading and study, and making himself master of the English grammar.

He shortly after sailed for Nova Scotia, where he remained till the month of September, 1791, when the regiment was relieved and sent home; and landed at Portsmouth on the 3d of November following. On the 19th he obtained his discharge, as appears by two highly honourable testimonials, from Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Lieutenant General Frederick.

In March 1792, Mr. C. arrived in France, where he intended to remain till the Spring of 1793, in order to perfect himself in the French language; but on the king there being dethroned, he embarked for America. In America he remained till about the year 1801, when he opened a book-seller's shop in Pall Mall, with the sign of the Bible, the Crown, and the Mitre.

On July 9, 1810, Mr. Cobbett was sentenced to a fine of £1,000, and two years imprisonment in Newgate, for condemning the flogging of English soldiers, under a guard of Germans, in the Isle of Ely: and, on the expiration of his imprisonment, on the 9th of July, 1812, a great-dinner was given him in London, at which dinner, 600 persons were present.

On March 15, 1817, Mr. Cobbett left London for America, where he remained till the latter end of the year 1819; and on December 3, Mr. Cobbett's return to England was celebrated by a public dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand.

At the general election, 1820, Mr. Cobbett started as candidate to represent the City of Coventry in parliament but was unsuccessful.



REV^d JOHN WESLEY, A.M.

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY,

The Founder of the Methodists.

THE above great and virtuous man was of a good family. Bartholomew Wesley, his great-grandfather, studied physic as well as divinity at the University, but was ejected, by the act of uniformity, from the living of Allington, in Dorsetshire. John, the son of Bartholomew, was educated at New Inn Hall, Oxford, in the time of the Commonwealth, and was distinguished not only for his piety and diligence, but for his progress in the oriental tongues. He obtained the living of Blandford, in his own county, and was ejected from it for non-conformity. This John Wesley married the neice of Thomas Fuller, the church historian, and left two sons, of whom Samuel was the younger. This Samuel continued through life a zealous churchman: he walked to Oxford, and entered himself at Exeter College, as a poor scholar: he afterwards came to London to be ordained. Having served a curacy there one year, and as chaplain during another on board a King's ship, he settled upon a curacy in the metropolis, and married Susannah, daughter of Dr. Annesley, one of the ejected ministers. The marriage was blest in all its circumstances: it was contracted in the prime of youth: it was fruitful: and death did not divide them till they were both full of days. They had no less than 19 children.

JOHN, his second son, the subject of this memoir, was born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, on the 17th of June 1703. When six years old, he was providentially preserved from fire. His father's house was in flames, and John was not missed for some time, when he was heard crying in the nursery. His father ran to the stairs, but they were so nearly consumed that they could not

bear his weight, and being utterly in despair, fell upon his knees in the hall, and in agony commended the soul of his child to God, John had been awakened by the light, and thinking it was day, called to the maid to take him up; but not being answered, he opened the curtains, and saw streaks of fire upon the top of the room. He ran to the door, and finding it impossible to escape that way, climbed upon a chest which stood near the window, and was then seen from the yard. There was no time for procuring a ladder, but it was happily a low house; one man was hoisted upon the shoulders of another, and could then reach the window, so as to take him out: a moment later and it would have been useless; the whole roof fell in. John Wesley remembered this providential deliverance through life with the deepest gratitude. In reference to it, he had a house in flames engraved as an emblem under one of his portraits, with these words for the motto: "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?"

John Wesley was educated at the Charter-house; and here, for his quietness, regularity, and application, he became a favourite with the master, Dr. Walker. At the age of seventeen, he was removed from the Charter-house to Christ Church, Oxford; and was ordained in the autumn of the year 1725, by Dr. Potter, then Bishop of Oxford. He was selected fellow of Lincoln College in March 1726; and eight months after he was appointed Greek lecturer and moderator of the classes. His father, from age and infirmity, was unable to perform the duties of both his livings; and John, at his request, officiated for him at Wroote.

In April, 1735, he lost his father, leaving his family in very distressed circumstances: this good man left behind him his work upon the book of Job; and John was deputed to go to London, and present it to Queen Caroline; and while in the metropolis, he found the trustees of the new colony of Georgia were in search of persons who would preach there to the settlers and the Indians; and John and his brother Charles consented to go. They embarked at Gravesend, on the 14th of Oc-

tober, 1735; and on the 5th of February following, they anchored in the Savannah river. In 1737, Charles was sent to England with despatches, leaving his brother behind him. In this year Wesley fell in love with Sophia Causton, and would have married her, but was forbid by the Moravians: this lady, afterwards married a Mr. Williams; for which Mr. Wesley rebuked her. In this year, owing to some difference with the inhabitants, he embarked for England, and landed at Deal, and shortly after arrived in London, where he remained till 1738, when he determined to visit the Moravians, at Herrnhut, and the same year again returned to England. In 1739, he commenced field-preaching, near Bristol. In 1740, he visited Birstall and Newcastle.

In 1742, his mother died, an extraordinary virtuous and exemplary woman.

Mr. Wesley had now become amazingly popular. Methodism had taken root in the land, and had assumed some form and consistence. Meeting-houses had been built, societies formed, funds raised, rules enacted, lay-preachers admitted, and a regular system of itinerancy begun. While preaching in Bristol in 1742, he had to encounter some dangerous opposition. At Chelsea, the mob threw wild-fire and crackers into the room where he was preaching. At Long-lane they broke in the roof with large stones, so that the people therein, were in danger of their lives. Wesley had preached at Wednesbury, in Staffordshire; and the mob were excited by some persons to insult him. He preached in the mid-day without being molested; but in the evening the people cried out for "the minister." He accordingly obeyed the summons, and standing on a chair, asked what they wanted; they told him, to take him to a magistrate; he cheerfully agreed to go with them, and at night, they set out to the nearest justice, a distance of two miles; on their way, it rained heavily; at length, they reached Mr. Lamb's, the magistrate, who would not listen to the mob's charges: they then took Mr. Wesley to Justice Persehouse, at Walsal; but he was in bed: no sooner

was it known in Walsal, that Mr. Wesley was there, than hundreds hastened to insult him: the entrance to the town was down a steep hill, and the path was slippery, because of the rain. Some of the ruffians attempted to throw him down; part of his clothes were torn off; and blows were aimed at him with a bludgeon; and one cowardly assassin gave him a blow on the mouth which made the blood gush out. With such outrages, they dragged him into the town. Seeing the door of a large house open, he attempted to go in, but was caught by the hair, and pulled back into the middle of the crowd. Many cried out, "knock his brains out! down with him! kill him at once! crucify the dog! crucify him!" At length, he obtained a hearing; and began by asking, "What evil have I done? which of you have I wronged by word or deed?" A feeling in Wesley's favour, was now manifested; and about ten o'clock, he was brought back to Wednesbury in safety. This persecution, of course, tended to farther the progress of Methodism, instead of suppressing it.

In 1745, Mr. Wesley married Mrs. Vizelle, a widow lady, with four children, and an independent fortune; but she soon dreadfully tortured him by her outrageous jealousy, and abominable temper; it is indeed said she frequently travelled a hundred miles for the purpose of watching from a window who was in the carriage with him; she searched his pockets, opened his letters, put his letters and papers into the hands of his enemies, in hopes they might be made use of to blast his character; and sometimes laid violent hands upon him, and tore his hair: in return for all this ill-treatment, this good man, gave nothing but kindness. "My dear Molly," said he in one of his letters, "let the time past suffice. As yet the breach between us may be repaired; you have wronged me much, but not beyond forgiveness. I love you still, and am as clear from all other women as the day I was born." She frequently left his house, and upon his earnest entreaties, returned again; till after having disquieted twenty years of his life, she seized on a part

of his journals, and many other papers, which were never restored, and departed, leaving word that she never intended to return. Mrs. Wesley lived ten years after the separation.

Mr. W. lived to preach at Kingswood under the shade of trees which he had planted ; and he out-lived the lease of the Foundery, the place which had been the cradle of methodism. On April 1, 1777, he laid the foundation of the chapel in the City Road.

In 1788, he lost his brother Charles, who was buried in the church yard of Mary-le-bone ; and his pall was supported by eight clergymen of the Church of England.

In the year 1779 his strength was quite gone ; and no glasses could help his sight. On the 17th of February, after preaching at Lambeth, he took cold ; for some days he struggled against an increasing fever, and continued to preach till the Wednesday following, when he delivered his last sermon ; and on the 2d of March he died in peace, being in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-fifth of his ministry. During his illness, he said, " Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen, and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel." In his will, he directed that six poor men should have twenty shillings each for conveying his body to the grave. At the desire of many of his friends, his body was carried into the chapel the day preceding the interment, and there lay in a kind of state becoming the person, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band ; the old clerical cap on his head, a bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The face was placid, and the expression which death had fixed upon his venerable features, was a most serene and heavenly smile. The crowds who flocked to see him were so great, that it was thought prudent, for fear of accidents, to accelerate the funeral, and perform it between five and six o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Wesley left no other property behind him, than the copy-right and current editions of his works—all the rest this excellent man had expended in *Charity!*

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

MR. WESLEY'S EPITAPH
ON THE TOMB-STONE.

To the memory of
The venerable JOHN WESLEY, A. M.
Late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.
This great light arose
(By the singular Providence of God)
To enlighten these nations,
And to *revive, enforce, and defend,*
The pure, apostolical doctrines and practices of
The Primitive Church:
Which he continued to do, by his writings and his
Labours,
For more than half a century:
And, to his inexpressible joy,
Not only beheld their influence extending,
And their efficacy witnessed,
In the hearts and lives of many thousands,
As well in the western world as in these
Kingdoms:
But also, far above all human power or expectation,
Lived to see provision made by the singular
Grace of God
For their continuance and establishment,
To the joy of future generations!

Reader! if thou art constrained to bless the instrument,
Give God the Glory!

*After languishing a few days, he at length finished
His course and his life together; gloriously
Triumphing over Death, March 2, An.
Dom. 1791, in the Eighty-eighth Year
Of his Age.*



OLIVER CROMWELL.

OLIVER CROMWELL,

*Protector of the Commonwealth of England,
Ireland and Scotland.*

—————From boyhood's hour
A high commanding spirit, whose fixed gaze
Look'd upward to the pinnacle of fame,
Hath burn'd within me. Bold and lofty thoughts,
'That grasp'd the world's dominion. Prescient dreams,
Pouring bright floods of glory on my soul,
Have blest the hour when all of mortal clay,
'These trammels of humanity have sunk
In deep repose. *My mind hath never slept,*
But held communion with mysterious things,
The unimaginable essence of divine
Imperial genius!—Whether it be a god,
Or demon, speaks with deep oraculous voice
For ever in my heart, I little seek—
Power! absolute, unquestioned, boundless power,
My destiny decrees!

THE character of this extraordinary man has been so often delineated by able historians, and is consequently so well known to all classes of readers, that it is now become truly unnecessary to expatiate on so trite a subject. Destined, by the inscrutable degrees of Providence, to open by a crime, and to fill up with glory, a chasm of twelve years in the long series of our kings; and to exhibit, in the mean time, a strenuous and successful attempt to place, for a while, the British Islands under a form of government somewhat republican; his name, his transactions, his reign, ought to be as familiar to the student of the history of his country, as those of

the most remarkable of our monarchs. In this sketch, therefore, we shall confine ourselves to such observations as the following, that, not unlike those tremendous storms, which, during a few hours, convulse the elements in order to restore an equipoise in the atmosphere, popular commotions in general and revolutionary efforts towards the desirable attainment of rational liberty have a strong tendency to, or become ultimately productive of, some valuable good. The passiveness of the nation, under the influence of the voluptuous and careless court of Charles the Second, was owing to the striking contrast between the calm that it then enjoyed, and the tempestuous events of the Protectorate: but the memorable and fortunate exertions, by which the glorious revolution of 1688 was accomplished and the ill-advised James superseded and deprived of his throne, sprung also from the fresh remembrance of the horrors that stained the first pages of the history of the Commonwealth.

Another observation, apparently not less paradoxical than the foregoing, obviously presents itself to us. It is a phenomenon in nature, that out of the fetid effervescence of disorganized matter, the incongruous remains of decayed forms, and the incoherent assemblage of heterogeneous elements, we are enabled to rear plants, the symmetry of whose parts and the variety of whose colours astonish the eye, whilst their odoriferous exhalations perfume our gardens and apartments, or their luscious fruits enhance the delicacy of our tables. The reign of the Protector presents the same inexplicable wonder. The reformers were, on all sides, sapping the foundations of social happiness; they had substituted hypocritical affectation and puritanical cant for the pure and peaceful tenets of the gospel; and, with iconoclastic zeal, destroyed or defiled the chef-d'œuvres of the liberal arts: yet, amidst such blind and ferocious broils, such popular and impassioned tumults, learning, the fine arts in general, and commerce, not only flourished, but soared to so high a state of perfection, that but little was left for us to invent or to achieve. This period gave education to a

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Newton, who, soon afterwards, with more than Promethean intrepidity, ascended the heavens in search of the most profound secrets of nature, and brought the knowledge of light upon earth. At the same time, a Milton, a Waller, and several others taught the English lyre to sound the strains of epic lore, or to whisper the flattering ejaculations of love and of praise. The arts of painting and engraving were fostered and advanced by the encouragement given to Vandyke, Kneller, Hollar, and Simon; and by the admirable productions of Lely, Faithorne, Lombart, and others; whilst eminent naval heroes and undaunted circumnavigators inscribing, with the trident of Neptune, the name of Britannia around the globe, laid the foundations of that immense commerce, and invincible navy, which still continue to give our country an indisputable pre-eminence over all other nations.

Before we conclude this article, we cannot refrain from placing under the eye of our readers

THE VARIOUS CHARACTERS OF CROMWELL.

“ A man arose, of a depth of mind truly incredible; as subtle and refined an hypocrite as he was an able and transcendent politician; capable of enterprising every thing, and of concealing every enterprise. In peace and in war equally active and indefatigable, he left to Fortune nothing of which he could deprive her by wisdom and by foresight; and yet, vigilant and prompt, he never lost an opportunity which she offered to him. In fine, he was one of those bold and restless spirits that seem created to change the destinies of the world!” *Bossuet.*

“ He was a tyrant!” *Alg. Sidney.*

“ He lived desired, and died lamented!” *Thurloe.*

“ The greatest personage and instrument of happiness, not only our own, but indeed any age else ever produced!” *Lord Fauconberg.*

“ One of the nine worthies!” *Maidstone.*

OLIVER CROMWELL.

“ A dextrous villain, an intrepid commander, a bloody usurper, and a sovereign that knew the art of governing !”
Voltaire.

“ A man miraculously raised up by God, and endowed with an extraordinary wisdom and courage !” *Morland.*

“ If there ever appeared in any state, a chief who was at the same time both tyrant and usurper, most certainly Oliver Cromwell was such !” *Wicquefort's Emb.*

“ His method of treating his enemies was mild and generous !” *Harris.*

“ Cromwell, by nature, was generous and humane, kind and compassionate !” *Ibid.*

“ A fortunate fool !” *Card. Mazarine.*

“ He was a coward !” *Lord Holles.*

“ His courage in the field was undoubtedly admirable !”
Life of Cromwell, 1731.

“ ——— a person raised
With strength sufficient, and command from heaven,
To free his country !” *Milton.*

“ He was brave, ambitious, generous and dissembling !”
Lives of great Characters.

“ A brave wicked man !” *Lord Clarendon.*

“ Cromwell with all his faults, had many virtues !”
Harris.

“ A bold, cunning, and ambitious man, but unjust, violent, and void of virtue ; a man, in fine, who had great qualities, but never a good one !”
Memoirs of Brandenburg.

“ If he cannot be ranked among the best, undoubtedly, he is to be placed among the greatest of princes !” *Harris.*

“ With all his faults, (although he was a coward at first) he was of great courage and vastness of mind, since he raised himself up from a private gentleman, to the supreme height of the empire, not altogether unworthy

the degree he attained to, if he had not acquired it by ill means!"

Sir Roger Manley.

"He had a manly stern look, and was of an active, healthy constitution!"

Life of Cromwell, 1731.

"His face wears natural buff, and his skin may furnish him with a coat of mail. You would think he had been christened in a lime-pit, and tanned alive, but that his countenance still continues mangy. We may cry out against superstition, and yet worship a piece of wainscot, and idolize a blanched almond. Certainly 'tis no human visage, but the emblem of a mandrake, one scarcely handsome enough to have been the progeny of Hecuba, had she whelped him when she was a bitch. His soul, too, was as ugly as his body; for, who can expect a jewel in the head of a toad?"

Hudibras in Prose, 1682.

"He's a sorte of a devil, whose pride so vast,
As he were thrown beyond Lucifer's cast,
With greater curse, that his plagues may excell
In killing torments, and a blacker hell!"

Capt. Gwynn.

The Protector was born at Huntingdon on the 25th of April, 1599, was elected Protector on the 12th of December, 1653, and died in the Palace of Whitehall on the 3d of September, 1658. By Elizabeth his wife, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, he had three sons, Oliver, Richard and Henry; and four daughters, Bridget, Elizabeth, Mary and Frances.—Oliver, his son, died young: from Richard, who was during a short time Protector, and who survived the restoration fifty-two years, there are not any descendants now remaining. Henry, who was Lord Deputy of Ireland, was very lately represented by Oliver Cromwell, Esq. of Cheshunt in Hertfordshire, his great grandson: this gentleman was author of the life of the Protector: he died in 1823.

The corpse of Cromwell, at least in appearance, was on the 26th of September at night, privately removed from Whitehall in a mourning hearse, attended by the domestic servants, to Somerset House. A few days after, his effigy

OLIVER CROMWELL.

was with great state and magnificence, exposed openly. Having thus remained till the 23d of November, the waxen effigy of the Protector, with the crown on the head, sword by the side, globe and sceptre in its hands, was placed in a stately open chariot, and conveyed with great pomp from Somerset House to Westminster Abbey, when it was taken from the chariot, and carried through the Abbey under a canopy of state, and placed at the east-end, in a most magnificent structure, built for that purpose, to remain for a certain time exposed to public view. His funeral, it is said, cost £60,000.

After all, it is a matter of very great doubt where the body of this extraordinary man was really buried: some saying, it was placed in a box pierced with holes, carried below bridge, and thrown into the Thames. On the authority of the younger Barkstead, who was then 15 years of age, and son of Barkstead, who signed Charles's death warrant, and then lieutenant of the Tower of London, it appears he was buried in Naseby field, where he obtained one of his greatest victories.

But, in 1799, there was an exhibition in Mead's Court, Old Bond Street, "of the REAL EMBALMED HEAD OF OLIVER CROMWELL, in the same condition, and with the same appearances, in which, after having been blown from the top of Westminster Hall, it was taken up and preserved in the family of Russell, of Cambridgeshire." That this head bore some resemblance to Oliver, is certain: yet it is the opinion of the most enlightened persons, that the body of Cromwell was never discovered.

In the *Gesta Britanniorum*, at the end of Wharton's Almanack for 1663, it says—"The odious carcasses of O. Cromwell, H. Ireton and J. Bradshaw, drawn upon sledges to Tyburn, and pulled out of their coffins, there hanged at the several angles of that triple tree till sun set. Then taken down, beheaded, and their loathsome truncks thrown into a deep hole under the gallows. Their heads were afterwards set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall."



JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN,

BORN August 9, 1632, at Aldwinkle, near Oundle, was the son of Erasmus Dryden, of Titchmersh; who was the son of Sir Erasmus Dryden, baronet, of Canons Ashby. All these places are in Northamptonshire; but the original stock of the family was of the county of Cumberland.

Dryden is reported to have inherited from his father an estate of £200 a year, and to have been bred, as was said, an Anabaptist.

From Westminster School, where he was instructed as one of the king's scholars, by Dr. Busby, whom he long after continued to reverence, he was, in 1650, elected to one of the Westminster scholarships at Cambridge. He went off to Trinity College, and was admitted to a Bachelor's degree in January 1653-4, and in 1657, was made M. A. At the University he does not appear to have been eager of poetical distinction; and he obtained, whatever was the reason, no fellowship in the College.

In 1663, he commenced a writer for the stage; and his first attempt was *The Duke of Guise*, which was laid aside, and afterwards new modelled. His next piece was a Comedy, called the *Wild Gallant*; printed in 1669.

In 1664, he published the *Rival Ladies*.

He then joined with Sir Robert Howard in the *Indian Queen*; a tragedy in rhyme.

The *Indian Emperor*, was published in 1667. It is a tragedy in rhyme, intended for a sequel to Howard's *Indian Queen*. In this play is the description of Night, which Rymer has made famous by preferring it to those of all other poets.

In 1667, he published *Annus Mirabilis*, the Year of Wonders, one of his most elaborate works.

He was appointed poet laureat in 1668, to succeed Sir William Davenant. Mr. Malone informs us, the patent had a retrospect, and the salary (one hundred pounds a year) commenced from the midsummer after Davenant's death. He did not obtain the laurel till August 18, 1670.

In 1668, he published his essay on Dramatic Poetry; and in the same year, appeared *Scotch Love, or the Maiden Queen*, a tragic-comedy: also *Sir Martin Mar-all*, a comedy.

In 1670, Dryden, in conjunction with Davenant, produced *The Tempest*, altered from Shakspeare's play.

In 1671, *An Evening's Love, or, The Mock Astrologer*; a comedy, was published.

In 1670, another tragedy of Dryden's appeared, called *Tyrannic Love, or, The Virgin Martyr*.

The two parts of his *Conquest of Granada*, were published in 1672.

Marriage à-la-mode, a successful comedy; and the *Assignment, or, Love in a Nunnery*, which was driven off the stage, were both written in 1673; as also *Amblyna*, a tissue of mingled dialogue in verse and prose.

Dryden in 1679, produced *Troilus and Cresida*, a play altered from Shakspeare.

In 1681, that celebrated tragic-comedy, the *Spanish Friar*, was published.

In conjunction with Lee, he produced the *Duke of Guise*, a tragedy, in 1683.

Albion and Albanus, a musical drama, or opera, written like the Duke of Guise, against the Republicans, was performed in 1683.

In 1675, appeared *The state of Innocence and Fall of Man*.

Aureng Zebe, a tragedy, in 1676.

In 1678, *All for Love, or, the World well Lost*, founded on the story of Anthony and Cleopatra.

Limberham, or, The kind Keeper, appeared in 1680: it was prohibited as too indecent for the stage.

In 1679, Dryden, in conjunction with Lee, produced *Œdipus*.

Don Sebastian was produced in 1690; and in this year *Amphitryon* was first acted.

In 1692, *Cleomenes*, a tragedy.

In 1693, *King Arthur*. It was the last work Dryden performed for King Charles II.

His last drama was *Love Triumphant*, a tragi-comedy. This play appeared in 1694. In his dedication to the Earl of Salisbury, he mentions "the lowness of fortune to which he has voluntarily reduced himself, and of which he has no reason to be ashamed."

From such a number of theatrical pieces, it will be supposed, by most readers, that he must have improved his fortune; at least, that such diligence with such abilities, must have set penury at defiance. But in Dryden's time, the drama was very far from experiencing that universal approbation which it has now obtained. A play seldom produced him more than £100, by the accumulated gain of the third night, the dedication, and the copy.

His reputation in time was such, that his name was thought necessary to the success of every poetical or literary performance. He prefixed the *Life of Polybius* to the translation of Sir Henry Sheers; and those of *Lucian* and *Plutarch*, to versions of their work by different hands. Of the English *Tacitu*, he translated the first book.

In 1680, Dryden translated two entire *Epistles of Ovid*; *Canace to Macareus*, and *Dido to Æneas*. *Helen to Paris* was translated by him and Lord Mulgrave.

In 1681, Dryden published his celebrated satire, *Absalom and Architophel*. In the same year, he produced *The Model*.

Soon after the accession of King James II. when the design of reconciling the nation to the Church of Rome became apparent, Dryden declared himself a convert for Popery. The priests having strengthened their cause, by so powerful an adherent, were not long before they brought him into action. They engaged him to defend the controversial papers found in the strong box of Charles II.; and, what yet was harder, to defend them

against Stillingfleet. With the hopes of promoting Popery, he was employed to translate Maimbourg's History of the League; and actuated therefore by zeal for Rome, or, what is more probable, the hope of fame and riches, he published the *Hind and Panther*; a poem, in which the Church of Rome, figured by the milk-white hind, defends her tenets against the Church of England, represented by the Panther, a beast beautiful, but spotted. This was finely ridiculed in the fable of the City Mouse and Country Mouse, written by Montague afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Prior, who then gave the first specimen of his abilities.

Every blossom of Popish hope being blasted by the Revolution, a Papist now could no longer remain laureat, and Dryden had the mortification of witnessing the honours transferred to Shadwell, an old enemy, whom he had formerly stigmatised by the name of *Og*.

Times now were changed; and having waited about two years, in expecting a second Revolution, he produced *Don Sebastian* in 1690, and in the next four years, four dramas more.

In 1693, appeared a new version of Juvenal and Persius. Of Juvenal, he translated the first, third, and sixth, tenth and sixteenth satires; and of Persius, the whole work. On this occasion, he introduced his two sons to the public, as nurselings to the muses. The fourteenth of Juvenal was the work of John, and the seventh of Charles Dryden.

In 1697, he published his version of the work of Virgil.

His last work was his *Fables*: in consequence of a contract with Mr. Tonson, he obliged himself in consideration of £300, to finish for the press ten thousand verses. In this volume, is comprised the well-known Ode on St Cecilia's day, which, as appears by a letter communicated by Dr. Birch, he spent a fortnight in composing and correcting. But what is this, to the patience and diligence of Boileau, whose *Equivoque*, a poem of only 346 lines, took from his life, eleven months to write it, and three years to revise it?

Part of his book of Fables is the first Iliad in English, intended as a specimen of a version of the whole. Considering into what hands Homer was to fall, the reader cannot but rejoice that this project went no further.

The time was now at hand which was to put an end to all schemes and labours. On the 1st of May 1701, having been some time a cripple in his limbs, he died in Garrard-street, according to Dr. Johnson, of a mortification in his leg: but Ward, in the London Spy, 1706, says, the cause of Dryden's death, was an inflammation in his toe, occasioned by the flesh growing over the nail, which being neglected, produced a mortification.

He was buried among the poets in Westminster Abbey, where he lay long without a monument, till the Duke of Buckinghamshire gave him a tablet, inscribed only with the name of

“ DRYDEN.”

He married the lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, with circumstances according to the satire imputed to Lord Somers, not very honourable to either party: by her, he had three sons, Charles, John and Henry. Charles was usher of the palace to Pope Clement the XI.; and, visiting England, in 1704, was drowned in an attempt to swim across the Thames near Windsor. John was author of a comedy called *The Husband his own Cuckold*.

It is well known that Dryden indulged in the speculations of judicial astrology. An account is preserved of his having calculated the nativity of his son Charles, and named three periods of his life as pregnant with danger: at five, twenty-one, and thirty-three. At the first of these, young Dryden narrowly escaped with his life, from a garden-wall falling on him; the second, he fell from a fearful height in the Vatican, was taken up for dead, but recovered; at the third, as above mentioned, he was drowned.

Lord Chesterfield, in his speech against a Bill brought into Parliament in 1737, respecting the Licensing of Plays,

said—"We know that Dryden, the Poet Laureat of Charles II. made his wit and genius subservient to the designs of the Court. When the second Dutch war was in contemplation, he wrote his *Amboyna*, in which he represents the people of Holland as avaricious, cruel and ungrateful. When the Exclusion Bill was moved for, he wrote his *Duke of Guise*, in which the zealous and persevering friends of the liberties and religion of their country, were treated as a faction, leagued for the base purpose of excluding from his lawful rights a Prince of an heroic character, because he adopted a creed different from theirs."

"Dryden, was," says Congreve, "of a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate, ready to forgive injuries, and capable of a sincere reconciliation with those who had offended him. His friendship where he professed it, went beyond his professions. He was of a very easy and pleasing access; but somewhat slow, and, as it were, diffident in his advances to others; he had that in nature, which abhorred intrusion into any society whatever. He was therefore less known, and consequently his character became more liable to misapprehensions and misreprehensions: he was very modest, and very easily to be discountenanced in his approaching to his equals or his superiors. As his reading had been very extensive, so was he very happy in a memory tenacious of every thing he had read. He was not more possessed of knowledge than he was communicative of it; but then his communication was by no means pedantic, or imposed upon the conversation, but just such, and went so far as, by the natural turn of the conversation in which he was engaged, it was necessarily promoted or required. He was extremely ready and gentle in his correction of the errors of any writer who thought fit to consult him, and full as ready and patient to admit the reprehensions of others, in respect to his own oversights or mistakes."



ALGERNON SIDNEY ESQ.

ALGERNON SIDNEY, ESQ.

THIS celebrated and virtuous patriot, was descended from a very ancient and honourable family: he was the second son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, by Dorothy, eldest daughter of Henry Piercy, Earl of Northumberland; to whom his Lordship was married in the year 1618. Algernon was born in the year 1622. His noble father was very careful to give him a good education; and, in 1632, when he went Ambassador to Denmark, took his son with him; as also, when he was Ambassador to the King of France in 1636. Upon the breaking out of the rebellion in Ireland, the latter end of the year 1641, he had a commission for a troop of horse in the regiment of his father, who was then Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom; and he went over thither with his eldest brother, Philip, Lord Viscount Lisle, distinguishing himself upon all occasions with great gallantry against the rebels. In 1643, he had the King's permission to return to England; for which purpose, the Earl, his father, gave him likewise a licence, dated at Oxford, June 22 that year; but, landing in Lancashire in August following, he was, by order of Parliament, brought up in custody to London, where he was prevailed on to take a command under them: and, on the 10th of May, 1644, the Earl of Manchester, Major-general of several counties, constituted him Captain of a troop of horse in his own regiment. His brother, Lord Viscount Lisle, being soon after appointed Lieutenant General of Ireland, and General of the Forces there, gave him the command of a regiment of horse, to serve in the expedition thither; and it appears by the M.S. journal of the Earl his father, that he was likewise Lieutenant General of the Horse in

Ireland, and Governor in Dublin; and that, before he went into that kingdom, he had the government of Chichester, and was in the battle at York, and several other engagements.

Echard says, that in January 1648, Sidney was nominated one of King Charles's judges, though he did not sit among them. It is manifest, that he was, both in inclination and principle, a zealous republican; and, on that account, a violent enemy to Oliver Cromwell, when he assumed to himself the government, to which, as well as to that of Richard, he was absolutely irreconcilable. But, upon the resignation of Richard, the Long Parliament being restored in May 1659, and having passed a declaration, to secure the liberty and property of the people, both as men and christians, and that without a single person, Kingship, or House of Lords; and to uphold the magistracy and ministry; he adhered to them, and was appointed one of the Council of State, with the Lord Fairfax, Bradshaw, Sir Harry Vane, General Ludlow, Fleetwood, Mr. Neville, and others. On the 5th of June, he was likewise nominated, with Sir Robert Honeywood, and Bulstrode Whitelocke, Esq. to go commissioners to the Sound, in order to meditate a peace between the Kings. of Sweden and Denmark. It is related in the preface to "An Account of Denmark," that at the time when Mr. Algernon Sidney was commissioner at that court [Denmark,] Monsieur Terlon, the French Ambassador, had the confidence to tear out of the book of mottos in the King's library, this verse, which Mr. Sidney (according to the liberty allowed to all noble strangers) had written in it:

*Manus hæc inimica Tyrannis,
Ense petit placidam sub Libertati quietem.*

Though Monsieur Terlon understood not a word of Latin, he was told by others the meaning of that sentence, which he considered as a libel upon the French Government, and upon such as was then setting up in Denmark by French assistance or example.

Things were at this time evidently tending to the restoration of Charles II. and Sidney wrote from Stockholm, July 22, 1660, observing that he and his colleagues had the day before taken their leave of the King of Denmark. He then took his way to Hambay, where he did not stay long; for he was at Francfort on-the-Main, September 8, 1660: from hence he travelled to Rome in the November following. After he had continued some time in Italy, he thought proper to draw nearer home, that, if an opportunity should offer, "he might not be wanting to his duty and the public service." In his way, he visited General Ludlow, in his retirement in Switzerland; with whom he remained about three weeks; he then designed to go to Flanders, where he resolved to pass the ensuing winter; and was at Brussels in the end of the year 1663.

Ludlow, in his memoirs, vol. iii. p. 172, says "In 1665, upon the breaking out of the war between England and the United Provinces, ten persons were sent, by Charles II. to Augsburg, in Germany, to assassinate Sidney; and probably might have affected their design, if he, having undertaken a journey to Holland, upon business relating to the public, had not removed from that city before their arrival."

He continued abroad till the year 1677, when he procured leave to return to England; and obtained a particular pardon, according to Bishop Sprat, "upon repeated promises of constant quiet and obedience for the future." Bishop Burnet affirms, that he came back when the Parliament was pressing the King into a war. The court of France obtained leave for him to return. He 'did all he could to divert the people from the war, so that some took him for a pensioner of France. But it is evident, from a letter of his to the Honourable Henry Saville, the English Ambassador in France, that it was that gentleman who obtained leave for him to return. The letter is dated from Nerac, December 28, but the year erroneously printed 1682. This letter has these remarkable words. "My obligation to you is the great-

est I have a long time received from any man, as I much value the leave you have obtained for me to return into my own country, after so long an absence, at a lower rate than the saving of my life. I will, without scruple, put myself entirely on the King's word, and I desire not to be a day in England unknown to him, or his ministers."

He was in Penshurst on the 13th of November, 1677, and then gave a discharge to the executors of his father's will, Robert Earl of Sunderland, Henry Sidney, Esq. his brother, and Sir John Pelham, Bart. for the legacy left him therein, for £5,000 and £100.

The following year, he stood candidate for the town of Guilford, in Surry; but the court opposing his election, he lost it; and, though he drew up an account of the irregular proceedings in it, yet he did not think proper to pursue his claim. In 1697, he likewise stood for the borough of Bramber, in Sussex; but was not chosen; the interest being before made by Sir John Pelham for his brother Henry Sidney, afterwards Earl of Romney.

In 1683, he was accused of being concerned in the Rye-house plot; and after the Lord Russel had been examined, he was brought before the King and Council: he told them, that he would make the best defence he could, if they had any proof against him; but he would not fortify their evidence by any thing he should say; so that his examination was very short. He lay some time in the Tower, and was brought thence by Habeas-corpus on the 17th of November, 1683, to the King's Bench bar, where he was arraigned on a charge of high treason, before a packed jury. The indictment was for designing to depose the king, and to persuade the king's subjects to rebel: to this indictment he pleaded not guilty. On the 21st of November he underwent a sham trial, in which the court over-ruled every evidence that went in favour of Sidney, and allowed much that was utterly false: in short, the ministers were determined on his life. The virtuous blood of the great Lord Russell was not sufficient for them; and their master, the second Charles, in this case, displayed all the inherent cold-blooded feeling

which has rendered the Stuarts so infamous. Perhaps it is impossible, in the annals of England, to find a viler instance of injustice than the trials of the persons concerned in the made-up Rye-house plot. But the successor of Charles, the bigoted James, smarted for it. Tyrants forget that acts of injustice, in general, produce much public good.

Sidney being found guilty, when he was brought into the court to receive sentence, repeated his objections to the evidence against him; in which Judge Withins interrupted him, and by a strange indecency, gave him the lie in open court, which he bore patiently.

His execution was respited for three weeks, the trial being universally exclaimed against as a piece of most enormous injustice. After conviction he sent to the Lord Halifax, afterwards Marquis of Halifax, who was his nephew by marriage, a paper to be laid before the king, containing the main points of his defence, upon which he appealed to his majesty, and desired he would review the whole matter: whereupon the Lord Chief Justice Jefferies, who had tried him, said—"That either Sidney must die, or he must die." During his imprisonment he sent for some independent preachers, and expressed to them a deep remorse for his past sins, and a great confidence in the mercies of God.

When he saw the warrant for his execution, he expressed no concern at it, and the change that was in his temper surprised all who went to him. He told the sheriffs who brought the warrant for his execution, that he would not expostulate upon any thing on his own account, (for the world was now nothing to him) but he desired they would consider how guilty they were of his blood, who had not returned a fair jury, but one packed, and as they were directed by the King's Solicitor General: he spoke this to them, not for his own sake, but for their sake. One of the sheriffs was struck with this, and wept. He wrote a long vindication of himself, which Bishop Burnet says he had read; and that he summed up the substance of it in the paper which he

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gave to the sheriffs ; and, suspecting they might suppress it, he gave a copy of it to a friend : it was a fortnight before it was printed, though the speeches of those who had died for the popish plot were published the very next day ; and it would not have been suffered to have been printed, but that written copies were daily dispersed.

He met death with an unconcernedness which became one who had set up Marcus Brutus for his pattern. He was but a few minutes on the scaffold on Tower Hill : he spoke little, and his prayers were very short ; and his head was cut off at one blow, on the 7th of December, 1683, aged about 61 years. The next day his body was interred with his ancestors at Penshurst.



REV. JOHN PRINCE.

THE REV. JOHN PRINCE.

IT has been very generally acknowledged, that although mankind be astonished by the perusal of the lives of heroes and of kings, it is, in the mass, little benefited by the record of what are commonly denominated great actions ; and it is a doubt if a stronger interest be excited by an attention to them than by the unaffected narrative of the events which have attended the steps of those whose lot it has been to tread in a more beaten path. Few are born to wear a crown, and fewer to receive the laurel on their brows, and to have their names registered in the somewhat imperishable annals of fame ; but millions pass their days in toil, both corporeal and mental, for their subsistence, or in the more quiet pursuit of literary enjoyments or tasteful occupations, and have yet all the temptations to err, and the difficulties to encounter, which beset those on whose conduct even nations depend.

JOHN PRINCE, the subject of this memoir, was born of respectable, though not wealthy, parents, in Aldersgate-street, London, 1753, where his father carried on the business of a lapidary, a trade now well nigh extinct. Being a boy of bright parts, it was resolved that he should be brought up to a profession, and a friend having offered Mr. Prince a presentation for the grammar-school of Christ Church, he accepted it for his son, and accordingly sent him thither about 1760 ; from which he passed with great credit to Oriel College, Oxford, in 1772. He took holy orders in 1775, being ordained deacon by the celebrated and excellent Bishop Lowth, who, on that occasion, passed many encomiums on his reading, the justice of which will be admitted by all who have since heard Mr. Prince officiate in the desk of the Magdalen Chapel.

While on the subject of Mr. Prince's reading, we must not omit the testimony of David Garrick, whom Johnson allows to have been the most judicious speaker of his day, and who one day at Mr. Whalley's house made trial of his powers, to the great admiration of Mr. Townley, author of "High Life below stairs," who was of the party. Garrick, in return for our young divine's acquiescence, displayed his own inimitable powers; and practised before him his celebrated scene of the mother dropping her child from the window; in which the transition from a face of ghastly horror on missing the infant, to a countenance of extreme and almost supernatural joy, on perceiving the babe in safety, from its clothes having been caught by a projecting nail in the wall, was allowed by all who ever witnessed the exhibition, to be most surprising.

On quitting the University, Mr. Prince took the curacy of the united parishes of St. Vedast, Foster, and St. Michael le Quern, London, the rector being Mr. Francis Wollaston, afterwards notorious for his opposition to clerical subscription to the thirty-nine articles, at the Feathers Tavern. Two men more opposite in opinion on matters of church discipline could not have come in collision; yet were the sentiments of our divine so truly liberal, in the best sense of the term, that not the slightest disagreement ever took place between the parties, but, on the contrary, Mr. Wollaston's esteem for Mr. Prince was much enhanced during their long acquaintance. That gentleman, in his own life, thus alludes to Mr. Prince. On finding his curacy vacant, he observes, he rejoiced more especially "because it made an opening to Mr. Prince, than whom he could not have had an assistant more completely to his mind, and whom he was sorry to lose, when, after ten years diligent attention to the parishes, he could not but bear due testimony to his merit on his being proposed for the chaplaincy of the Magdalen Hospital, to which he has indeed since proved himself a treasure."

On the death of Mr. Dobie, the chaplain of the Mag-

dalen, in 1789, Mr. Prince was unanimously elected to the vacant office; and Mr. Winterbottom, the Secretary, deceasing in a few years after that period, that post was added to the chaplaincy. In 1784 he had been instituted to the vicarage of Grays Thurrock, Essex, by his friend and relation, John Button, Esq; but this he resigned on being appointed to Enford, Wilts, by the governors of Christ Church, in 1793, which last benefice had formerly been in the possession and gift of a branch of his own family.

It would be inconsistent with the limits of our little work, and wholly unnecessary with such readers as may know the subject of this memoir (and there are few resident in London who have not that gratification), to expatiate on the good that has been done by this estimable man in that station of life (and more especially in the scene of his London duties) in which it has pleased Providence to place him. The Magdalen Charity has indeed cause to boast of his paternal and unremitting services; and numerous are the hearts which, in every prayer to heaven, mingle the remembrance of him who first drew them from the dominion of vice, and encouraged them in the great work of repentance. We may indeed say of him with the poet—

At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul,
And comfort came the trembling wretch to raise.

At Enford, Mr. Prince, in the year 1800, established a Sunday-school; and the church having been destroyed by a thunder-storm in 1817, he has, with a degree of public spirit that reflects great credit upon him as a minister of the established church, raised a private subscription among his friends for the purpose of rebuilding the edifice, of which the first stone will be laid, it is expected, in the present year, under the direction of Philip Hardwick, Esq.

Mr. Prince, for some years, held the office of librarian

to Sion College, the great divinity collection of works in the metropolis ; and it may not be here inappropriate to introduce an anecdote of him relative to that institution. On the late king's recovery from his dangerous illness, in the year 1789, the directors were at a loss what device or motto to select, in illuminating the building ; when the subject of our memoir made the following happy selection from the Book of Psalms : "*Sion* heard of it and rejoiced."

As an author, Mr. Prince has only ventured forth some single sermons, though, in the early part of his life, he was a frequent contributor to the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, and other periodical works. He also edited the "*Gradus ad Parnassum*," and his edition, in which are several examples of his own composition, has been considered by far the most correct, and has accordingly been adopted by both the English and Scotch Universities. He took great pains to collect matter for a life of Bishop Jewel, but never published the result of his labours ; and he restored, at his own expence, the inscription on the monument of that prelate in Salisbury Cathedral. He also carried through the press an edition of the works of Bishop Horne, and of Jones of Nayland, with both of whom he had been well acquainted.

It would be impossible to enumerate in this brief sketch the distinguished persons with whom it has been the lot of our divine, at various periods of his life, to fall into friendship ; but if any one be mentioned, it must be Peter Waldo, Esq. of Mitcham, the excellent author of the *Commentary on the Liturgy*, with whom he formed a close intimacy and a most affectionate acquaintance, which only ceased with the life of Mr. Waldo, and whose works he has published. William Stevens, Esq. the celebrated Hebraist and theologian, (whose life has been written by Judge Park) was his frequent companion : and when he founded "*Nobody's Club*," Mr. Prince was chosen its chaplain. This was in 1800 ; and though the venerable head be no more, the association still exists under the title of "*Nobody's Friends*," and includes some of the first personages in the church and law among its

members. The late Lord Chief Baron Richards succeeded his friend the Founder in the chair; and the subject of this memoir is still the chaplain.

Mr. Prince married, in 1778, Miss Gray, a Shropshire lady, by whom he has had several children, one of whom, Thomas, was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, of which he is a fellow, and where he has taken the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was preceptor to the present Duke of Brunswick and his brother, and is now chaplain to the British Residents at Brussels. He is author of "Lectures on the Beatitudes," and of several single sermons.

Mr. Prince, in the late king's time, used to frequent the concerts at the Hanover Rooms, then so constantly patronised by the royal family; and his critiques on those musical celebrations, and on the oratorios of that day, appeared in all the public prints, and were generally applauded by the Handel School. Indeed his love of music, especially of the old masters, has never forsaken him, and has frequently been a source of great gratification to his friends.

We could relate various anecdotes of the amiable subject of this memoir; of his piety, his benevolent heart, his charitable and christian spirit, his humane disposition, his happy temper, his mild manners, his eloquence in the pulpit, his attachment to his friends, his kindness to all; but we have room only for one, which will shew that the seeds which have produced all this goodly fruit, were early sown, and have been duly tended from their first spring to their maturity.

A relation, who had retired from business with a handsome property when our divine had just entered the church, being anxious to serve him, proposed to him to purchase for him the advowson of a living, then become vacant, upon the proviso, that half the revenue of the benefice (which was a very excellent one) should be appropriated by the purchaser. To this Mr. Prince at once objected as a simoniacal contract, and in direct violation of his ordination vow. Such a refusal, coming

from a man so young, and whose prospect of rising in his profession was by no means flattering, cannot be too highly appreciated; and all whose happiness it has been to know Mr. Prince, will admit, that he would thus nobly and disinterestedly have conducted himself at any period of his life.



EDWARD DUKE OF KENT.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS DUKE OF KENT,

K. G. G. C. B. K. S. P. &c. &c. &c.

HIS Royal Highness, fourth son of George III. was born November 2, 1767. At the age of seventeen, he was sent to the Continent to complete his education; and his first abode was at Lunenburg, where he remained nearly a twelve-month. Thence he removed to Hanover, where he continued till the month of October, 1787, in the command of the Guards of the Electorate, in which corps he was appointed Colonel on the 30th of May, 1786. He next proceeded to Geneva, and during the period of his stay there, he was appointed (April, 1789) Colonel of the 7th Foot, or Royal Fusileers. Early in 1790, His Royal Highness returned to England.

Ten days were scarcely allowed the Prince to remain with his illustrious family, when, in obedience to the commands of his royal father, he proceeded to Gibraltar. His Royal Highness remained on the Rock till June, 1791, when he sailed with his corps for Quebec, the capital of Canada.

In October, 1793, Prince Edward attained the rank of Major General; and, in the December following, had orders to join the late Earl, then Sir C. Grey, who was on the point of proceeding to attack the French West India settlements.

His Royal Highness arrived just at the commencement of the siege of Fort Bourbon in the Island of Martinique; and, as a compliment to the gallantry he displayed on that occasion, the lower Fort, then called Fort-royal, has subsequently been named Fort Edward.

His Royal Highness was then placed in the command of the detached camp of La Coste, and had under his orders the late gallant General, Thomas Dundas. During the siege, the Prince's soldier-like and spirited conduct, was the admiration of the whole army, and, at the storming of Fort-royal, as well as the attack in the month of March, his life was frequently exposed to the most eminent peril. One of his Aides-de-camp, Captain, now Lieutenant-General Wetherall, was severely wounded while executing the orders of the Prince.

After the capture of Martinique, the British army proceeded to St. Lucia, where his Royal Highness was again entrusted with the command of the grenadier brigade, which, in conjunction with that of the Light Infantry, under General Dundas, formed the storming party, and carried Morne Fortunée, since named Fort Charlotte. The army next moved to Gaudaloupe, where his Royal Highness, in conjunction with General Dundas, succeeded in occupying several of the enemy's posts. Upon the reduction of the French islands in this quarter, his Royal Highness, whose health was considerably impaired by fatigue, and the usual effects of the climate, received orders to return to North America; and shortly after his arrival at Halifax, he was appointed Commander of the Forces in Nova Scotia and its dependencies. On the 12th of January, 1796, His Royal Highness was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

In consequence of a severe injury he received in his left thigh, from a horse, which fell under, and rolled over him, his Royal Highness, in compliance with the advice and wishes of his friends, returned to England for surgical assistance, where, on his arrival, he was greeted with the most flattering marks of attention for his conduct abroad.

In April, 1799, having then attained his thirty-second year, his Royal Highness was called to the House of Peers, (ten years after the Duke of Clarence, who was only two years his senior, had attained the same distinction) by the style and titles of Duke of Kent and Strath-

earn in Great Britain, and Earl of Dublin in Ireland. In May of the same year, his health being re-established, the Duke of Kent was appointed General and Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces in British North America, to which country he sailed soon after. His horses, equipage, &c. were embarked, on his leaving England, on board a transport, which the government had expressly provided for that purpose; and owing to the tempestuous weather, it was wrecked on State Island, and all on board perished.

The loss of this transport was of the utmost magnitude to his Royal Highness. It contained his library, maps, papers, wines, furniture, carriages, horses, and every equipment necessary. Although it is usual in such cases of loss or service, for the country to reimburse the losers, his Royal Highness never could obtain any remuneration.

The intense application of the Duke of Kent to the various duties of his high command, so materially injured his health, that in the course of a twelve-month, he was under the necessity of soliciting permission to pass the ensuing winter in England. As a public testimony to his Royal Highness's conduct in North America, the Legislative Assembly unanimously voted five hundred guineas, for the purchase of a diamond star, to be presented to the Duke of Kent, as a mark of their affection, and their respect for his person and character.

His Royal Highness arrived in England in August, 1800. On the 24th of which month, he was appointed to the Colonelcy of the Royal Scots Regiment of Infantry (the 1st.); and, in 1803, Governor of Gibraltar, where he arrived on the 10th of May in that year. When the Duke assumed his command, he devoted all the energies of his mind to the duties of the important trust reposed in him: his Royal Highness observed with sad regret, the slovenliness of the privates of the army—the total absence of uniformity in their dress and appointments—the inaccuracy of their movements—and the frequency of drunkenness among the troops: he soon found that the cause of such insubordination, was the wine-houses that

were in the vicinity of the barracks ; and he removed all these, only retaining such as were in the public streets. He required the presence and sobriety of every man at meal-hours ; and a report, after second evening gun, of every man being present in the barracks : he established a roll-call at sun-rise, a dress parade in the middle of the day, and one in undress at sun-set ; and in a short period of time, the garrison of Gibraltar became a pattern for discipline, sobriety, and every other quality which constitutes the perfection of the military character. Unfortunately the suppression of the wine-houses created the Duke many enemies, and they were joined by some of the troops, and the consequence was, that on the 24th of December, 1802, a mutiny took place, which was soon quelled, as was also a tumult two days afterwards, between the Royal Scots (the Duke's own regiment) and the 25th Foot.

Misrepresentations of the ferments and the general orders of the Duke were sent to this country, and he was re-called.

On the 5th of September, 1805, his Royal Highness was promoted to the rank of Field Marshal. Here ends then his military-life ; a far nobler and better career was now to commence.

It would occupy more room than we have to spare in this brief memoir, to point out the great advantages he conferred on this country, by his large and benevolent views, and indefatigable exertions to amend the condition of the poorer classes. The poor and unfortunate, never had, possibly never will have, so zealous, so munificent, so active, or so universal, a patron and benefactor as the late Duke of Kent. In fine, it may be safely said, that no individual of his exalted rank ever set a higher example of public virtue ; or displayed more constancy, wisdom, and zeal, for the protection, education, maintenance, and relief, of the poor of these realms ; than, in the course of his but too short life, did his Royal Highness.

In 1806, during the absence of the Duke of Kent, a meeting was held in London, at which it was unanimously

DUKE OF KENT.

resolved to annually celebrate the natal day of so illustrious a character as his Royal Highness; and on the 2d of November of the same year, the first meeting took place.

On the 29th of May, 1818, his Royal Highness was united in marriage, at Cobourg, with her Serene Highness Victoria Maria Louisa, youngest daughter of Francis Frederic Anthony, reigning Duke of Saxe Cobourg, of Saalfeld, and sister to Prince Leopold; which marriage was again solemnized at Kew, on the 11th of the following July.

The issue of this marriage was a daughter, named Alexandrina Victoria, who was born at Kensington-palace on the 24th of May, 1819.

His Royal Highness at the latter end of the year 1819, retired with his family to Sidmouth in Devonshire; and having caught cold from sitting in wet boots, he unfortunately neglected it; this brought on an inflammation of the lungs, which complaint suddenly terminated his valuable life, on Sunday morning, January 23, 1820.

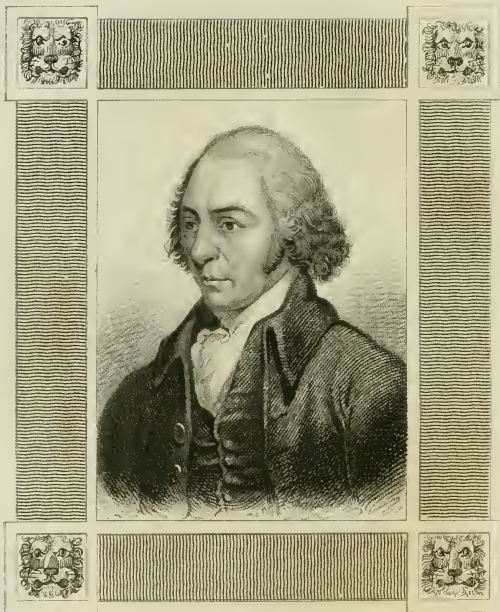
His Royal Highness was tall in stature, of a manly and noble presence. His manners were affable, condescending, dignified, and engaging; his conversation animated; his information varied and copious; his memory exact and retentive; he resembled the King his father, in many of his tastes and propensities; he was an early riser; a strict economist of his time; temperate in eating; indifferent to wine, though a lover of society; a kind master, a punctual and courteous correspondent, a steady friend, and an affectionate brother.

The death of the Duke of Kent caused an unfeigned sorrow all over the nation; and the mourning was general.

The remains of his Royal highness were deposited in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The procession marched slowly up the center aisle, and every part of it was imposing and well arranged. The Duke of York as chief mourner, sat at the head of the corpse, his supporters on either side, and the bearers of the canopy. The closing style and titles of the lamented Prince were proclaimed in form by Sir Isaac Heard.

DUKE OF KENT.

Soon after the decease of the Duke of Kent, a meeting was called, to consider of the expediency of raising a Subscription for defraying the expenses of a Statue as a tribute to his public and private virtues: in a short time, a sufficiency was collected. Mr. Gabagan was chosen as the artist; and in January, 1824, it was erected in Park Crescent, Portland Place. The statue is seven feet two inches high, is executed in bronze, and weighs two tons. It represents his Royal Highness arrayed in a full dress Field Marshal's uniform, and over it his ducal dress and collar of the garter: the pedestal is composed of granite from the Heytor Quarries, in Devonshire, in three parts; the plinth is formed of two stones of the Heytor granite, seven feet six inches square, and two feet one inch thick; each stone weighing about five tons. The shaft, which is of one solid stone, weighs upwards of seven tons; it is four feet ten inches square, and three feet one inch high. The cap on which the statue rests, is five feet five inches square, and one foot five inches thick. It is of one stone, and weighs three tons.



JAMES WATT ESQ^r

JAMES WATT, ESQ. F. R. S.

WAS born at Greenock, in Scotland, A. D. 1735, where he was carefully educated; but having completed his grammatical studies and other important branches of education, he was at sixteen apprenticed to learn the art of an *Instrument Maker*, which consisted in the manufacture and repair of instruments used in philosophical and mechanical experiments, surgery, music, &c.; an art then confined to a limited sphere, and little encouraged. Having completed the period of his probation, he repaired to London, with anticipations both of improvement and employment; but after a lapse of little more than a year, he again sought his native country, where, on his arrival, he added measuring and surveying land to his former occupations. These, together, enabled him not only to live respectably, but likewise to pursue a course of *mechanical experiments*, which had previously been engendered in his prolific mind. It was now a fortunate incident gave that direction to the inventive powers of Watt, in which his provident imagination afterwards accomplished so much, and laid the foundation of his future fame. The model of Newcomen's steam engine, used in his lectures by the professor of natural philosophy at the University of Glasgow, was sent to Watt to be repaired; penetrating instantaneously into the future, he perceived the capability of its improvement, and the great advantages to be derived from its general application to machinery; and although he continued to pursue his trade, it being his only source of subsistence, his genius ill brooked this restraint, but bent its whole force on his favourite subject, the improvement of the steam engine. This engine had now been in use more

than half a century, but very little had as yet been done to perfect it. The first improvement which occurred to Watt, was the adoption of a *wooden* cylinder instead of a *metal* one; and to this he was led by observing that the *jet* of cold water conveyed into the piston, in order to *condense* the steam, cooled it to such a degree, that the steam introduced for the following stroke was *wasted* in restoring the heat; till this was remedied, it could not exert its entire powers. Many physical difficulties made him abandon his first idea for a more fortunate one—that of *passing* the steam into a *separate* condensing vessel, and thereby *never* cooling the cylinder. Necessity made him defer the application of his discovery; united at this period to an amiable companion, without fortune, his first concern was the means of subsistence. His friends, however, appreciated his invention, amongst whom was Dr. Roebuck, a gentleman possessing an enlightened understanding, as well as some property. He it was who associated himself with Watt, at this critical moment, in order to further his discovery, and to bring it to perfection. But their means soon exhausted, it was again on the eve of being abandoned, when, in 1773, Mr. Boulton, a gentleman of ample fortune, and very considerable proficiency in the sciences, became acquainted with, and saw the advantages of the invention. He liberally reimbursed Dr. Roebuck, and having previously erected a manufactory at Soho, near Birmingham, at a cost of £20,000, he took Mr. Watt with him to reside at that place, whose wife, having borne him two children, was then deceased. Watt was now possessed of leisure and means to realize any invention he might already be master of, or, by the exertion of his genius, bring to light. He found the advantage of condensing the steam under the piston in another vessel, but when the piston descended, he imagined the cylinder to be still cooled. His next important improvement was, to shut the top of the cylinder, and instead of pressing the piston down by the weight of the atmosphere, he applied the force of steam, and restored the *equilibrium*, by

opening a communication between the upper and lower side of the piston. All that was afterwards accomplished by means of the *reciprocating steam engine*, was only to acquire perfection and easy management; but there was no departure from the first principle, nor did he ever depress the piston with steam more than one-tenth stronger than the atmosphere. What are now termed *high-pressure engines*, which have been productive of so many accidents, he did not countenance.

By this last improvement, his engineers fell into an error, which retarded the progress of the invention for some years; for, whenever the engine did not perform well, they stuffed the piston with *oakum*, till it required nearly the whole force of the steam to remove it into the cylinder. This defect was remedied; and Messrs. Boulton and Watt at length offered their engine to the proprietors of mines, on the most advantageous terms. Experiments were made by men in whom all parties could confide, with Newcomen's old engine, and Watt's improved one, in order to ascertain the value of the coals saved by the latter. This was done by placing a counter over the top of the beam or lever, to tell the number of strokes; and then estimating according to the size of the cylinder. They were to receive but one-third of the coals saved; but the great obstacle to the introduction of their engine was, the incurring a fresh expense. This they removed by taking the old in exchange, at a considerable loss, and giving credit for the rest till the advantage was felt. By the adoption of these liberal means, they removed every difficulty; but it was not till the year 1778, that their engine began to be appreciated. In 1779 Watt invented a method of copying letters, which has been pretty generally adopted. In 1789, the Perriers, of Paris, applied to Messrs. Boulton and Watt for an improved steam engine, for the purpose of supplying that city with water. It was made at Birmingham, and sent to Chaillot to be put together, where it still remains. This circumstance the French have been at some pains to conceal; and M. Riche de

Proney, an eminent mathematician, and chief of the school for roads and bridges in that country, ingeniously contrived to fill the pages of a quarto volume with a description of the improved steam engine, invented by our countryman, Watt, without once naming him; but the French will find it difficult to get any other nation, besides themselves, to wink at such injustice. The steam engine, as invented by Newcomen, and improved by Watt, had hitherto been employed only as a reciprocating power, for drawing water; but the genius of Watt did not permit him to stop there, he was for converting the *reciprocating* power into a *rotative* one, and thereby to render it of more general utility. To this end, various inventions were resorted to; but it did not occur to him, so ready is genius to imagine and encounter difficulties, that the simple method of a crank, as used in the turning of the old spinning wheel, might supply what he wanted to discover. He indeed meant to employ the crank, but wanted to make a further improvement by introducing a second axle, with a fly-wheel and heavy side, which should revolve twice during the time that the engine made one stroke; intending that the heavy side, when the piston was at the top, should be in the act of descending; not considering, that the heavy fly was a reservoir to preserve regular motion in the machine. Watt, which had been his usual custom from his first residence at Birmingham, gave directions for a model to be made according to this improvement, but as he never allowed a new invention to interrupt the progress of one reduced to actual practice, the consequence was, that which might have been brought to light in one, was eight months in hand; and, in the interim, a workman employed on the model communicated the invention to a Mr. Rickard, who was unprincipled enough to take out a patent for it; and, worked by one of Newcomen's engines but with the addition of this last discovery, a corn-mill was going on within a quarter of a mile of Watt, ere his model was completed. The above circumstances being ascertained by him, though he might easily have set aside the patent

JAMES WATT, ESQ.

obtained by Mr. Rickard, neither he nor his partner being fond of legal remedies, he chose to seek one in his own brain. The only part of the last invention of any moment, and for which a substitute was absolutely necessary, was the *crank*; and here, with some expense, and a little ingenuity, he succeeded so well, that it is doubtful whether his substitute is not quite equal to the crank. This invention of the *rotative* motion by Watt, not only prevented the shock at the beginning and end of every stroke, by equalizing the motion, but rendered steam the most manageable, as well as the most useful of all powers, since it might be supplied of any power suited to the uses for which it might be required. Watt's last great improvement, which perfected his invention of the rotative motion, was to give the power which communicated the rotative motion, and moved in a portion of the circumference of a circle, an *accurately perpendicular* direction. This was not too great for the astonishingly pregnant imagination of Watt to accomplish; and he is said to have declared, that by what train of ideas he compassed this admirable invention, he himself was unable to communicate, so spontaneous were the powers of his genius. With this last invention terminated the most important of his labours. Soon after he settled at Birmingham, he married a second wife, a Miss M'Gregor, of Glasgow, a lady of considerable attainments, with whom he enjoyed a long and well-spent life of conjugal happiness. She bore him several children, but none of them are now surviving. Having passed his 70th year, about which period his partner, Mr. Boulton, died, he retired into private life, leaving the business to his own, only surviving, and Mr. Boulton's son, by whom the steam-engine manufactory is still conducted. Having arrived at his 84th year, he sunk into the arms of his Maker, (at his house at Heathfield, near Birmingham, August the 25th, 1819,) leaving behind him a name as imperishable as the universe, and a reputation which defies detraction. His genius was recognized by the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, of both of

which he was made a member ; nor let be forgotten, that in 1808, when England and France were waging war with uncommon inveteracy, like Sir Humphrey Davy, he received the same honour from the National Institute of France.

A meeting was held at the Freemason's Tavern, London, on the 18th of June, 1824, for the purpose of commencing a public subscription to defray the expenses of a monument to the memory of Mr. Watt. Lord Liverpool was in the chair, and a considerable sum was instantly collected : a similar meeting has been held in Manchester, in aid of the London Fund ; and, in Edinburgh also, a subscription is set on foot for a monument to be erected in Scotland ; but as Mr. Cockburn, with whom the idea originated, very properly observed at the meeting : “ I am clear that we should have an open daylight monument to the memory of Mr. Watt, which can be explored by all—that their hearts may be stirred, and their ambition excited, by the contemplation of such a tribute. The man whose mind I wish most to awaken is that of the operative mechanic, who should be able to view this structure as he is walking along the streets, in the dress and with the implements of his calling.”

The subscription in London would have been much larger, had it been resolved to erect the monument in some public situation, instead of its intended situation—Westminster Abbey ; where, if you want to see it, you must *pay!*

“ They order these matters better in France.”



ALEXANDER POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE,

WAS born in Lombard Street, London, on the 22d of May, 1688; his father who was a Linen-draper in the Strand, and grew rich by trade, was, according to Pope's account, who it has been observed, was more willing to shew what his father was not, than what he was, of a family of which the Earl of Doune was the head; and his mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York. Both parents were papists.

Pope was, from his birth, of a constitution tender and delicate; but is said to have shewn remarkable sweetness of disposition. His weakness was so great, that he certainly wore stays. His voice, when he was young, was so pleasing, that he was called in fondness, "the little Nightingale."

Being not early sent to school, he was taught to read by an aunt; and when he was seven or eight years of age became a lover of books, and took a great delight in drawing; and afterwards, having had masters for that purpose, soon made a tolerable good progress.

When he was about eight, he was placed in Hampshire, under Taverner, a Romish priest, who, by a method very rarely practised, taught him the Latin and Greek rudiments together. From the care of Taverner, under whom his proficiency was considerable, he was removed to a school at Twyford, near Winchester, and again to another school near Hyde Park Corner; from which he used sometimes to stroll to the play-house; and was so delighted at theatrical exhibitions, that he formed a kind of play from "Ogilby's Iliad," with some verses of his own intermixed, which he persuaded his school-fellows to act, with the addition of his master's gardener, who personated Ajax.

ALEXANDER POPE.

About the time of the Revolution, his father quitted his trade, and retired to Binfield in Windsor Forest, with a fortune of about £20,000, whither Pope was called when he was about 12 years old; and there he had for a few months the assistance of one Deane, another priest, of whom he learnt only to construe a little of "Tully's Offices."

In his perusal of the English Poets, he soon distinguished the versification of Dryden, which he considered as the model to be studied, and was impressed with such veneration for his instructor, that he persuaded some friends to take him to the coffee-house frequented by Dryden, and pleased himself with having seen him.

The earliest of Pope's productions is his "Ode on Solitude," written before he was twelve, in which there is nothing more than other forward boys have attained, and which is not equal to Cowley's performances at the same age.

His time was now wholly spent in reading and writing. As he read the Classics, he amused himself with translating them; and at fourteen, made a version of the first book of the "Thebais," which, with some revision, he afterwards published.

Next year he was desirous of opening to himself new sources of knowledge, by making himself master of the French and Italian languages, which, as he desired nothing more than to read them, were by diligent application easily accomplished.

He then returned to Binfield, where he tried all styles, and many subjects. He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, an epick poem, with panegyricks on all the princes in Europe; and, as he confesses, "thought himself the greatest genius that ever was." Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings, and, it was the felicity of Pope to rate himself at his real value.

From the age of seventeen, the life of Pope, as an author, may be properly computed. He now wrote his pastorals, which were shewn to the poets and criticks of that time, and as they well deserved, were read with the

greatest admiration. They were not, however, published till five years afterwards. Pope had now declared himself a poet; and thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began, at seventeen, to frequent Will's, a coffee-house, on the north side of Russell Street, Covent Garden, where the wits of that time used to assemble, and where Dryden had, when he lived, been accustomed to preside.

In 1709, was written his "Essay on Criticism," a work which displays such extent of comprehension, such nicety of distinction, such acquaintance with mankind, and such knowledge both of ancient and modern learning as are not often attained by the maturest age and longest experience.

Not long after this period, he produced the "Rape of the Lock," the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all his compositions, occasioned by a frolic of gallantry, rather too familiar, in which Lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. This, whether stealth or violence, was so much resented, that the commerce of the two families before very friendly, was interrupted. At its first appearance it was termed by Addison "merum sal." Pope, however saw that it was capable of improvement, and imparted the scheme with which his head was teeming to Addison, who told him that his work, as it stood, was "a delicious little thing," and gave him no encouragement to re-touch it.

Addison's counsel was happily rejected, and the "Rape of the Lock," stands forward in the classes of literature, as the most exquisite example of ludicrous poetry.

In the year 1713, he published "Windsor Forest," of which part was written at sixteen, about the same time as his Pastorals, and the latter part was added afterwards. It is dedicated to Lord Lansdowne, who was then high in reputation and influence among the Tories; and it is said, that the conclusion of the poem gave great pain to Addison both as a poet and a politician.

It appears that about this time Pope had a strong inclination to unite the art of Painting with that of Poetry,

and put himself under the tuition of Jervas. He was near sighted, and therefore not formed by nature for a painter: he tried, however, how far he could advance, and sometimes persuaded his friends to sit. A picture of Betterton, supposed to be drawn by him, was in the possession of Lord Mansfield, at Caen Wood. The same year produced a holder attempt, by which profit was sought as well as praise. The poems which he had hitherto written, however they might have diffused his name, had made very little addition to his fortune. He therefore resolved to try how far the favour of the public extended, by soliciting a subscription, to a version of the "Iliad" with large notes. The greatness of the design, the popularity of the author, and the attention of the literary world, naturally raised such expectations of the future sale, that the book-sellers made their offers with great eagerness: but the highest bidder was Bernard Lintot, who became proprietor on condition of supplying at his own expense all the copies which were to be delivered to subscribers, or presented to friends, and paying two hundred pounds for every volume.

Pope having now emitted his proposals, and engaged not only his own reputation but in some measure that of his friends, who patronised his subscription, began to be frightened at his own undertaking: and finding himself at first embarrassed with difficulties, which retarded and oppressed him, he was for a time timorous and uneasy, had his nights disturbed by dreams of long journeys through unknown ways, and wished, as he said, "that somebody would hang him."

His misery, however, was not of long continuance: he grew by degrees more acquainted with Homer's ways and expressions, practice increased his facility of versification, and, in somewhat more than five years he completed his version of the "Iliad," with the notes. He began it in 1713, his twenty-fifth year, and concluded it in 1718, his thirtieth year.

By the success of this subscription Pope was relieved from those pecuniary distresses, with which, notwithstand-

ing his popularity, he had hitherto struggled, and having too much discretion to squander it away, he secured his future life from want, by considerable annuities. The "Iliad" is certainly the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen, and its publication must be considered as one of the great events in the annals of learning.

In the year 1715, having persuaded his father to sell their estate at Binfield, he purchased for his life a house at Twickenham, and removed thither with his father and mother.

In 1717, his father died suddenly in his 75th year, having passed twenty-nine years in privacy.

The publication of the "Iliad" was completed in 1720, and the next year he published some select poems, of his friend Dr. Parnell, with a very elegant dedication to the Earl of Oxford.

Soon after the appearance of the "Iliad," resolving not to let the general kindness cool, he published proposals for a Translation of the Odyssey, in five volumes, which he finished in 1725.

In the year 1728 he showed his satirical powers by publishing the "Dunciad," one of his greatest and most elaborate works.

In the year 1731, appeared a poem on "Taste," in which he severely criticises the house, furniture, gardens and entertainments of Timon, a man of great wealth and little taste: By Timon he was universally supposed to mean, and by the Earl of Burlington, to whom the poem is addressed, was privately said to mean the Duke of Chandos: a man too much delighted with pomp and show, of a temper kind and beneficent.

In the following year he lost his mother. The filial piety of Pope was in the highest degree amiable and exemplary. Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient, and whatever his irritation, to them he was gentle.

In the year 1733 was published the first part of the "Essay on Man," which he wrote at Lord Bolingbroke's, Battersea: finding his diseases more oppressive and his vital powers gradually declining, he no longer strained

ALEXANDER POPE.

his faculties with any original composition, nor proposed any other employment for his remaining life than the revision and correction of his former works.

He now perceived himself, as he expresses it, "going down the hill." He had for five years been afflicted with an asthma, and other diseases which his physicians were unable to relieve.

In May 1744, his death was approaching, and on the 6th he was all day delirious, which he mentioned as a sufficient humiliation of the vanity of man; he afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain, and in false colours; and one day, in the presence of Dodsley, asked what arm it was that came out from the wall. He said that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think.

He died on the evening of the thirtieth day of May, 1744, so placidly, that the attendants did not discern the exact time of his death. He was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him by his commentator, the Bishop of Gloucester.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

SON of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was born in Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, in Ireland, in the year 1729. His father had four sons, of whom Oliver was the third. After being well instructed in the classics at the school of Mr. Hughes, he was admitted a sizer in Trinity College, on the 11th of June; 1744. While resident there he exhibited no signs of that genius which, in maturer years, raised his character so high. On the 27th of February, 1749, O. S. he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Soon after, he turned his thoughts to the profession of Physic, and studied in London and Edinburgh: while in the latter city, his good nature involved him in difficulties, by becoming security for one of his fellow-students for a considerable sum of money, which obliged him to leave it: he proceeded to Sunderland, near Newcastle, where he arrived in the year 1754, and was arrested by one Barclay, a tailor in Edinburgh, to whom he had given security for his friend. By the goodness of two of his fellow collegians, he was liberated from the hands of the bailiff, and took his passage on board a Dutch ship for Rotterdam, where, after a short stay, he proceeded to Brussels. He then visited a great part of Flanders; and after passing some time at Strasbourg and Louvain, where he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Physic, he accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva. He had now obtained some knowledge of the French language and of music: he played tolerably well on the German flute; which, from amusement, became, at some times, the means of his subsistence. His learning produced him an hospitable reception at most of the religious house she visited, and his music made him welcome to the peasants of Flanders and Germany.

While in Switzerland, Goldsmith assiduously cultivated

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

his poetical talent. It was from hence he sent the first sketch of his delightful epistle, *The Traveller*, to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland. Goldsmith, being recommended as a travelling companion to a young man who had been left a considerable sum of money, proceeded with his pupil to the south of France, where, upon some disagreement, he received the small part of his salary which was due; and finding himself once more before the world, passed through many difficulties in traversing the greater part of France. At length, his curiosity being satisfied, he bent his course towards England, and landed at Dover the latter end of the year 1758. His finances were so low on his return to England that he with difficulty reached the metropolis; his whole stock of cash amounting to a few half-pence. He applied to several apothecaries in hopes of being received in the capacity of a journeyman, but his broad Irish accent and the uncouthness of his appearance occasioned him to meet with sad repulses from the medical tribe; at length, a chemist near Fish Street Hill, struck with his forlorn appearance and the simplicity of his manners, took him into his laboratory, where he continued until he discovered his old friend, Dr. Sleight, was in London: by this gentleman he was well received, and remained under his roof for some time; but unwilling to be a burthen to his friend, he engaged himself as an assistant to the Rev. Dr. Milner, in instructing the young gentlemen at the academy at Peckham, and acquitted himself greatly to the Doctor's satisfaction; but having obtained some reputation by the criticisms he had published in the *Monthly Review*, Mr. Griffin, the principal proprietor, engaged him in the compilation of it; and, resolving to pursue the profession of writing, he returned to London, and took lodgings, at the close of the year 1759, in Green Harbour Court, Old Bailey.

Goldsmith's first works were *The Bee*, a weekly publication; and *An Enquiry into the present state of Polite Learning in Europe*. The late Mr. Newberry introduced him as one of the writers in the *Public Ledger*, in which

appeared the *Citizen of the World*, under the title of "Chinese Letters."

Through the friendship of Mr. Newberry he shifted his lodgings from Green Harbour Court, to Wine Office Court in Fleet-street, where he put the finishing touch to his *Vicar of Wakefield*. Here he obtained the esteem of Dr. Johnson, who gave so strong a recommendation to Goldsmith's novel, that the author obtained sixty pounds for the copy.

Among many other persons of distinction who were desirous to know our author, was the Duke of Northumberland; and the circumstance that attended his introduction to that nobleman is worthy of being recorded, in order to shew a striking trait in his character.*

In 1765, the poem of *The Traveller* appeared; and in the same year he published a *Collection of Essays*.

Goldsmith's finances augmented with his fame, and enabled him to live in a superior style: he changed his lodgings in Wine Office Court for a set of Chambers in the Inner Temple: and, in conjunction with a literary friend, took a country house near to the six-mile stone on the Edgware Road. In this rural retirement he wrote his *History of England, in a series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*.

In 1768, he produced his *Good Natured Man*. The production of this comedy, from the profits of the three nights, and the sale of the copy, produced him five hundred pounds, by which, and the additional sum he had received out of the product of a Roman History, in

* "I was invited," said the Doctor, "by my friend Percy, to wait upon the Duke. They shewed me into an anti-chamber, where, after waiting some time, a gentleman very elegantly dressed, made his appearance. Taking him for the Duke, I delivered all the fine things I had composed, when, to my utter astonishment, he told me I had mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant, the Duke came into the apartment; and I was so confounded on the occasion, that I wanted words barely sufficient to express the sense I entertained of the Duke's politeness; I went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

2 vols. 8vo. and a History of England, 4 vols. 5vo. he was enabled to descend from the attic story in the Inner Temple, and take possession of a spacious suit of chambers in Brook Court, Middle Temple, which he purchased at no less a sum than four hundred pounds.

Shortly after, he produced that beautiful poem, *The Deserted Village*. The bookseller gave him a note for one hundred guineas for the copy, which Goldsmith returned, saying "it was too much; it is more than the honest bookseller can afford, or the piece is worth;"* but the sale was so rapid, that the bookseller, with the greatest pleasure, soon paid him the one hundred guineas, with acknowledgment for the generosity he had evinced upon the occasion.

The next comedy the Doctor produced was in the year 1772; it was called *She Stoops to Conquer*, which proved very successful, the profits amounting to eight hundred pounds.

* This is not the only trait of high honour and justice in an Author; for I have the great pleasure of recording two instances that have come under my own cognizance. Some years ago, I employed Harry Lemoine to compile me a sixpenny pamphlet, and when he had finished it, I asked him the price. "Just what you please, Sir," said the eccentric genius. I offered him £2. "No," said he, "that is far too much—10s. is plenty." I could not induce him to receive more; till some time after, when in sad distress, he accepted of the 30s. as a boon, but not for compiling the pamphlet.

The other instance also relates to a transaction between myself and the dramatist, Mr. Moncrieff, author of *Monsieur Tonson*, *Giovanni in London*, &c. &c. This gentleman produced a piece at the Strand Theatre, called "*The Fancy's Opera*;" and I purchased, for ten pounds, the copy-right of the songs, but the piece proving unsuccessful, in two days after, Mr. M., highly indeed to his honour, sent me the following letter:—

"Dear Smeeton,

Adelphi, June 28, 1823.

"It is certain the reception of the *Fancy's Opera* is not such as to render it adviseable to perform it after this week. Under these circumstances, though you bought the songs of the piece on a risk, I have thought it will be better for me to lose than you who have a family—I therefore return you the ten pounds you gave me for the songs; and shall be happy if you will look in here the first opportunity.

Yours ever truly,

W. T. MONCRIEFF."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Though Goldsmith was indiscreet, he was industrious : he had previously written Histories of England, Greece, and Rome ; and afterwards finished his *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*.

A short time before he paid the debt of nature, he had formed a plan of compiling an Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences ; but as he received very little encouragement, he desisted, though much against his will.

The delighted poet now approached the period of his dissolution : he had been repeatedly attacked for some years with a strangury, and the embarrassed state of his affairs aggravated the violence of the disorder, which, with the agitation of his mind, brought on a nervous fever. Finding his disorder rapidly increase, he sent for his friends Dr. Fordyce and Mr. Hawes, to whom he related the symptoms of his malady. He told them he had taken two ounces of ipecacuanha wine as an emetic ; and expressed a great desire of making trial of Dr. James's fever powders. His medical friends represented to him the impropriety of taking medicine at that time ; but no argument could prevail with him to relinquish his intention. Finding the dangerous symptoms of his disorder increasing, he was attended by Dr. Turton ; and they continued every day till the disorder put a period to the existence of their patient on the 4th day of April, 1774, in the 45th year of his age.

His remains were privately deposited in the Temple burial ground, on Saturday, the 9th of April.

A subscription was afterwards raised to defray the expense of a marble mausoleum, which was placed in Westminster Abbey, between those of Gay and the Duke of Argyll, in the Poet's Corner, with an elegant latin inscription by Dr. Johnson.

Miss Hawkins, in her late work, which she calls "Memoirs, Anecdotes, FACTS, and Opinions," but which, in truth, is full of the vilest slander, gross personalities, and virulent ill-nature, relates two anecdotes of Goldsmith—one of his procuring, by lies and deceit, a portrait by Vandyke, at an insignificant price, from a

country inn;—the other, of his going to Mr. Cadell, of the Strand, shortly after he had contracted with the booksellers for his History of England, for which he was to be paid five hundred guineas, and telling him that he was in fear of being arrested by his baker or butcher, and was in great distress. Mr. C. immediately summoned the other proprietors, and they agreed to give the *needy* author the whole of the sum; although he was not entitled to any part of it until a twelve-month after the publication of his work; accordingly Goldsmith received it under pretence of satisfying his creditors. Mr. C. she says, to discover the truth of his pretext, watched whither he went, and after following him to Hyde Park Corner, saw him get into a post-chaise, in which a woman of the town was waiting for him, and with whom, as it afterwards appeared, he went to Bath to dissipate what he had thus fraudulently obtained.”

Now, with every respect for this Miss, (for, we believe, she lives in a state of “single blessedness”) we look upon these *facts* as very doubtful. Is it probable that such a strict tradesman as Alderman Cadell was, or, in fact, any other bookseller, would take the trouble to call a meeting of his fellow subscribers, and request them to *advance* their money to a man whom he imagined intended to misapply it? The idea is preposterous. That he would obtain five hundred guineas for Goldsmith, and the *instant* he paid the money, a fresh light should break in upon him, and that he should follow the *needy* author to Hyde Park Corner, and there see him get in a post chaise with a *girl of the town*, and proceed to Bath with the money which Miss H. says he *fraudulently* obtained. As to *fraud*, there was none in it; even admitting the story to be *true*, Goldsmith only received his money before the time agreed on. There could be no *fraud!* for he had given full value for the sum he had received: he asked a favour, and they granted it. But enough of this venom!



THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX,

K. G. &c. &c.

“ Learn this ———

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in)
Shall never leak, though it do work so strong
As aconitum, or rash gun-powder.”

Henry IV. Part 2.

THIS beautiful passage from our immortal bard will bring to our recollection a most important scene; and, while it inculcates a moral lesson, shew in a very amiable light the excellent Prince to whom it was addressed. Without meaning further to advert to the play of which we have been speaking, and which is a drama truly English, let us observe, that we have, this week, the honour to present our readers with the portrait of a PRINCE, equally amiable in his manners, equally benevolent in his heart; and in his talents, classical learning, and attic eloquence, greatly superior.

His Royal Highness AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, the sixth son of our late venerable Sovereign, was born at the Queen's Palace, on Wednesday, January 27, 1773, and baptized by the Archbishop of Canterbury on Thursday, the 25th of February following.

DUKE OF SUSSEX.

After receiving the rudiments of education under the care of instructors appointed by His Majesty, the Prince, having been created a Knight of the Garter, June 2, 1786, was sent to the University of Gottingen, and, with his royal brothers Ernest and Adolphus Frederick (now Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge), was entered there July 6; each of these illustrious brothers being accompanied by a governor, a preceptor, and a gentleman. The expenses of their table were fixed at 600 crowns per week, including two grand institution dinners, to which the professors and some students were invited. The Princes were here taught the German language by Professor Mayer, Latin by the celebrated Heyne, Religion by the Ecclesiastical Counsellor Less, and Morality by the Counsellor Feder; each of which masters was rewarded by an extraordinary appointment of 1000 crowns per annum.

Having finished his education in this celebrated seminary of learning, his Royal Highness, with an attendance suited to his high rank, commenced his travels by a tour through Germany; after which he visited Italy, and resided four years at Rome, where he lived in habits of great intimacy with Pope Pius VIth; and in which city he married, on the 3d of April, 1793, Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of John, Earl of Dunmore; to whom he was re-married in London, at the parish church of St. George, Hanover Square, on the 5th of December, 1793; and by whom he had a son, born January 13, 1794; which child was, we think, followed by a daughter. This marriage, however, was, in August, 1794, declared null and void, as being in violation of statute 12, Geo. III. c. 11, which enacts, that no descendant of the body of King George II. (other than the issue of Princesses married into foreign countries) is capable of contracting matrimony without the previous consent of the King, signified under the Great Seal.

His Royal Highness afterwards visited the other principal courts of Italy: as Naples, Venice, Turin, &c. and then went to Switzerland, where he made a stay of

considerable length. From that country he proceeded to Berlin, where he resided about two years, during which time he received the most marked attentions from the Prussian Court.

His Royal Highness now returned to England, whence, however, after a short stay, he embarked for Lisbon in 1800, where he resided about four years; and here we may consider him as having commenced his public life; for, not only had he to contend with political intrigue at that court, and to take a very active part in public affairs of importance, particularly against the French Ambassador, General Lasnes; but it was during the early part of his residence at Lisbon (*i. e.* on the 7th of November, 1801) that he was created a Peer of the Realm, by the style and titles of Baron of Arklow in Ireland, Earl of Inverness in North Britain, and Duke of Sussex.

To us, who are wholly out of the reach of state secrets, it may appear unaccountable, that the Duke of Sussex is the only one of the Royal Brothers that is wholly unprovided for, except by the national allowance granted to all the Princes. The King was (when only Prince of Wales) Colonel of the 10th regiment of Dragoons; the Duke of York, a Field Marshal, Commander-in-chief of all the Land Forces, Colonel of the 1st regiment of Foot Guards, Colonel-in-chief of the 6th (or Royal American) regiment, and of the Royal Dublin regiment of Infantry, Lord Warden of Windsor Forest and Great Park, Warden and Keeper of New Forest, Hampshire, &c. &c.; the Duke of Clarence, Admiral of the Fleet, and Ranger of Bushy Park; the late Duke of Kent, a Field Marshal, Colonel of the 1st regiment of Foot, Governor of Gibraltar, and Keeper of Hampton Court Park; the Duke of Cumberland, a General in the Army, President of the Board of General Officers, and Colonel of the 15th regiment of Dragoons; and the Duke of Cambridge, a General in the Army, Colonel of the 2d, or Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards, and Colonel-in-chief of the German Legion.

DUKE OF SUSSEX.

It certainly is not for us to inquire, why the illustrious subject of this article should alone have been neglected by ministers in the distribution of employments or emoluments, civil or military; but that it appears to us a peculiar hardship we shall shew, by stating that the same law which annulled his Royal Highness's marriage, bound him to the maintenance of his espoused lady, and to the payment of her debts; which we have heard, out of the national allowance of £18,000 per annum, is a clear deduction of £4,000.

That his Royal Highness possesses strength and decision of mind, and is not deficient in talents that might adorn public life, may be fairly inferred, from the circumstance of his having, on certain great occasions, highly distinguished himself as a parliamentary speaker; more particularly in two orations delivered by his Royal Highness in the House of Lords, on the Regency Question, December 27th 1810, and January 28th 1811; which excited much attention throughout the country, as strongly demonstrative of the sound constitutional knowledge of this illustrious member of the house of Brunswick.

In 1812, in the case of the Catholics, his Royal Highness took a part no less decided. He seconded the Earl of Donoughmore's motion, for referring the petitions of the Catholics to a Committee; and enforced his opinion in a speech which evinced such a profound acquaintance with the subject, such a depth of reading in the decrees of the various councils in different ages of the world, as much astonish persons who may have been led to suppose, because the Duke of Sussex has no public or specific employment, that, therefore, his life is spent in ease and apathy. The truth is, that his Royal Highness is of a studious turn; to which, perhaps, he may be particularly induced by the misfortune of a most distressing asthmatic habit, to which he thus alluded in the speech last mentioned:—

“These sentiments are the consequence of long and serious inquiries, and have been greatly influenced by

deep and religious meditations. Since the last time I ventured to intrude myself upon the attention of this House, domestic calamities and serious indisposition have almost constantly visited me: it is in such moments as those, my Lords, when it appears as if a few instants would separate me for ever from this mortal life, and the hopes of a better console me in the hour of anguish and sorrow, that all prejudices cease, and that man views human events, unbiassed by prepossessions, in their true light, inspired with Christian charity, and calmed by a confident reliance on the mercy of the Omnipotent: at those times, when one may be said almost to stand face to face with one's Creator, I have frequently asked myself, what preference I could urge in my favour to my Redeemer, over my fellow-creatures, in whose sight all well-intentioned and well-inclined men have an equal claim to his mercy. The answer of my conscience always was—follow the directions of your Divine Master, love one another, and do not to others what you would not have them do unto you. And upon this doctrine I am acting. The present life cannot be the boundary of our destination. It is but the first stage: the infancy of our existence: it is a minority, during which we are to prepare for more noble occupations; and the more faithfully we discharge our duties here below, the more exalted will be the degree of protection and felicity that we may hope to attain hereafter. How should I feel, if I were excluded from those civil rights which are denied my fellow-creatures? This is a question that, in my opinion, can be answered but in one way; especially, convinced as I am, that civil immunities, guarded by mild and secure boundaries, cannot endanger either Church or State."

His Royal Highness was some years since elected to, and graciously accepted, the command of a volunteer corps, called the Loyal North Britons.

His Royal Highness, while at Berlin, formed a valuable connexion between the Royal York Lodge, in that city, and the Grand Lodge of England; and, upon every

DUKE OF SUSSEX.

occasion, used his utmost exertions in promoting and diffusing the benefits of that truly benevolent association. During his stay at Lisbon, the Grand Lodge of Paris had sent several deputies, officers of the frigate *La Topaze*, to assemble the Portuguese Free Masons in Lisbon, and grant them warrants to form Lodges. The Duke of Sussex, however, advised them, rather than do that, to form Lodges of themselves, and send a representative to the Grand Lodge of England, to be acknowledged by that body; in which case, the political independence of the country could not be biassed by the masonic connexion of the Portuguese Lodges with the Grand Lodge of France.

The sedulous attention paid by the Royal Duke to the character and interests, the honour and happiness of the Free and Accepted Masons, is very apparent in the pre-eminent station which he now holds in the Fraternity. Nor did his Royal Highness's well-known zeal and ability, as a mason, escape the notice of his Royal Brother, when Prince Regent; who, on the demise of the venerable Admiral Sir Peter Parker, appointed the Duke of Sussex, DEPUTY GRAND MASTER OF ENGLAND.



DR. JOHNSON.

Engraved by J. Smith, from the Original by Sir J. Kneller.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

“————— From his cradle
“ He was a SCHOLAR; and a ripe and a good one:
“ And to add greater honours to his age
“ Than man could give him, he died fearing heaven.”

THIS eminent Scholar was born at Lichfield, in Staffordshire, on the 18th of September, N. S. 1709, and baptized in St. Mary's Church, in that city, on the same day. His father, Michael Johnson, was a native of Derbyshire, of obscure extraction, who settled in Lichfield as a Bookseller and Stationer; where he died in 1731, at the age of seventy-six.

Dr. Johnson was first taught to read English by Dame Oliver, who kept a school for young children, in Lichfield. He began to learn Latin with Mr. Hawkins, usher of Lichfield School, and afterwards with the master, Mr. Hunter. Johnson, on being asked how he had acquired so accurate a knowledge of the Latin language, said, “ My master whipt me very well. Without that, Sir, I should have done nothing.” At the age of fifteen, he removed to the school of Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, where he remained little more than a year, and then returned home, where he loitered for two years, in a state unworthy of his great abilities.

On the 31st of October, 1728, he was entered a Commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford; while here, he had to baffle with the most galling poverty; his debts soon increased; and his scanty remittances from Lichfield, which had all along been made with great difficulty, could be supplied no longer, his father having fallen into

a state of insolvency. He was compelled, by irresistible necessity, to leave the college in 1731, without a degree, having been a member of it little more than three years : and he returned to his native city, not knowing how he should gain even a decent livelihood. In December of this year, his father died.

In the forlorn state of his circumstances, he accepted an offer to be employed as usher in the school of Market-Bosworth, in Leicestershire ; but this situation of painful drudgery, which all his life he recollected with the strongest aversion, he soon relinquished. He now retired to Birmingham, where he hired lodgings ; but he had no settled plan of life, and very scanty means of subsistence. While here, he translated Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia, which was published in 1735. For this work, he had from Mr. Warren, only the sum of £5.

In the year 1734 he became the fervent admirer of Mrs. Porter, a lady of good understanding, and great sensibility, but double the age of Johnson.* Miss Porter said, " that when he was first introduced to her mother, his appearance was very forbidding : he was then lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrophula were deeply visible. He also wore his hair, which was straight and stiff, and separated behind : and he had often, seemingly, convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule."

He was married to Mrs. Porter, at Derby, on the 9th July 1736 ; and in the same year he set up a private academy, at Edial, near Lichfield, for young gentlemen ; but the only pupils that were put under his care, were the celebrated David Garrick and his brother George, and a Mr. Offely. Johnson soon relinquished this employment ; and

* Garrick used to exhibit her, by his exquisite talents of mimicry, so as to excite the heartiest bursts of laughter : he described her as very fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberance, with swelled cheeks, of a flouid red, produced by thick painting, and increased by the liberal use of cordials ; flaring and fantastic in her dress, and affected both in her speech and her general behaviour.

next turned his thoughts of trying his fortune in London, where he arrived in 1737, in company with his pupil, David Garrick. It is pretty certain that Mr. Cave, the publisher of the Gentleman's Magazine, was the first person that employed Johnson as a writer in London.*

Johnson first lodged, in London, at the house of Mr. Norris, a stay-maker, in Exeter-street, Strand.†

In 1737, he returned to Lichfield, where he had left Mrs. Johnson, and there he finished his tragedy of *Irene*. He again visited the metropolis, in company with Mrs. Johnson and her daughter. His first performance in the Gentleman's Magazine was a copy of latin verses, in March, 1738: in this year, also, appeared his *London, a Poem; in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal*; which was offered to several booksellers, none of whom would purchase it: at length, the worthy Dodsley saw it, who instantly gave ten guineas for the copy.

From 1738 to 1747, Johnson employed himself chiefly in writing, for the Gentleman's Magazine, some Epitaphs, the Life of Savage the Poet, and a few Essays. But 1747 is distinguished as the epoch when Johnson's arduous and important work, his *Dictionary of the English Language*, was announced to the world; for which the booksellers stipulated to give him fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds. While this dictionary was going forward, Johnson lived part of the time in Holborn, and part in Gough-square, Fleet-street.

In 1749, he published *The Vanity of Human Wishes*: he composed seventy-five lines of this work in one day,

* Wilcox, the bookseller, on being informed by Johnson, that his intention was to get his livelihood as an author, eyed his robust frame attentively, and with a significant look, said "You had better buy a porter's knot."

† The following is an exact list of his places of residence since he entered the metropolis as an author.

Exeter-street, near Catherine-street, Strand.—Greenwich.—Woodstock-street, near Hanover-square.—Castle-street, Cavendish-square, No. 6.—Strand.—Boswell-court.—Strand again.—Bow-street.—Holborn.—Fetter-lane.—Holborn again.—Gough-square.—Staple's-inn.—Gray's-inn.—Inner Temple-lane, No. 1. Johnson's-court, No. 7.—Bolt-court, No. 8.

without putting one of them upon paper till they were finished. In this year, also, his tragedy of Irene was performed at Drury-lane Theatre, by which he gained 295*l.* 17*s.*

On Tuesday, March 20, 1749, the first number of his *Rambler* appeared.

March 17, 1752, his wife died; she was buried at Bromley, in Kent. His sufferings upon this occasion were severe, beyond what are commonly endured; for he was the most kind, indulgent, and affectionate of husbands. Her wedding-ring was, after her death, preserved by him, as long as he lived, with affectionate care, in a little round wooden box, in the inside of which he pasted a slip of paper, thus inscribed by him in fair characters:—

“ Eheu !
 “ Eliz. Johnson,
 “ Nupta Jul. 9^o. 1736,
 “ Mortua, eheu !
 “ Mart. 17^o, 1752.”

In 1755, the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts, by diploma. In this year, also, his Dictionary, with a Grammar and History of the English Language, was published in 2 vols. folio; and the world contemplated with wonder so stupendous a work, achieved by one man, while other countries thought such undertakings fit only for whole academies.

In 1756 he issued proposals for an edition of Shakspeare, with notes; which shortly after appeared.

About this period he was offered a living of considerable value in Lincolnshire, if he was inclined to enter into holy orders; but he did not accept it.

On the 15th of April, 1758, he began his celebrated periodical, *The Idler*.

In January, 1759, his mother died, at the age of 90; an event which deeply affected him.

While his mother lay dead, he wrote his *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*, which he completed in the evenings

of one week, sent it to the press in portions as it was written, and never read it over for many years after it was published. It was written to defray the expense of his mother's funeral.

Early in 1762, Dr. Johnson was represented to his late Majesty as a very learned and good man, without any certain provision, and the King was pleased to grant him a pension of three hundred pounds per annum.

In February, 1767, there happened one of the most remarkable incidents of Johnson's life: this was his being honoured by a private conversation with his late Majesty, in the library at the Queen's house; with this celebrated interview the Doctor was highly delighted.

In 1768, at the foundation of the Royal Academy, Johnson had the honour of being appointed Professor in Ancient Literature.

In 1775, he received his diploma as Doctor of Laws from the University of Oxford.

In 1777, some booksellers agreed to published a new edition of the British Poets, and four of them waited on Dr. Johnson to request him to undertake the writing the life of each author. The Doctor very politely undertook it; and as the terms were left to himself, he named the very moderate sum of two hundred guineas. In 1781, he completed the work.

We now come to the close of the invaluable life of this great and good man. In 1782, he had a stroke of the palsy, and was also afflicted with an asthma, and with the dropsy; but in the midst of his own diseases and pains, he was ever attentive to the distresses of others, as appears by the several letters he wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds, in behalf of persons whom he conceived worthy of relief, and whom he had assisted to the very utmost of his means; for his generous humanity to the unfortunate was almost beyond example.

Dr. Johnson, after paying a visit to Oxford, Lichfield, and other places, arrived in London, on the 16th of November, 1784; and soon after his return to the metropolis, both the asthma and dropsy became more violent

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

and distressing. During his sleepless nights, he amused himself by translating into Latin verse, from the Greek, many of the epigrams in the *Anthologia*.

The Doctor, from the time that he was certain his death was near, appeared to be perfectly resigned, was seldom or never fretful, or out of temper, and often said to his faithful servant, "Attend, Francis, to the salvation of your soul, which is an object of the greatest importance."

On Monday, December 13, 1784, he died; and on the 20th of the same month, his body was deposited in Westminster Abbey; and over his grave was placed a large blue flag-stone. A cenotaph was erected in St. Paul's Cathedral to his memory; the epitaph being written by that erudite scholar, the Rev. Doctor Parr.

It would be idle, to attempt in this small space, a character of SAMUEL JOHNSON: the illiberal attacks of many puny scribblers, are easily accounted for: because this giant of literature would not condescend to argue with them, they said he was the vilest brute that ever lived. Posterity will do the memory of this good man justice—his humanity, charity, morality and religion—saying nothing of his learning, and his writings,—will for ever stamp Samuel Johnson, as one of the most eminent and illustrious of Englishmen.



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Published Sep. 19, 1824. by George Smeton. 3 Old Bailey.

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND,

WAS the daughter of Henry the Eighth, by the lovely but unfortunate Anne Boleyn: she was born at the palace of Placentia, in Greenwich, September 7, 1533. Her infancy was unfortunate through the unhappy fate of her mother, but she was nevertheless educated with care and attention. Mr. William Grindal was Elizabeth's first classical tutor, under whose instructions she made a rapid progress until the year 1548, when he unfortunately fell a victim to the plague. To supply the loss of him, she addressed herself to the celebrated Roger Ascham, who, at her solicitation, left the university of Cambridge, and consented to become her instructor. Under his tuition she resumed her studies with new ardour, and read, with attention and diligence, the ancient historians, philosophers, and orators. In July, 1553, her sister Mary, on the death of Edward VI. succeeded to the throne; and, having received from her many favours and testimonies of esteem, she treated her at first with a form of regard. But these fair appearances were of short duration; articles, calculated to ensnare Elizabeth, were devised and drawn up; and her person, upon mere surmise and affected distrust, seized, secured, and harassed from place to place. She was imprisoned and harshly treated, even to the hazard of her life. Her sufferings were, however, mitigated by the interposition of Philip of Spain, the husband of Mary: through his influence she was liberated from confinement, and treated with greater respect. In gratitude to Philip she caused his portrait to be placed by her bed-side, and was accustomed to speak of him to her friends as her deliverer and preserver. On the death of Mary, which happened November 17, 1558, Elizabeth succeeded to the throne, and proceeded to London through crowds of people, who

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

contended with each other in testimonies of joy and attachment. With a magnanimity that did her honour, and a prudence that evinced her judgment, she threw a veil over every offence that had been committed against her, and received graciously and with affability the most virulent of her enemies.

After devoting a few days to domestic arrangements, she gave notice to foreign courts of her accession to the throne. Philip, who in this event had meditated, by espousing Elizabeth, to obtain that power in England which his connection with her sister had failed to procure him, immediately despatched orders to his ambassador in London, to make, in his name, proposals of marriage to the Queen, and to offer to procure from Rome a dispensation for the nuptials, which proposal, Elizabeth, without hesitation, declined. She now made some projects in paying off the debts which pressed heavily upon the crown, and in regulating the coin, which had been debased by her predecessors. She furnished her arsenals with arms from abroad; engaged the nobility and gentry to imitate her example; introduced into the kingdom the arts of making gunpowder and brass cannon; fortified her frontiers towards Scotland; made frequent reviews of the militia; encouraged agriculture, by allowing corn to be freely exported; promoted trade and navigation; and restored the naval force.

The reputation which she acquired, added to the flourishing state of her affairs, procured her various offers of marriage, notwithstanding her declared preference of a single life. The archduke Charles, second son to the emperor, and Casimir, son to the Elector Palatine, were among the number of her suitors. Eric, king of Sweden, and Adolph, Duke of Holstein, made the same proposals. The Earl of Arran, heir to the crown of Scotland, was also recommended to her in marriage. But lord Robert Dudley, a young man of specious qualities and address, was the declared favourite of the Queen. Elizabeth gave to all her suitors a gentle refusal, without absolutely discouraging their hopes. A mixture of co-

quetry and policy appeared to influence her conduct, while in her own mind she determined never to divide her power.

The Guises having, in opposition to their monarch, formed a confederacy with Spain, opened the way for an alliance between France and England. The Duke of Alençon (afterwards Duke of Anjou) had never wholly dropped the project of espousing Elizabeth, and, not satisfied with the courtship of his brother's ambassador, sent over an agent of his own, an artful and agreeable man, better calculated to forward his suit.

The Duke of Anjou, encouraged by the reports of his agent, paid a secret visit to the Queen at Greenwich, from which it does not appear that the lover, notwithstanding his figure was far from prepossessing, lost ground by this interview. The flattering reception he met with removed all doubts, and inspired him with the most sanguine hopes of success. On the anniversary of the coronation, which was celebrated with pomp, Elizabeth was observed, after a long and familiar conversation with the Duke, to take from her finger a ring, and place it upon his. This public proof of her favour persuaded the spectators that the nuptials could not be far distant: it was even regarded as a promise of marriage signified to the eyes of the world.

Notwithstanding this manifestation of her sentiments, the heart of Elizabeth was still agitated by doubts; she remained for some time in great perturbation, irresolution, and anxiety; her nights were sleepless, and her days unquiet; till at length, as might have been foreseen, her permanent habits of prudence and ambition triumphed over a temporary inclination.

Having sent for the Duke of Anjou, the Queen held with him a long conversation; in which it is supposed she apologised to him for breaking her engagements, as, on leaving her, he appeared greatly irritated and disgusted, threw away the ring which she had given him, and muttered curses on the mutability of woman, and of islanders. He soon after departed to his government in

the Netherlands ; lost the confidence of the states by an attempt on their liberties ; was expelled the country ; retired into France, and there died. Thus did Elizabeth, by timely reflection, and by attending to the counsels of her friends, avoid the calamities which must have followed so unsuitable and imprudent a connection.

The anxieties of Elizabeth from the attempts of the English catholics, ceased not during the whole of her reign ; while the revolutions that happened in Scotland sometimes raised her hopes and excited her fears. The Queen of Scots had frequently made overtures to Elizabeth, which had been uniformly treated with neglect. The jealousy which had been excited in Elizabeth by the pretensions, the principles, and the character of the Queen of Scots, induced her to adopt measures by which the danger was aggravated. Mary, in resentment of the severe treatment which she experienced, continually menaced the repose and the authority of her oppressor. Every method to free herself from confinement brought upon the captive queen additional rigours, by which her spirit, high and undaunted, was exasperated rather than broken. By a combination of causes, Mary was, at length, urged to her ruin ; for an opportunity to effect which her enemies had long been laying in wait ; and at last Mary was brought to that situation so long and, it is feared, ardently desired by Elizabeth. To dissemble was habitual to her, and she found no difficulty in affecting the utmost reluctance to permit the sentence, pronounced by the commissioners upon Mary, to be put in force. The sentence was ratified by both houses, and an application made to the queen to consent to its execution. To this petition she returned an answer equivocal and embarrassed ; full of apparent irresolution and real artifice. She at length summoned her secretary Davison, and ordered him to draw out, secretly, a warrant for the execution of the Queen of Scots ; which, it was afterwards pretended by Elizabeth, was meant to keep by her in case of an attempt at the deliverance of Mary. Having signed the warrant, she commanded

Davison to carry it to the chancellor, and get his seal affixed. Davison having acquainted the council with the whole transaction, they endeavoured to persuade him to send off Beale, the clerk of the council, with the warrant. The secretary, not aware of their intentions, fell into the snare: the warrant was dispatched, and orders given for the execution of the prisoner.

While ensuring tranquillity at home, Elizabeth was not negligent of distant dangers. Philip was secretly preparing a large navy to revenge himself of the insults he had received from the English. The Marquis of Santa Cruze, a sea officer of great reputation, was destined to the command of a fleet, to which, from its uncommon size, force, and formidable appearance, the Spaniards had already given the title of the Invincible Armada. These extraordinary preparations were soon known in England. Elizabeth, having foreseen the invasion, determined to contend for her crown with the whole force of the Spanish monarchy. Twenty-two thousand foot, and one thousand horse, under the command of Leicester, were stationed at Tilbury to defend the capital. The main army, consisting of thirty thousand horse, was commanded by Lord Hunsdon, and appointed to march wherever the enemy should appear. The English fleet sailed and gallantly attacked the armada, which was also overtaken, soon after it had passed the Orkneys, by a violent tempest. The ships, having already lost their anchors, were obliged to keep the sea: the sailors, unaccustomed to such hardships, yielded to the fury of the storm, and suffered themselves to be driven either on the western isles of Scotland, or on the coast of Ireland, where they were miserably wrecked.

On the 4th of September, soon after these events, died the Earl of Leicester, the great but unworthy favourite of Elizabeth, whose attachment to him continued to the last moment of his life. This event was shortly followed by the death of Essex, who fell, in the bloom and vigour of life, a victim to his rash and ungovernable temper. He was privately executed in the Tower.

After the return of Essex from the expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of the queen's attachment towards him, he expressed his regret that the necessity of her service called him so often from her presence, and his fears lest in these intervals, the ill offices of his enemies should prevail against him. To calm this jealousy, the queen gave him a ring, assuring him, into whatever disgrace he should fall, that on the sight of that ring, she would recollect her former affection, would again afford him a hearing, and lend to his apology a favourable ear. This precious gift was preserved by Essex till the last extremity, when he resolved to make proof of its efficacy, and committed it to the countess of Nottingham, whom he requested to deliver it to the queen. The countess was prevailed on by her husband to suppress what had passed and conceal the ring. Elizabeth, still expecting from her favourite this last appeal to her tenderness, and ascribing his neglect to obstinacy and pride, was urged, at length, by policy and resentment, to sign the warrant for his execution.

The countess of Nottingham being seized with sickness, and finding her end approaching, was smitten by remorse for the part she had acted. Having, at her request, obtained a visit from the queen, she revealed the fatal secret and implored forgiveness. Elizabeth, struck with horror, burst into passion, shook the dying penitent in her bed, and wildly exclaimed, "That God might pardon her, but she never could." Having thus said, she broke from her, and thenceforth abandoned herself to sorrow. The anxiety of her mind made swift ravages on her feeble frame; her voice and senses soon after failing, she fell into a lethargic slumber, in which having continued some hours, she expired gently, March 24, 1603, in the 70th year of her age, and the 45th of her reign.

The portrait which accompanies this Memoir represents the Queen in the dress in which she went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the destruction of the Spanish Armada.



THOMAS DERMODY.

THOMAS DERMODY

WAS born at a town called Innis, in the county of Clare in Ireland, in the year 1774. His father, who was a respectable school-master in that place, early initiated him in the knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages. Dermody was studious even in his childhood, and that which is generally esteemed by other boys a drudgery, was to him a pleasure. At a very early age he had read most of the poets of antiquity, and had absolutely began an English version of Homer, at a time of life when most boys are studying their grammars. At about nine years of age a desire to see the metropolis of his country, led him clandestinely to leave his father's house, and with a small bundle under his arm, and a few shillings in his pocket, he turned his back on his paternal comforts for ever, setting out to seek his fortune, as he himself has related, fully assured in his own mind that his talents and acquirements would soon introduce him to the literary men of the day. Arrived in Dublin—all his money expended, and without a friend, or even an acquaintance to whom he could apply for relief—the little fellow wandered about the streets almost perishing with hunger, till chance directed him to a sort of book-stall on Ormond quay, which was kept by a poor man of the name of Saunders, a native of Scotland. Saunders seeing something extraordinary in the appearance of the boy, was induced to ask him some questions, by which means, learning his situation, he gave him an invitation to partake his homely meal, and afterwards lodged him in a stall or shed, the repository of learning. Here Dermody often had the honour of rescuing from the rapacious mice the very leaves on which their heroic deeds were sung by the bards of old—and

many a critic rat repented his rashness, caught by the young poet, making rather too free with the works of his dear friends Shakspeare and Cervantes.

Under the protection of the friendly bookseller, Dermody remained only a short time: a gentleman happening one day to pass near the stall, detected him in the very act of reading Longinus!—From this moment the fame of his learning began to spread; the book-merchant's stall was often visited by persons who were desirous to converse with the astonishing boy; and he was not long suffered to remain in obscurity. In Ireland, genius, when known, does not long languish in neglect. The Countess of Moira became the patroness of the young Dermody; she placed him under the care of the Rev. Mr. Boyd, of Portarlington, well known to the literary world as the elegant translator of Dante. After his having remained under the care of this clergyman some time, he was, by his noble and beneficent patroness, removed to a celebrated academy in Dublin, kept by the Rev. Mr. Austin. While with Mr. Austin, Dermody published a volume of poems, composed between the ages of ten and twelve, which gained him great celebrity; so much so that he was spoken of in Dublin as a prodigy, and many of the nobility being desirous of seeing and conversing with him, he visited at their houses as often as they could obtain leave of his tutor for a short abstinence from his studies. Dermody afterwards published a volume of poems, written between the ages of fourteen and fifteen, which poems (if possible) increased his fame.

At about this time, by his imprudent conduct, he lost the countenance of his noble patroness, the Countess of Moira, and, after committing many irregularities, at length he enlisted as a common soldier, but was traced and recovered this time by the exertion of the late Mr. Raymond, of Drury-Lane theatre, then on the Dublin boards, who was for many years his firm and steady friend. To trace Dermody through all the vicissitudes of his life, would far exceed the limits of this account: suffice it to say, that he was for three years in the army, at first as a

THOMAS DERMODY.

common soldier, afterwards as a corporal, and last of all as a lieutenant. He was in several engagements, in all of which he behaved with uncommon bravery, and had the misfortune to be very severely wounded more than once.

Dermody's commission was presented him by the truly noble Lord Moira, whose liberal patronage and friendship our bard enjoyed until his death.

In this country Dermody suffered all the extremity of want, and languished, unknown and unregarded, till he was discovered and drawn from his obscurity by his former friend, Mr. Raymond. He was at that time in the utmost state of wretchedness, but, by the assiduous exertions of his friend, he was soon introduced to some literary men, and began his career as an author in this metropolis.

A rapid decline closed the life of the unhappy Dermody on the 15th July, 1802. About a fortnight before his death, thinking the country air might relieve him, he wandered from town, and took up his residence in a wretched old house near Sydenham, inhabited by labourers employed in digging the canal in that neighbourhood. From hence he wrote to Mr. Raymond, and another friend, who had been in the habit of contributing to his necessities, and begged their assistance. These friends immediately sent him a small supply of cash, and then went to see him. He was, indeed, in a miserable state. He received them with a tear of gratitude;—his voice had not strength to tell his thanks: he soon recovered himself, however, enough to converse a little. One of his friends observing Butler's *Hudibras* on the table—"I am merry to the last you see," said he; then being taken with a fit of coughing, "Ah!" said he, "this hollow cough rings out my knell." A few hours afterwards he died. His friends had fest him, having previously taken a lodging for him, delightfully situated on Sydenham Common, to which it was their intention to have removed him the next day. He was buried in Lewisham church-yard; the two friends before-mentioned

performed the last sad office of humanity, by attending him to his grave, and by their care a handsome tomb has been erected to his memory, with the following inscription, selected from his works.

“ No titled birth had he to boast,
 Son of the Desart ! Fortune’s child !
 Yet, not by frowning l’ortune crost,
 The Muses on his cradle smil’d.

“ Now a cold tenant dust thou lie
 Of this dark cell ;—all hush the song,
 While Friendship bends his streaming eye,
 As by thy grave he wends along.

“ On thy cold clay lets fall the holy tear,
 And cries—“ Though mute, there is a poet here !”

The misfortunes of Dermody, and his early death, were not, like Chatterton’s, produced by the miseries of want, or the dearth of patronage. As his genius was of the first order, so were his friends liberal to him beyond example. The Literary Fund, as a body, often relieved him, and its members, individually, were his best supporters. Sir James Bland Burgess, Mr. Bragge, Lord Carlisle, Lord Kilwarden, Baron Smith, Hely Addington, Mr. Boscawen, Mr. Pye, and Mr. Addington, the Right Honourable Chancellor of the Exchequer, gave him large sums ; and, even a few days before his death, a society of gentlemen associating at a tavern in the neighbourhood of Covent-Garden, on Dermody’s situation being represented to them by a distinguished literary character, voted, without hesitation, an immediate supply, part of which was administered to him on the following day.

For so young a man, Dermody has written much. In addition to the various volumes of poems published with his name, he was the author of *More Wonders*, an Heroic Epistle, addressed to M. G. Lewis, Esq ; *Battle of the Bards*, in two Cantos, occasioned by the dispute between Gifford and Peter Pinder ; *Ode to Peace*, addressed to

Mr. Addington ; *Ode on the Death of General Abercromby* ; *Histrionade*, a Satire on the Theatrical Performers, after the manner of Churchill's *Rosciad*.

In the estimation of those friends to whom Dermody was best known, the following picture is allowed to be admirably drawn, and truly characteristic of the poet himself, for and by whom it was written, and published in his last volume.

MY OWN CHARACTER.

This once I will alter my old-fashion'd style,
 For the rosy reward of a sensible smile,
 And betray the wild sketches of Passion, imprest
 By Nature's own seal, on that tablet, my breast,
 Which, too oft, as 'tis sway'd by the whim of the brain,
 A rude Chaos of blunder is forc'd to contain,
 Projections absurd, prepossessions unjust,
 Tho' friendship has still found it true to its trust,
 And it, still, when such blots are expung'd, may be fit
 For the splendor of sense, or the sparkle of wit.
 Then, first, I confess, least you kindly mistake,
 I'm a compound extreme of the Sage and the Rake ;
 Abstracted, licentious, affected, heroic,
 A Poet, a soldier, a coxcomb, a stoic ;
 This moment, abstemious as Faquir or Bramin ;
 The next, Aristippus-like, swinishly cramming ;
 Now, full of devotion, and loyal dispute ;
 A democrat, now, and a deist to boot ;
 Now, a frown on my front, and a leer in my eye ;
 Now, heaving unfeign'd sensibility's sigh ;
 Now, weighing with care each elaborate word ;
 Now, the jest of a tavern, as drunk as a lord ;
 By imminent woes, now, unmov'd as a stone ;
 And, now, tenderly thrill'd by a grief not my own.
 Of Love shall I speak ? who my bosom still bare
 To the arrows, discharg'd from the glance of the fair,
 A target, whose verge many shafts may receive,
 But whose centre, as yet, is untouch'd, I believe ;
 For who to one damsel could, meanly, confine
 That heart, which is ever devoted to nine ?
 Shall I speak of Politeness ? ah ! there I am mute,
 For tho' honest in thought, I'm in manners—a brute ;
 My virtues, indeed, are too shy to be seen,
 Tho' my follies are not quite so bashful, I ween.
 Not e'en to a lady a fine thing I say,
 As blunt as the hero of Wycherly's play,

THOMAS DERMODY.

Tho' ladies, good faith, have been never my game,
For I guess the whole sex are, in secret, the same;
Smooth flatt'ry may lift the dear nymph in the sky;
But her feelings will certainly give it the lie;
And in cases which I, and, most probably, you know,
She had rather be Jane, than Diana, or Juno.
Shall I make to grave dowager Prudence, a claim?
Alas! I have slighted her much, to my shame,
Secur'd no snug office, scrap'd up no estate,
Nay, scarce own a Garret to shelter my pate;
So have nought to consign, when I've finish'd my mirth,
But my book to the critics, my body to earth.
'Thro' life's chequer'd changes, in every state,
Hypocrisy, always, has met with my hate,
For, tho' foes may be blinded, or friends may be bam'd,
I very well know, I may chance—to be damn'd.
Should you seek, in my mere conversation, to find
Those sprightly conceits, that illumine my mind,
Your search will be vain, for I candidly vow,
I can ne'er make a compliment; seldom, a bow;
Yet, when Venus appears, at gay Bacchus's call,
I can coax her with ever a blood of them all.
Tho' youth's florid blush on my cheek is decay'd
(Such blooms will soon wither in study's pale shade,)
Remembrance still pensively hangs on each scene,
That rais'd the sweet raptures of careless nineteen;
Then, to transport's fine touch every pulse was alive,
Now I droop, in the year of my age—twenty-five!
This, you'll instantly cry, is a wonderful thing:
But my summer of genius arriv'd ere its spring.
The orange-tree thus, prematurely, we're told,
Bears its blossoms of green, and its fruitage of gold.
And these talents of mine, now entirely forgotten,
Like the medlar, soon ripe, were, I fear, as soon rotten.



DR. HERSCHEL.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL, L. L. D. F. R. S.

THIS eminent astronomer was born at Hanover, on the 15th of November, 1738, and was the second of four sons. At the age of fourteen he was placed in the band of the Hanoverian regiment of guards. About the year 1758 he proceeded with a detachment of his regiment to England, accompanied by his father, who, after a short stay, returned to his native country, leaving his son in England. It was young Herschel's good luck to gain the notice of the Earl of Darlington, who engaged him to superintend and instruct a military band then forming for the militia of the county of Durham. At the termination of his engagement, he gave instructions in music to private pupils in the principal towns of the West Riding of Yorkshire; where he also officiated as leader in the oratorios and public concerts. The leisure hours he could spare he employed in perfecting himself in the English and Italian languages: he also made some progress in the Greek and Latin.

Towards the close of the year 1765 he was appointed, through the interest and friendship of Mr. Joah Bates, to the situation of organist at Halifax.

In the year 1766, the late Mr. Linley engaged him and his elder brother for the pump-room band at Bath: he was a distinguished performer on the oboe, and his brother on the violincello. He was not long in this city before he was appointed organist to the octagon chapel; on attaining this distinguished situation, he resigned that of Halifax; but this accession of business only increased his propensity to study; and, frequently after a fatiguing day of fourteen or sixteen hours occupied in his professional avocations, he would seek relaxation, if such it might be called, in extending his knowledge of the mathematics.

Having, in the course of his extensive reading, made some discoveries which awakened his curiosity, he applied himself to the study of astronomy and the science of optics, and obtained, from a neighbour in Bath, the loan of a two-feet telescope, in order that he might observe those wonders of which he had read; which delighted and astonished him so much, that he commissioned a friend in London to procure him one of larger dimensions; but the price being much too great for him, he resolved on attempting to construct one himself. After innumerable disappointments, which tended only to stimulate his exertions, he, in the year 1774, had the gratification of beholding the planet Saturn through a five-feet Newtonian reflector made by himself. The success of his first attempt emboldened him to fresh efforts, and in a short time he completed telescopes from seven to twenty feet. As a proof how indefatigable was his perseverance, that in perfecting the parabolic figure of the seven-feet reflector, he finished no fewer than two hundred specula before he produced one that satisfactorily answered his purpose.

As he found himself becoming hourly more attached to the study of astronomy, he lessened his professional engagements, as also the number of his pupils. Towards the latter end of the year 1779, he commenced a regular review of the heavens, star by star; and in the course of eighteen months' observations, he fortunately remarked that a star, which had been recorded by Bode as a fixed star, was progressively changing its position; and, after much attention to it, he was enabled to ascertain that it was an undiscovered planet. He communicated the particulars to the Royal Society, who elected him a fellow, and decreed him their annual gold medal. This great and important discovery he made on the 13th of March, 1781, and bestowed on the planet the name of *Georgium Sidus*, in compliment to our late king, George the Third.

Herschel, from this splendid result of his labours, not only established his fame in the scientific world, but

was enabled, by the donation of a handsome salary from his late Majesty, to relinquish his professional labours, and devote the remainder of his life wholly to astronomy.

In consequence of this munificent act of the king's, which must ever be mentioned to his honour as a patron of science, he quitted Bath, and fixed his residence, first at Datchet, and afterwards at Slough, near Windsor. "It was here," says the Annual Biography and Obituary for 1823, from which truly excellent work this sketch is chiefly taken—"in the hope of facilitating and extending his researches, he undertook to construct a telescope of forty feet, which was completed in 1787; but this stupendous instrument failed to answer all the purposes intended, being too ponderous to retain a true figure, so that comparatively few observations could be made with it, and those for a very short period. It was oftener by the aid of more manageable instruments that he perused the great volume of the heavens, and derived from it new contributions, to enrich the records of astronomical science. In these researches, and in the laborious calculations to which they led, he was assisted by his excellent sister, Miss Caroline Herschel, whose indefatigable and unhesitating devotion in the performance of a task usually considered incompatible with female habits, excited equal surprise and admiration.

"In 1783 he announced the discovery of a volcanic mountain in the moon; and four years afterwards communicated an account of two other volcanoes in that orb, which appeared to be in a state of eruption."

In a paper in the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1790, he says, "In hopes of great success with my forty-foot speculum, I deferred the attack upon Saturn until that should be finished; and having taken an early opportunity of directing it to Saturn, the very first moment I saw that planet, which was on the 28th of last August, I was presented with a view of six of the satellites, in such a situation, and so bright, as rendered it impossible to mistake them. The retrograde motion of Saturn amounted to four millions and a half per day,

which made it very easy to ascertain whether the stars I took to be satellites really were so; and in about two hours and a half I had the pleasure of finding that the planet had visibly carried them all away from their places."

There is a more decisive testimony to the merits of this telescope in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1790. In a paper relating to the planet Saturn, he says—"It may appear remarkable, that these satellites should have remained so long unknown to us, when, for a century and a half past, the planet to which they belong has been the object of almost every astronomer's curiosity, on account of the singular phenomenon of the ring. But it will be seen from the situation and size of the satellites, that we could hardly expect to discover them till a telescope of the dimensions and aperture of my forty feet reflector should be constructed."

In the *Transactions* for 1800, there is the following extract from his *Journal*—"October 10, 1791. I saw the fourth satellite, and the ring of Saturn, in the forty feet speculum without an eye-glass. The magnifying power, on that occasion, could not exceed sixty or seventy; but the greater penetrating power made full amends for the lowness of the former. Among other instances of the superior effects of penetration into space, I should mention the discovery of an additional sixth satellite of Saturn, on the 28th of August, 1789, and of a seventh on the 11th of September of the same year, which were first pointed out by this instrument."

The *Obituary* for 1823, says—

"In 1802, Dr. Herschel laid before the Royal Society a catalogue of five thousand new nebulae, nebulous stars, planetary nebulae, and clusters of stars, which he had discovered. By these and other scientific labours he established his title to rank among the most eminent astronomers of the age, and to be placed in the roll of those whom this produced, only second to the immortal Newton. The high sense entertained of his well applied talents was testified by the marks of respect which he received from various public bodies, and in particular by the hono-

rary degree of Doctor of Laws conferred on him by the University of Oxford. He also enjoyed the constant patronage of his venerable sovereign; and in 1816, his present majesty, then prince regent, was pleased, on the behalf of his royal father, to bestow on him the appropriate and well earned distinction of the Hanoverian and Guelphic order of Knighthood.

“He was distinguished for great amenity of temper; and for that modesty which is the becoming accompaniment of great abilities. Another amiable trait in his character was the good humour with which he bore the occasional intrusions of inquisitive country-people in his neighbourhood, in whom his astronomical studies created a notion that he held mysterious converse with the stars. A pleasant instance of his conduct on these occasions has been often related. One rainy summer a farmer waited upon him, to solicit his advice as to the proper time for cutting hay. The doctor pointed through a window to an adjoining meadow, in which lay a crop of grass utterly swamped: “Look at that field,” said he, “and when I tell you it is mine, I think you will not need another proof to convince you that I am no more weather wise, than yourself, or the rest of my neighbours.”

“Dr. Herschel married Mary, the widow of John Pitt, Esq.; by whom he had one son, who was some time since a member of the University of Cambridge.

“Sir William did not relinquish his astronomical observations until within a few years of his death, which took place on the 23d of August, 1822, at the age of 82. He expired in the fullness of years, honoured with the applause of the world; and, what was far dearer to him, the veneration of his family, and the esteem and love of all who knew him. On the 7th of September, his remains were interred in the parish church of Upton Berks, in which parish he had for many years resided.

“His will, dated the 17th of December, 1818, has been proved in the Prerogative Court. The personal effects were sworn under £6,000. The copyhold and other lands and tenements at Upton-cum-Chalvey, and at

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

Slough, he devised to his son, with £.25,000 in the three per cent. reduced annuities. To his brother, Johan Dictrich, he bequeathed two thousand pounds; annuities of one hundred pounds each to his brother Johan Alexander, and his sister Caroline; and twenty pounds each to nephews and nieces: the residue, with the exception of astronomical instruments, observations, &c. given to his son, for the prosecution of his studies, was left solely to Lady Herschel."

Sir William Herschel was Knight of the Guelphic Order; President of the Astronomical Society; Astronomer Royal; &c. &c.



LOUIS XVIII.

LOUIS XVIII.

LOUIS STANISLAUS XAVIER de France, Count de PROVENCE, second son of the Dauphin, the son of Louis XV. was born at Versailles, November 17, 1755. From his earliest years he manifested a timid and reserved disposition. Study became his predominant passion, and his preceptor never remarked in him any of those displays of passion or warmth of affection which are often the sign of a noble mind. Educated with his two brothers, the Duke de Berry (afterwards Louis XVI.), and the Count d'Artois, he always displayed a greater reserve towards his elder, than his younger brother. At the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne, Monsieur, who had a sort of reputation as a man of talents, on account of his Roman literature, which he was fond of quoting in conversation, wished to take part in the affairs of government. He even put a small pamphlet into the hands of the King, entitled "*Mes Pensées.*" Louis XVI. meeting him next day in the gallery at Versailles, said to him, coarsely enough, but according to the manner to which he was inclined by his character, "Brother, henceforward keep your thoughts to yourself." This rebuff did not discourage him, and profiting by the first appearance of confusion, he began in form to intrigue against Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette.

At the Assembly of the Notables his Bureau was in open opposition to all the others. This Prince had calculated long before the means of at least procuring himself to be nominated Regent of the kingdom. He varied in his projects. The last which he adopted was that of reviving the system of Grand Feudatories, and hence he acquired considerable property in every pro-

LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH.

vince, in order to have a sovereignty in all. It was he who had, by means of the Duke of Fitzjames, the papers laid before the parliament of Paris which were to prove the bastardy of the children of Louis XVI. who was known to be impotent. This it was which gave rise to the saying of the Count d'Artois at the baptism of Madame, now the Duchess of Angouleme:—*Pour celle là elle n'est pas de Sirè (Cinè)*. Louis XVIII. may be regarded as one of the most ardent promoters of the Revolution. The business of the Marquess de Farras, who was to carry off the King to Perouse, was the work of Monsieur, who was then to have been proclaimed Regent. During the execution of the unfortunate Farras, it is known that this Prince displayed the greatest uneasiness, fearing that his agent would reveal all he knew. He sent every minute to know what was going forward, and waited in the dining-room. At length one of his people arrived, out of breath, and exclaimed, "Monsieur, the Marquess is hanged." Monsieur immediately recovered his serenity, and said, "*Let us dine then.*"

When the course of events indicated pretty clearly the danger to which the royal family was exposed, Monsieur was one of those who emigrated. He left Paris in June, 1791, and went to Austrian Flanders. He has left us a description of this Hegira, dedicated to the companion of his flight, d'Avaray, a very fit Omar for such a Mahomet. It was this running away that M. de Talleyrand described so wittily, as "*the journey of Harlequin, who is always afraid, and always 'hungry.'*"

From Brussels, Monsieur went to Coblenz. He there organized the system of emigration, and by his intrigues in the interior, accelerated the progress of the revolution, and took an active part in all its violence. His project then was, by promoting the emigration of the Nobles, the Clergy, and the opulent Citizens, to form a party in the country, composed of their relations and friends; and being able by their means to controul public opinion, to procure the Regency for himself, to

LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH.

make his brother abdicate, to degrade the Queen, and turn the papers he had submitted to the parliament of Paris to the prejudice of their children. Immediately after he left France, he sent accredited agents, in his own name, to all the Princes of Europe. He corrupted Dumourier, and his intrigues against the Queen became so flagrant, that the court of Vienna directed him to disband his army. The publication of a multitude of official facts has proved that Monsieur had direct and constant communications with Robespierre. Even at this very time his sister has a pension from the privy purse of the King. All the members of the parliament of Paris who were so unfortunate as to have any knowledge of the papers laid before that body by the Duke of Fitzjames, were guillotined. The virtuous Malesherbes was also executed, because to him was confided the secret codicil made by Louis XVI.

Banished from Cologne by the Elector, repulsed from Vienna by the Emperor, Monsieur, then known by the title of Count de Lille, went first to Poland and afterwards to Mittau. It was at this last place his great love of writing induced him to compose his celebrated letter to Napoleon, then Consul, which began thus:—"I have never confounded M. Buonaparte with, &c. &c." In spite of this display of fine sentiment, the King, for Louis the Seventeenth was then dead, always laboured for his re-establishment, and the conspiracies of Georges, Cadoudal, of Pichegru, of Moreau, and of the *Machine Infernale*, shew what sort of means of success appeared proper to him. Those who entertain any doubt on this subject may see in the *Bulletin des Lois* of 1814, the letters of nobility granted to the family of Cadoudal, and the ordinances prescribing the erection of statues to Moreau and Pichegru.

The Peace of Tilsit conducted all the Bourbons to England. It is useless to enter into details of the residence of Louis XVIII. at Hartwell. It is enough to notice, *en passant*, the gratitude which this Prince has displayed for the services performed for him by the

English Government. The fall of Napoleon having established Louis XVIII. on the throne of France, he governed it in 1814 with all the folly of concealed hatred. He deserved the character that "he had forgotten nothing and learnt nothing." The return of Buonaparte from the island of Elba made the Monarch and Court vanish in the twinkling of an eye, and the Bourbons were forced to beg in foreign countries for the second time. On his return after the battle of Waterloo, under the protection of English and Prussian bayonets, Louis XVIII. gave himself up to all his natural cruelty. No longer afraid, he indulged in his desire of vengeance without restraint. Ney and Labedoyere preceded numerous other illustrious victims in their descent to the tomb. The famous poet, Chenier, said of Louis XVIII. that he was Tiberius without his courage; and the 20th of March, and the vengeance of 1815, have demonstrated the correctness of this judgment.

A trait in the character of this Prince, which also belongs to the family of the Bourbons, is, that he had always a favourite, such as M. M. d'Avary, de Jaucourt, de Blacas, de Caze. The latter, however, should not be included altogether among the favourites, for his rise was the consequence of an event which deserves to be recorded. When Courtoir, the Conventionalist, died in 1818, M. de Caze, who knew that this man possessed on autograph correspondence of Louis XVIII. with Robespierre, repaired to his house and took possession of it in his capacity of Minister of Police. He acquired by this a claim on the gratitude of the King, and a means of keeping him in dependence. This is the true cause of the elevation of this *parvenu*, who was not worthy, either by his talents or the services he has performed, of the high offices he filled.

The King's reign has lasted ten years, during the greater part of which time there have not been any remarkable events, and France has remained in a state of political abjectness, which places it in the third rank among the powers of Europe. This period has all been

LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH.

occupied by miserable Court intrigues; and even the expedition to Spain was a sort of jugglery that moves our pity.

An irrefragable proof of the feebleness of mind of Louis XVIII. is to be found in the hatred which he always cherished against the weakest of his enemies. Arnault, the Poet, the author of "Marius et Minturnus," a tragedy, was formerly a Member of his Household, when he was only Monsieur. He joined the party of the Revolutionists with zeal, and for this Louis XVIII. never forgave him. At the first restoration he caused Arnault to be erased from the Institute, contrary to all the precedents and customs of the French Academy; and at the second he included him in one of the two lists of Proscriptions of July 24, 1815.

This Sovereign was, in his natural disposition, full of vanity and ostentation. He liked to pass for a man of erudition, which exposed him several times to disagreeable circumstances, particularly once at Hartwell, where he quoted, with great emphasis, a verse of Persius, and attributed it to Juvenal. The Marquess of S——y, an emigrant and an elegant latin scholar, pointed out the mistake of the well-beloved Monarch, and the next day brought a Persius to confirm the assertion he had made. The anger of Louis, and his hatred for the too correct Marquess, may be easily imagined. Louis was not famous for his courage, and though he constantly made a great parade with the names of Louis XIV. and Henry IV. there is no instance on record of his ever exposing himself to danger.

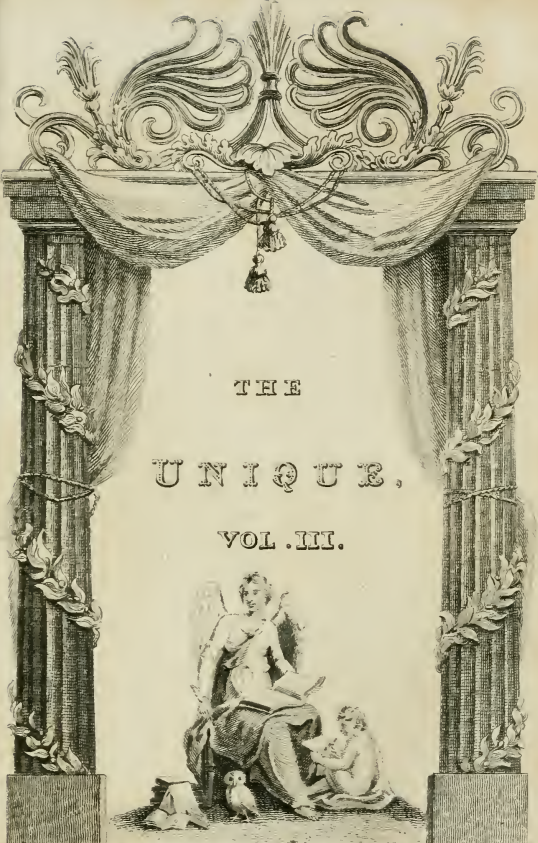
Being as yet only *Monsieur*, the late King was anxious to obtain the palm for dramatic composition: he wrote the "*Marriage Secret*," a comedy of three acts, in verse; and in 1814, several political articles, which were inserted in the *Journal de Paris*, but they were feeble, and without effect.

Louis XVIII. was, for a long period, a prey to serious infirmities. A dry erisypelas on both his legs deprived him of the power of locomotion. The attention of the

LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH.

most skilful physicians prolonged his life beyond the period which seemed indicated by his disease. During all this time, the King had the greatest confidence in medicine. The enormous appetite he possessed was an extraordinary circumstance. He ate with voracity, and without suffering inconvenience from it, which often gave rise to some laughable stories. He was known to have had three mistresses, or, at least, there have been three ladies who have enjoyed this title. Before the Revolution, Madame de Balby; since the Restoration, Madame Princetot, M. Decaze's sister; and, finally, the celebrated Madam du Cayla, the daughter of M. Talon, *President à Mortier* of the parliament of Paris, who possessed the papers of Maria Antoinette; part of these she sold to Buonaparte in 1812, and which appeared in the *Moniteur* of that year. The remainder she took care of, and sold to Louis XVIII. who, in return, overwhelmed her with favours.

The decomposition of the blood, and an œdematous state brought on a paralysis of the lower extremities, which were struck with death. The disease made a rapid progress, and the King expired on the morning of Thursday, September 16, 1824, in his 69th year. He carried with him to the tomb the reputation of being timid and insincere. All his proceedings bear the character of weakness and vanity. He married in 1771, Marie Josephine, of Savoy, born September 2, 1752. She died at London, in 1810, Queen of France. She was three years older than himself, and by her he had no children.



THE
UNIQUE,
VOL. III.



LONDON,
GEORGE SMEEETON, OLD BAILEY.



CONTENTS.*



SIR ROBERT WILSON.

RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

THE LATE LORD BYRON.

GENERAL MINA.

LORD COCHRANE.

BUONAPARTE.

Mr. BROUGHAM.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Mr. WILBERFORCE.

THE KING.

LORD ERSKINE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

* The names are placed in the order they were published.

CONTENTS.

REV. E. IRVING.
REV. DR. COLLYER.
Mr. HENRY HUNT.
MAJOR CARTWRIGHT.
Mr. BECKFORD.
Mr. OWEN.
QUEEN CAROLINE.
EARL OF ELDON.
CAPTAIN PARRY.
PRINCE HOHENLOHE.
EARL GREY.
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.
LORD NELSON.
Mr. HUME, M. P.
GENERAL RIEGO.
MILTON.
R. B. SHERIDAN.
GEORGE THE THIRD.
EARL OF LIVERPOOL.
FERDINAND THE SEVENTH.
LORD HOLLAND.
FOX.

CONTENTS.

PITT.

GRANVILLE SHARP.

EDMUND BURKE.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

BLOOMFIELD.

WASHINGTON.

CANOVA.

ROSSINI.

Mr. FRANCIS JEFFREY.

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN.

SHAKSPEARE.

SWEDENBORG.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BURNS.

KEMBLE.

LADY JANE GREY.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

BELZONI.

NELL GWYNN.

Mr. COBBETT.

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

CROMWELL.

CONTENTS.

DRYDEN.

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

REV. Mr. PRINCE.

DUKE OF KENT.

JAMES WATT, ESQ.

POPE.

GOLDSMITH.

DUKE OF SUSSEX.

DR. JOHNSON.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THOMAS DERMODY.

DR. HERSCHEL.

LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

STERNE.

VOLTAIRE.

WOLSEY.

MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

GRAY.

DUKE OF YORK.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

CONTENTS.

HANDEL.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

EDWARD ALLEYN.

SHENSTONE.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

SIR WALTER RALEGH.

CAPTAIN COOK.

HOGARTH.







MICHAEL DRAYTON.



MICHAEL DRAYTON.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

WHEN we have named Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, it is generally imagined that all our first-rate deceased Poets have been enumerated. This is a mistake: Drayton should, undoubtedly, be inserted, chronologically, between Spenser and Shakspeare; both of whom he, in some instances, excels.

He was descended from an ancient and worthy family, originally of the town of Drayton, in Leicestershire, which gave name to his ancestors; but his parents removing into the bordering county, he was born at the village of Harshull, or Hartshill, in the parish of Atherston in Warwickshire, in the year 1563.

He gave such early tokens of genius, and was of so engaging an aspect, sweet a temper, and graceful a deportment, as not only to render him the delight of his instructors, but also to be the means of his preferment; for, before he was ten years of age, as he himself informs us, he appears to have been page to some person of distinction; to have "*marveil'd*" at the idea of, and vehemently to have desired to be, a Poet.

"——from my cradle———I
Was still inclined to noble Poesie,
And when that once *Pueriles* I had read,
And newly had my *Cato* construed,
In my small selfe I greatly marveil'd then,
Amongst all other, what strange kind of men
These Poets were; and pleased with the name,
To my milde Tutor merrily I came,
(For I was then a proper goodly page,
Much like a Pigmy, scarce ten yeares of age)

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Clasping my slender armes about his thigh,
O my deare master ! cannot you (quoth I)
Make me a Poet ; doe it, if you can,
And you shall see, I'll quickly be a man."

ELEGIES, Folio 1627.

From some lines by his intimate acquaintance, Sir Aston Cokain, we learn that he was a student at the University of Oxford, by the support, as it is said, of Sir Henry Goodere ; though it does not appear that he took any degree there. It has been suggested, from a passage in the third book of his poem on "*Moses his Birth and Miracles*," descriptive of the Spanish Armada in 1588, that he might possibly have been at Dover at that critical period, in a military capacity ; be that as it may, it is certain that he had sedulously cherished and cultivated his propensity and talent for poetry, in which he became eminent ten years before the death of Queen Elizabeth.

In 1593 he published a collection of *Pastorals*, &c. and, soon after, his *Barons Wars* ; *England's Heroical Epistles* ; *The Legends of Robert, Duke of Normandy* ; *Matilda* ; *Pierce Gaveston* ; and *Great Cromwell* : for which latter pieces he is styled by a contemporary, *Tragediographus*.

Part of his *Poly-Olbion*, the first eighteen songs of which were not published till 1613, is said to have been written before 1593.

For these admirable productions, and his personal deserts, he was highly celebrated, not only as a great genius, but a good man ; not only for the sweetness and elegance of his words, but of his actions and manners ; for his humane and honourable principles, as well as his refined and polite parts. The *Poly-Olbion* he enlarged by the addition of twelve songs, and it was published complete in 1622.

The curious and important geographical descriptions with which this singular and noble poem abounds, will furnish much information to every antiquary who has a

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

regard for his country ; his great display of knowledge and observation in both political and natural history, cannot fail to please, if not instruct, every researcher into those departments of science ; and the general strain of benevolence which pervades his works, endears him to readers of every class : thus was he characterised, not only by Poets, or the more florid and panegyric writers of his time, but also by Divines, Historians, and other scholars of the most serious and solid learning. On subjects connected with Scripture very few have, in any degree, succeeded ; there Milton reigns unrivalled ! yet there is much real poetry and true sublimity in Drayton's *David and Goliath*, *The Flood*, and *The Birth of Moses*.

But it is in the *Pastoral* and *Fairy* styles of writing that Drayton eminently excels—may I be bold enough to say?—every other English poet, ancient or modern ! Withers and William Browne approach him nearest in the former, Shakspeare in the latter ; Spenser and Gay follow Withers and Browne : Ambrose Phillips and Pope bring up the rear. Dramatic Pastoral is not here adverted to ; if it were, Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, and Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* might, like the first created pair, walk hand in hand, with simple majesty, as paramount to all !

Drayton's earliest patron, of whom we have any information, was Sir Henry Goodere, of Polesworth ; Sir Walter Aston, of Tixhall, in Staffordshire, was also his long and approved friend, to whom many of his choicest productions are most gratefully dedicated.

On the accession of King James to the throne of England (to which Drayton had been, perhaps, in some degree instrumental), he felicitated that first monarch of Great Britain on the occasion, by "*A Congratulatory Poem to King James, &c.* 4to. 1603," which, in the Preface to his *Poly-Olbion*, and elsewhere, he hints to us, he was but ill-requited for. In the same year he was chosen by Sir Walter Aston, one of the Esquires who attended him when he was created Knight of the Bath at the coro-

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

nation of the said King; and the addition of Esquire accompanies his name in all his publications posterior to that period. In his allegorical fable of "*The Owle*" he seems to have shadowed his own wrongs, and to have characterized himself in the bird who gives title to the poem; which not being, perhaps, so much known as some other of his works, the following similarity therein to Shakspeare's description of the "poor sequester'd stag," in *As You Like it*, may not be unacceptable.

"Loe, in a valley peopled thicke with trees,
Where the soft day continual evening sees,
Where, in the moyst and melancholy shade,
The grasse growes ranke, but yeelds a bitter blade,
I found a poor *crane* sitting all alone,
That from his brest sent many a throbbing grone;
Groveling he lay, that sometime stood upright;
Maim'd of his joynts in many a doubtfull fight:
His ashie coate that bore a glosse so faire,
So often kiss'd of the enamoured ayre;
Worne all to rags, and fretted so with rust,
That with his feet he trod it in the dust:
And wanting strength to bear him to the springs,
The spiders wove their webs even in his wings:
And in his traine their filmie netting cast,
He eat not wormes, wormes eat on him so fast.
His wakefull eyes, that in his foes despight,
Had watch'd the walls in many a winter's night,
And never wink'd, nor from their object fled,
When Heaven's dread thunder rattled o'er his head,
Now covered over with dimme cloudie kels,
And shrunken up into their slimy shells.
Poor bird that striving to demone thy plight,
I cannot doe thy miseries their right;
Perceiving well he found me where I stood,
And he alone thus poorly in the wood:
To him I stept, desiring him to show
The cause of his calamitie and woe."

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Whether this be an imitation of Shakspeare, or the "sequester'd stag" be an imitation of this, cannot now be ascertained; *As You Like It*, though not printed till 1623, is conjectured by Mr. Malone to have been written in 1600; *The Owle* was not published till 1604.

Another remarkable similarity, unnoticed by the commentators, occurs in this poem; in *As You Like It* we have

" ——— the poor dappled *fools*,
" Being native *burghers* of this desert city."

In *The Owle*, the various birds are thus addressed:—

" Quoth he, you *foolish Burgers* of the Field."

This description of the "*poore Crane*," though very pathetic and affecting, is, it must be acknowledged, as much inferior to Shakspeare's "*hairy fool*," as his Fairy train, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, is to Drayton's *Nymphidia*.

On a retrospect of what has been already written, it is feared that the preference given to Drayton before Spenser and Shakspeare will be thought unfounded in true poetic taste and mature judgment; let it, however, be considered, that this preference is only in trifles: had Spenser's *Pastorals*, or Shakspeare's *Dream of Oberon and Titania*, never been produced; *The Faerie Queene*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, &c. would have placed their authors far above all, Chaucer excepted, who went before them: for Drayton's great work, the *Poly-Olbion*, though highly meritorious, must not be mentioned when those most excellent productions are spoken of.

He was sometimes stiled Poet Laureat, but that was merely complimentary; Ben Jonson being, at the same period, Court Poet.

Jonson, whose praise was precious, is lavish of panegyric in "*A Vision on the Muses of his Friend M.*"

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Drayton;” and tradition has named him as the Author of the following Epitaph, copied literatim from the monument in Westminster Abbey, where our Poet was buried.

“ Michaell Draiton, Esq. a memorable Poet of this Age, exchanged his laurell for a Crowne of Glorye, anno domini 1631 :

Doe, piöus marble, let thy readets knowe
What they, and what their children owe
To DRAITON's name, whose sacred dust
Wee recommend unto thy TRUST :
Protect his mem'ry, and preserve his storye :
Remain a lasting monument of his glorye ;
And when thy ruines shall disclame
To be the treas'rer of his NAME ;
His Name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting MONUMENT to thee.”





SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

ONE of the greatest mathematicians and philosophers that ever lived, was born on Christmas Day, 1642, in Lincolnshire. Having made some proficiency in the classics, &c. at the grammar school at Grantham, he (being an only child) was taken home by his mother, who was a widow, to be her company, and to learn the management of his paternal estate: but the love of books and study occasioned his farming concerns to be neglected. In 1660 he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge: here he began with the study of Euclid, but the propositions of that book being too easy to arrest his attention long, he passed rapidly on to the Analysis of Des Cartes, Kepler's Optics, &c. making occasional improvements on his author, and entering his observations, &c. on the margin. His genius and attention soon attracted the favourable notice of Dr. Barrow, at that time one of the most eminent mathematicians in England, who soon became his steady patron and friend. In 1664 he took his degree of B. A. and employed himself in speculations and experiments on the nature of light and colours, grinding and polishing optic glasses, and opening the way for his new method of fluxions and infinite series. The next year, the plague which raged at Cambridge obliged him to retire into the country; here he laid the foundation of his universal system of gravitation, the first hint of which he received from seeing an apple fall from a tree; and subsequent reasoning induced him to conclude, that the same force which brought down the apple might possibly extend to the moon, and retain her in her orbit. He afterwards extended the doctrine to all the bodies which compose the

solar system, and demonstrated the same in the most evident manner, confirming the laws which Kepler had discovered, by a laborious train of observation and reasoning; namely, that “the planets move in elliptical orbits,” that “they describe equal areas in equal times;” and that the squares of their periodic times are as the cubes of their distances. Every part of natural philosophy not only received improvement by his inimitable touch, but became a new science under his hand: his system of gravitation, as we have observed, confirmed the discoveries of Kepler, explained the immutable laws of nature, changed the system of Copernicus from a probable hypothesis to a plain and demonstrated truth, and effectually overturned the vortices and other imaginary machinery of Des Cartes, with all the improbable epicycles, deferents, and clumsy apparatus, with which the ancients and some of the moderns had encumbered the universe. In fact, his *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica* contains an entirely new system of philosophy, built on the solid basis of experiment and observation, and demonstrated by the most sublime Geometry; and his treatises and papers on optics supply a new theory of light and colours. The invention of the reflecting telescope, which is due to Mr. James Gregory, would in all probability have been lost, had not Newton interposed, and by his great improvements brought it forward into public notice.

In 1667, Newton was chosen fellow of his College, and took his degree of M. A. Two years after, his friend Dr. Barrow resigned to him the mathematical chair; he became a member of parliament in 1688; and through the interest of Mr. Montagu, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had been educated with him at Trinity College, our author obtained, in 1696, the appointment of Warden, and three years after that of Master, of the Mint: in 1671, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society; in 1699, member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris; and in 1703, President of the Royal Society, a situation which he filled during the remainder

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

of his life, with no less honour to himself than benefit to the interests of science.

In 1705, in consideration of his superior merit, Queen Anne conferred on him the honour of knighthood.

For some years prior to his death, he was troubled with an incontinence of urine. On Saturday morning, March 11, 1727, he read the newspapers, and discoursed a long time with Dr. Mead, his physician, having then the perfect use of all his senses and his understanding; but that night he lost them all, and not recovering them afterwards, died on the Monday following, March 20, 1727, in his 85th year.

This illustrious philosopher's illness was supposed to be occasioned by a stone in the bladder, which at times was attended with such paroxysms of pain, as to cause large drops of sweat to run down his cheeks. During these attacks, he was never heard to utter the least complaint. His corpse lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and on the 28th was conveyed into Westminster Abbey, the lord chancellor, the dukes of Montrose and Roxburg, and the earls of Pembroke, Sussex and Macclesfield, holding up the pall. He was interred near the entrance into the choir on the left hand, where a stately monument is erected to his memory with the following inscription, written by Pope :

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS

Quem Immortalem

Testantur, Tempus, Natura, Coelum :

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature, and Nature's laws, lay hid in night,
God said let Newton be! and all was light!

This grand and expressive monument is every way worthy of the great man to whose memory it was erected, who is sculptured recumbent, leaning his right arm on four folios, thus titled, *Divinity, Chronologg, Opticks* and

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Phil. Prin. Math., and pointing to a scroll supported by winged cherubs: over him is a large globe, projecting from a pyramid behind, whereon is delineated the course of the comet in 1680, with the signs, constellations and planets. On this globe sits the figure of *Astronomy*, with her book closed, and in a very thoughtful, composed and pensive mood. Underneath the principal figure is a most curious bas relief, representing the various labours in which Sir Isaac chiefly employed his time: such as discovering the cause of gravitation, settling the principles of light and colours, and reducing the coinage to a determined standard. The devise of weighing the sun by the steelyard, has been thought at once bold and striking, —and indeed the whole monument does honour to the sculptor.

What reason mortals had to pride themselves in the existence of such and so great an ornament to the human race!

Sir Isaac Newton was of a middling stature, and somewhat inclined to be fat in the latter part of his life. His countenance was pleasing and venerable at the same time, especially when he took off his peruke, and shewed his white hair, which was pretty thick. He never made use of spectacles, and lost but one tooth during his whole life. Bishop Atterbury says, that in the whole air of Sir Isaac's face and make, there was nothing of that penetrating sagacity which appears in his compositions; that he had something rather languid in his look and manner, which did not raise any great expectation in those who did not know him. He was of a very meek disposition, and a great lover of peace; he would rather have chosen to remain in obscurity than to have the calm of life ruffled by those storms and disputes which genius and learning always draw upon those that are too eminent for them. In contemplating his genius, it becomes a doubt which of these endowments had the greatest share—sagacity, penetration, strength, or diligence; and after all, the mark that seems most to distinguish it is, that he himself made

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

the justest estimate of it, declaring, that if he had done the world any service, it was due to nothing but industry and patient thought; that he kept the subject under consideration constantly before him, and waited till the first dawning opened gradually, by little and little, into a full and clear light. He never talked either of himself, or others, or ever behaved in such a manner as to give the most malicious censurers the least occasion ever to suspect him of vanity. He was candid and affable, and always put himself upon a level with his company. He never thought either his merit or his reputation sufficient to excuse him from any of the common offices of social life; no singularities, either natural or affected, distinguished him from other men. He is represented as an Arian by Whiston, who, however, tells us, that he was so angry with him, that he would never suffer him to enter as a member of the Royal Society while he sat at the head of it. Amidst the great variety of books which he had constantly before him, that which he studied with the greatest application was the "Bible." He did not neglect the opportunities of doing good when the revenues of his patrimony and a profitable employment, improved by a prudent economy, put it in his power. When decency upon any occasion required expense and show, he was magnificent without grudging it, and with a very good grace; at all other times, that pomp, which seems great to low minds only, was utterly retrenched, and the expense reserved for better uses. He never married, and perhaps he never had leisure to think of it. Being immured in profound studies during the prime of his life, and afterwards engaged in an employment of great importance, as well as quite taken up with the company which his celebrity drew to him, he was not sensible of any vacancy of life, nor of the want of a companion at home. He left 32,000*l.* at his death, but made no will, which Fontenelle tells us was because he thought a legacy was no gift. As to his works, besides what were published in his life-time, there were found, after his death, among his papers, several discourses upon the subjects of antiquity, history,

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

divinity, and mathematics. They were collected and published in 1784, with a valuable commentary, in 5 volumes, by the Rev. Dr. Horsley, Bishop of Rochester, afterwards of St. Asaph.

Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said—"I don't know what I may seem to the world; but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

The house in which Sir Isaac lived in St. Martin's-street, Leicester Square, is still standing: it is on the east side, and very distinguishable, by the observatory on the top.

Dr. Johnson said, "that if Newton had flourished in ancient Greece, he would have been worshipped as a deity."



THE REV. LAURENCE STERNE, M.A.

THE REV. LAURENCE STERNE, M. A.

WAS the son of an Irish officer, and born in 1713, in the barracks of Dublin; but, though nurtured among soldiers, he was a son of the church; and, if we may take the opinion of a bishop on his sermons, not unworthy the title. His great grandfather was an archbishop, and his uncle a prebendary.

From school, young Sterne passed to the university, where he spent the usual number of years; he read a good deal, laughed more, and sometimes took the diversion of puzzling his tutors. He left Cambridge with the character of an odd man, who had no harm in him, and who had parts, if he would use them.

Upon leaving the university, he was presented with the living of Sutton, on the Forest of Galtrees, a small vicarage in Yorkshire. Here he waited patiently till time and chance should raise him to what they pleased. While here, there happened a dispute among some of the superiors of his order, in which Mr. Sterne's friend, one of the best men in the world, was concerned: a person who filled a lucrative benefice was not satisfied with enjoying it during his own life time, but exerted all his interest to have it entailed upon his wife and son after his decease. Mr. Sterne's friend, who expected the reversion of the living, had not sufficient influence to prevent the success of his adversary. At this critical period, Mr. Sterne attacked the monopolizer in joke, and wrote "The history of a good warm watch-coat, with which the present possessor is not content to cover his own shoulders, unless he can also cut out of it a petticoat for his wife, and a pair of breeches for his son."

What all the serious arguments in the world could not have effected, Sterne's satirical pen brought about. The intended monopolizer sent him word, that if he would suppress the publication of this sarcasm, he would resign his pretensions to the next candidate. The pamphlet was

suppressed; the reversion took place; and Mr. Sterne was requited, by the interest of his patron, with the prebendaryship of York.

An incident, much about the same time, contributed exceedingly to establish the reputation of Mr. Sterne's wit. It was this:—He was sitting in the coffee-house at York, when a stranger came in, who gave much offence to the company, consisting chiefly of gentlemen of the gown, by descanting too freely upon religion, and the hypocrisy of the clergy. The young fellow at length addressed himself to Mr. Sterne, asking him what were his sentiments upon the subject; when, instead of answering him directly, he told him, that “his dog was reckoned one of the most beautiful pointers in the whole county, was very good-natured, but he had an infernal trick which destroyed all his good qualities. He never sees a clergyman (continued Sterne) but he immediately flies at him.” “How long may he have had that trick, Sir?” “Ever since he was a puppy.” The young man felt the keenness of the satire, turned upon his heels, and left Sterne to triumph.

At this time Mr. Sterne was possessed of some good livings, having enjoyed, so early as the year 1745, the vicarage of Sutton, on the Forest of Galtrees, where he usually performed divine service on Sunday mornings; and in the afternoon he preached at the rectory of Stillington, which he held as one of the prebends of York, in which capacity he also assisted regularly, in his turn, at the cathedral.

His wit and humour were already greatly admired within the circle of his acquaintance; but his genius had never yet reached London, when his two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy* made their appearance: they were printed at York, and proposed to the booksellers there at a very moderate price; those gentlemen, however, were such judges of their value, that they scarce offered the price of paper and print; and the work made its way into the world without any of the artifices which are often practised to put off an edition. A large impression being

almost instantaneously sold, the booksellers were roused from their lethargy, and every one was eager to purchase the second edition of the copy. Mr. Sterne sold it for six hundred pounds, after being refused fifty pounds for the first impression and proprietorship.

The publication of these two volumes brought Mr. Sterne into great repute. He was considered as the genius of the age; his company was equally courted by the great, the literati, the witty, and the gay; and it was considered as a kind of honour to have passed an evening with the author of *Tristram Shandy*. Though some of the over rigid clergy condemned this ludicrous performance, and judged it incompatible with that purity and morality which should ever accompany the writings of the gentlemen of the gown; these censures were far from being universal, even among the clergy; and the acquaintances he made by this publication were, in many respects, advantageous to him. Among others, the Earl of Faulconberg so particularly patronized the author of this work, that, to testify his approbation, he presented Mr. Sterne with the rectory of Gaywood, which was an agreeable and convenient addition to his other livings, being all in the neighbourhood of York.

His next publication consisted of two volumes of sermons, which the severest critics could not help applauding for the purity and elegance of their style, and the excellence of their moral: the manner in which they were ushered to public notice was by some severely condemned; while others lamented that such excellent discourses should stand in need of such an introduction; and many are of opinion that he had wrote *Tristram Shandy* purely to introduce them; as, in the preface to his sermons, he acquaints the reader, that "the sermon which gave rise to the publication of these having been offered to the public as a sermon of Yorick's, he hoped the most serious reader would find nothing to offend him in his continuing these two volumes under the same title: lest it should be otherwise, I have added a second title-page, with the real name of the author:—the first will

serve the booksellers' purpose, as Yorick's name is possibly of the two most known; and the second will ease the minds of those who see a jest, and the danger which lurks under it, where no jest was meant."

When the third and fourth volumes of *Tristram Shandy* made their appearance, the public were not quite so eager in applauding them as they were with respect to the first two volumes; for some thought the digressions were tedious, and his asterisks too obscure; and some insinuated that they were too indelicate for the eye of chastity: he had, nevertheless, a great number of admirers; and he was encouraged to a fifth and sixth volume. Their satire was still poignant, spirited, and, in general, extremely just. His story of *Le Fevre* was highly finished, and truly pathetic, and would alone rescue his name from oblivion, if his sermons were not considered as some of the best moral discourses extant.

He next published his *Sentimental Journey*, and *Letters to Eliza*.

As Mr. Sterne advanced in literary fame, he left his livings to the care of his curates; and, though he acquired some thousands by his productions, being a character very distant from an economist, his savings were no greater at the end of the year, than when he had no other support than the single vicarage of Sutton. Indeed his travelling expences abroad, and the luxurious manner in which he lived with the gay and polite at home, greatly promoted the dissipation of a very considerable sum which his writings had produced, and which might have been a future assistance to his family. This being the case, at his death, his widow and daughter, an agreeable young lady about sixteen, who had both resided for some years in a convent in France, having separated from Mr. Sterne through some pique, which was differently accounted for by the parties, finding that their pensions must discontinue, returned to England, in order to publish his posthumous works. Being at York during the races, some gentlemen, friends and admirers of the late prebend, took into consideration their disagreeable situ-

ation, and made them a present of a purse of a thousand pounds. This unexpected and generous supply, added to a very extensive subscription of the nobility and gentry to three additional volumes of sermons, afforded a sufficient provision to enable them to support themselves in their recluse manner of life, to which they determined to return.

As Mr. Sterne has drawn his own character (under the name of Yorick) with great truth and skill; we here subjoin it:—

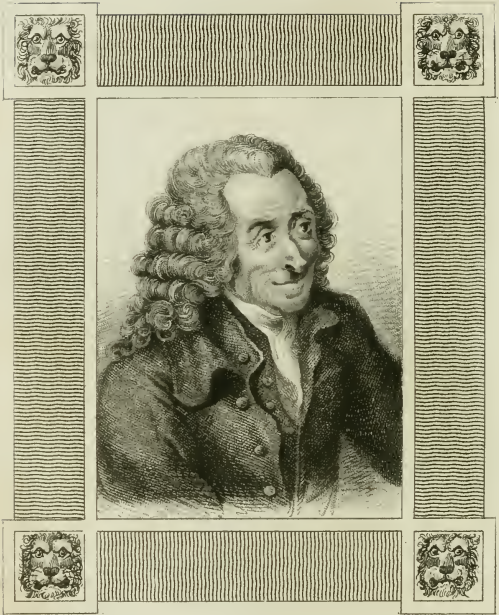
—“ This is all that ever staggered my faith in regard to Yorick’s extraction, who, by what I can remember of him, and, by all the accounts I could ever get of him, seemed not to have had one single drop of Danish blood in his whole crasis; in nine hundred years it might possibly have all run out:—I will not philosophise one moment with you about it; for, happen how it would, the fact was this:—That instead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of sense and humours you would have looked for in one so extracted;—he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition,—as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions—with as much life and whim, and *gaité de cœur* about him, as the kindest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this sail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpractised in the world; and, at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how to steer his course in it, as a romping unsuspecting girl of thirteen: so that, upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul, ten times in a day, of somebody’s tackling; and, as the grave and more slow-spaced were oftenest in his way,—you may imagine, ’twas with such he generally had the ill luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know, there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such fracas—for, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity;—not to gravity as such—for, where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave

and serious of mortal men for days and weeks together ; —but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appeared a cloak for ignorance, or for folly ; and then, whenever it fell in his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

“ But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractised in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse, where policy is wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of ; which impression he would usually translate into plain English without any periphrasis, —and too oft without much distinction of either personage, time or place ; —so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding, —he never gave himself a moment’s time to reflect who was the Hero of the piece —what his station —or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter ; —but, if it was a dirty action, —without more ado, —the man was a dirty fellow —and so on : —And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a bon mot, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick’s indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet, at the same time, as he seldom shunned occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony, —he had but too many temptations in life of scattering his wit and his humour, —his gibes and his jests about him —They were not lost for want of gathering.”

Mr. Sterne died, as he lived, the same indifferent creature, at his lodgings in Bond-street, March 22d, 1768, and was interred in the burial-ground of St. George, Hanover-square, where a plain flat tomb-stone is placed to his memory.

ALAS! POOR YORICK!



VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE.

FRANCOIS MARIE AROUET DE VOLTAIRE, Member of the French Academy, and of almost all the academies in Europe, was born in Paris, November 20, 1694. His father, at first notary to the *Chatelet*, and afterwards treasurer to the *Chambre des Comptes*, at Paris, was equally respectable for his learning and his office. His mother was the beautiful and accomplished Marie Marguerite d'Anmert; a woman worthy of being the mother of the greatest poet of his age.

At the birth of M. de Voltaire, though he afterwards attained the age of eighty-four, his life was despaired of, and having received half baptism, the completion of the ceremony was put off for several months. He stammered verses almost as soon as he could speak; that is, at six years old. Others have rhymed from inclination; he was a poet in spite of himself. He was very early sent as a boarder to the college of Louis le Grand, where he began his literary career with uncommon splendour. He gained almost all the prizes, and wrote with equal facility in verse and prose.

When of the age of twelve years, he was presented to the celebrated Mademoiselle de l'Enclos, who, making her will a short time afterwards, bequeathed the young poet a legacy of 2,000 livres (83*l.* sterling) to buy books. It has been said that this celebrated lady preserved her beauty to the age of eighty. M. de Voltaire says, in his *Defence of my Uncle*, that she was dried up like a mummy. "She was," adds he, "a wrinkled skeleton, with a yellow or almost black skin covering her bones."

Voltaire refused to concur with the wishes of his parents, who had intended him for the bar; he was, however, sent by his father to study the law, but was so disgusted with the manner in which jurisprudence was taught, that he conceived an unconquerable aversion to that science; and early renounced all his prospects of advancement in that profession, to devote himself entirely to the study of literature and mankind. As he found it necessary to have some occupation, he attached himself to the Marquis de Chateauneuf, who, going to the Hague in 1713, took him with him in the quality of page. While in Holland, he became enamoured with the youngest daughter of the celebrated Madame de Noyer; and he intended stealing her from her mother, and bringing her to Paris; but this intrigue was discovered, and he was kept close prisoner in the ambassador's house, where his mistress came, disguised in man's clothes, to see him. Voltaire was sent back to his father, to pacify whom, he was obliged to go and board with a lawyer, in order to qualify himself for that profession to which he had been first destined. His mistress afterwards married Monsieur Winterfeld; but Voltaire had a lasting esteem and friendship for her.

In 1714, M. de Voltaire, disgusted with the law, again prosecuted his poetical studies; and experienced all the obstacles which so frequently attend a man of learning and wit. Immediately after the death of Louis XIV. there appeared a little piece, imitated from the *J'ai Vu* (I have seen), remarkable for its gross abuse, concluding thus:—"I have seen these evils e'er my twentieth year;" and as Voltaire was then about twenty years old, it was imagined by many he was the author; and the Regent caused him to be confined in the Bastille in 1718. While in this prison, it is reported, his tragedy of *Œdipus* was acted, and that the Duke of Orleans, having seen this piece, was so delighted with it, that he ordered its author to be set at liberty. The confinement in this melancholy mansion was not prejudicial to his talents: he there composed several works, part of which he re-

tained in his memory, and wrote the rest on the walls with a coal, or on the lead of the windows with the point of a pin. The *Henriade* was written during this year's imprisonment.

Voltaire, having obtained his liberty, was forbidden to appear in Paris for some time, and exiled to Sully-sur-Loire. At length, tired of the country, he wrote some verses to the Countess of Thoulouse, that she might intercede for him to be permitted to return to Paris.

In 1726, being in England, he met with unbounded success and patronage. The publication of a French work, written with freedom, was eagerly promoted. George I., and particularly the Princess of Wales, obtained for him a numerous subscription, producing 6,250*l*. This was the beginning of his good fortune, which from that time continually increased. This generosity greatly added to the good opinion which Voltaire entertained of the English nation, and he extolled our country in all his writings. He dedicated his *Henriade* to the queen of England; and the king sent him a present of two thousand crowns: but the work was prosecuted in Paris. The king of Prussia, in 1736, caused an engraved edition of the *Henriade*, with vignettes at the heads of each page, to be begun in London; and even wrote a preface to the work.

In 1736, he published *Le Mondaine*, a satire, which contained indecent allusions to the principal persons in the Old Testament. On the work being shewn to Cardinal de Fleuri, he condemned it as infamous, and the author was obliged to fly his country. His friends, however, shortly appeased the minister, and he was allowed to return to Paris.

Voltaire, in order to gain admittance as one of the Academicians, retracted those works he had written, which were the joint produce of impiety and madness: he was elected in 1746; but he was very coolly received among the associates, till 1778, when things were greatly changed in Paris, and the academy received him as the father of literature, and he held the sceptre at every meeting.

M. de Voltaire at length grew dissatisfied with France ; the number of his critics and his enemies daily increased ; death had deprived him of a lady who was at once his consolation and his glory, the Marchioness de Chatelet ; and the king of Prussia having long invited him to his court, in 1750, Voltaire fixed his residence in Berlin with a pension of 20,000 livres (eight hundred pounds) a year, with the title of Chamberlain. The king treated him as an intimate friend ; and the more that prince lavished his kindness on him, the more the author assumed an air of familiarity, which soon disgusted that monarch ; added to this, Voltaire shortly afterwards attacked the president of the academy at Berlin with such asperity that so enraged the king, that he, ordering Voltaire to his presence, accused him of being the author, when he disclaimed the work ; but the king producing the manuscript, Voltaire was obliged to acknowledge himself a liar. He perceived himself ruined at the court of Berlin, and returned the king his chamberlain's key and his ensign of the order of merit, accompanied with some sneaking verses, which so touched the king, that he sent him back the tokens of his former kindness, and granted him a long conference. Shortly afterwards he obtained permission to go to Plombieres, for the benefit of the waters ; and while here his enemies so industriously circulated reports which prejudiced him in the opinion of the prince, that he wrote him a letter giving him liberty to leave his service as soon as he pleased. Voltaire left Prussia after having received this mortifying letter, and went to Francfort, where he was arrested by the king because he would not give up a volume of poems which he had entrusted him with. He shortly gained his liberty by a declaration stating the whole of his circumstances to the king relative to the poems.

We find Voltaire next at Geneva, where he had purchased a house, near Lausanne, for the recovery of his health. It was while he was here, that the late Richard Twiss, Esq., author of the *Tour in Ireland*, *Anecdotes of Chess*, &c. paid him a visit ; the following account of which is extracted from Mr. T.'s posthumous papers.

“ On the 28th of September (1768), we visited the residence of Voltaire, situated about six miles from Ferney. Close to the house he has erected a small church, with the following inscription over the door, in gold letters, upon black marble:—

DEO EREXIT VOLTAIRE . MDCCLXI.

“ Next to the church is his theatre, which since March last has not been made use of. On arriving at Voltaire’s house, and inquiring for the master, the servant denied him, under a pretence that he was extremely ill. I then wrote him a note, and, walking through his garden, found him in his vineyard. His dress was remarkable; he had on an old tye-wig, without powder, over which was a blue woollen cap; a new green satin nightgown, and waistcoat of the same flowered in colours; black velvet breeches and white cotton stockings. He stooped much, being 75 years of age; had fine brown eyes particularly expressive, but no teeth in his upper jaw. His face was very lean and withered, and his enunciation slow. Speaking of his church, he said, ‘ This Church which I have built, is the only one in the world which is dedicated to God alone; all the rest are dedicated to the Saints. For my part, I think it is better to erect a church to the Master than to the servants.’

“ He was extremely polite, and took me under the arm, in walking; observing that he was old, and incapable either of giving or receiving pleasure. We returned to Geneva in the evening.

“ His house was of five apartments broad and two deep, and three stories high. It was very genteelly and even elegantly furnished, with velvet and gilding, stucco, china and paintings.

“ On the altar in his church was a wooden figure of Christ as large as life, covered with gilt ornaments. ‘ How do you like my Christ?’ (said he in English) ‘ Or do you pronounce it Chreest?’

“ On the right wall of the church without, he had

erected a monument of plain white stone. Pointing to it he exclaimed, '*Nothing but the inscription is wanting, my Friend.*'

"I bade him farewell; he accompanied me to my horse, and wished me an agreeable journey."

In February, 1778, Voltaire again visited Paris; where the eagerness to see him was general: it became a kind of epidemic phrenzy: nothing was talked of but Monsieur de Voltaire. His chief reason of visiting Paris was to have his tragedy of Irene represented; for he was ardent to prove, by this work, that age had not diminished his poetic fire. He wholly employed himself in declaiming with and instructing the actors who were to perform in his piece, and he did this with so much exertion, that he vomitted blood. This accident soon confined him to his room; and after much suffering, he died on the 30th of May, 1778, about eleven at night.

Much has been written respecting the death of this great dramatic poet and philosopher: all that we can say, is, that it is certain, by the Abbé Gaultier's narrative of the death of Voltaire, that he certainly did confess, and prayed that God would take him under his protection, and pardon all his errors.—But this confession was not strong enough for the Archbishop of Paris; when the Abbé Gaultier went with amended confession, he found Voltaire in such a state of delerium, that he was unable to act; and he died the next day. The Archbishop refused him the rites of ecclesiastical interment; but his friends carried his body to Scellieres, an Abbey of the Bernardines, in the diocese of Troyes in Champagne, where his obsequies were celebrated ou the 2d of June, 1778.





CARDINAL WOLSEY.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

THIS celebrated prelate and statesman was born at Ipswich, in March, 1471. A house in St. Nicholas's parish is still shewn as his reputed birth-place. His father, Robert Wolsey, though of mean condition, possessed some property. Persuaded of the genius of his son, he sent him early to Ipswich school, and destined him for the church. At the age of fifteen he was a student in Oxford, and obtained the degree of bachelor of arts, which procured him, at the university, the name of the boy bachelor. His industry and parts soon obtained him the honour of being elected a fellow of Magdalen College, appointed master of the school, and entrusted to educate the sons of the marquis of Dorset, who was so pleased with Wolsey's conduct, that he presented him with the rectory of Lymington, in Somersetshire. He shortly after removed from Lymington; and, at the recommendation of archbishop Dean, was nominated one of the chaplains to king Henry VII. On the accession of the eighth Henry, riches and honours flowed on Wolsey: he received a grant of lands and tenements in London, was admitted to the privy council, and appointed almoner. Soon after, the king gave him the rectory of Torrington; made him canon of the collegiate church at Windsor; and registrar of the order of the garter. Bishop Cambridge appointed him a prebendary of the cathedral of York (1512), where he was soon advanced to the deanery.

In 1513, on the conquest of Tournay, Henry conceiving he had a right to dispose of the bishopric, gave it to Wolsey; and in the same year he was consecrated Bishop of Lincoln.

In 1514, he was advanced to the episcopal dignity of Archbishop of York.

In the forty-fifth year of his age (22d December, 1515), Wolsey was advanced to the rank of Cardinal, and was

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

installed in Westminster Abbey with circumstances of pomp seldom exceeded at coronations of kings.

About the same time, the great seal was given to him for life, with the dignity of chancellor of the realm. Henceforth he may be regarded as the dictator of England; for, although the king appeared personally in every important transaction, the Cardinal had acquired such an ascendancy, that the emanations of the royal will were, in fact, only the reflected purposes of the minister.

On Tournay being restored to France, the Cardinal received a pension of 12,000 livres as an equivalent for the revenues of the bishoprick, which he agreed to resign.

On the death of Leo X. Wolsey aspired to the tiara, but as the Italian cardinals had strong objections to him on account of his country and character; (regarding all foreigners as barbarians;) and the knowledge they had of his known endeavours to curtail the licentiousness of the clergy, tended to prevent his election.

May 26, 1522, he arrived at Dover, and there received the emperor Charles with great pomp; from whence, in company with Henry VIII. he escorted him to Greenwich. On Whitsunday he went to St. Paul's with the court, and performed the service with a degree of ostentatious pomp never surpassed by the Popes themselves. Two barons held the basin and towel before the mass; two earls after the gospels; and two dukes served him at the last lavation.

On the accession of Julio di Medici to the see of Rome, he appointed Wolsey legate for life, and conferred on him all the papal pretensions over England which he could alienate.

Wolsey was now at the height of all his earthly glory. His house exhibited the finest productions of art: the walls of his chambers were hung with cloth of gold, and tapestry still more precious, representing the most remarkable events in sacred history: his floors were covered with embroidered carpets; and the sideboards of cypress were loaded with vessels of gold. The sons of the nobility, according to the fashion of the age, attended

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

him as pages : he had also always nine or ten lords, who had each two or three servants to wait on them, except the earl of Derby, who had five.

The entertainment which the Cardinal gave at Hampton Court to the French commissioners, who were sent to ratify the league, exceeded in splendour every banquet which had before that time been exhibited in England. Two hundred and eighty beds, with beds of the costliest silks and velvets, and as many ewers and basins of silver were prepared for the guests. The halls were illumined with innumerable sconces and branches of plate. Supper was announced by the sound of trumpets, and served with triumphal music. But the master was not yet come : he had been detained late in London ; and the dessert, which consisted of figures, castles and cathedrals, in confectionery, with all the emblems of ecclesiastical pomp, and the pageants of chivalry, was on the tables when he entered, booted and spurred. Having welcomed his guests, he called for a golden bowl filled with hipocras : the French commissioners were served at the same time with another, and they reciprocally drank to the health of their respective sovereigns. He then retired to dress, and, returning speedily to the company, exerted those convivial talents which had first contributed to his attainment of this excessive grandeur. The Frenchmen doubted which most to admire ; the mansion, the feast, or the master. Wolsey felt exultingly gratified, and the measure of his greatness could hold no more.

The Cardinal was one of the first to patronize the College of Physicians in London, which was founded in the year 1518, and established by the king principally at the suggestion of Wolsey ; thus proving the same zeal for the medical science, as he did for the fine arts : he beheld also the want of encouragement due to poetry, and laboured hard to appropriate the sums which were lavished to support the indolence of the clergy, in developing the great intellectual qualities of the English nation. While Leo X. was enjoying the fruits of the autumn of Italian genius, Wolsey was labouring where the spring had scarcely

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

disclosed a single blossom ; but a rich and various harvest has since amply justified the liberality of the preparation, and his confidence in the soil. He had been previously the Mæcenas of individuals ; but the history of his munificence to literature relates chiefly to public institutions. In 1523, he revised the statutes of the universities of Cambridge and Oxford ; and from this date, the progress of popular learning and the improvement of the language, was rapid and extraordinary in the universities.

On March 20, 1525, the foundation was laid of Christ Church College, Oxford, by the Cardinal, who nobly endowed it ; and had it been completed according to the plan of the founder, few royal palaces would have surpassed it in splendour and extent. The project by which he proposed to furnish the library was worthy of the general design. He took measures to obtain copies of all the classics in the Vatican, in addition to the ordinary means of procuring books.

Soon after, he laid the foundation of a public school at Ipswich, his native town, which he intended as a preparatory seminary for the college ; and endowed it with the spoils of the adjoining monasteries. But this noble foundation was scarcely completed before the disgrace of the Cardinal, and it was alienated from the original object. No part of the school now remains except the gate, which stands adjoining to the east side of St. Peter's Church-yard, the rest having been long demolished to the very foundation.

Wolsey, as lord chancellor, had often occasion to observe the ignorance of the lawyers ; to remedy this evil he projected an institution to be founded in London, in which the study of the law should be efficiently cultivated. The architectural model for the building was considered a master-piece, and remained, long after his death, as a curiosity, in the palace of Greenwich.

The sun of Wolsey's greatness was now fast setting : the beautiful Anne Bullen became his determined enemy, because he strove all in his power to prevent Henry from marrying her ; and she industriously fostered the suspi-

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

cious which had grown up in the mind of Harry by the repeated complaints made to him of the increasing power of the haughty Wolsey, who was now aware of what was to ensue; yet his magnanimity would not allow him to abate, in any respect, his accustomed ostentation.

On October 19, 1529, the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk arrived at his palace and demanded the great seal to be delivered to them; which, after much objection, on the next day he surrendered, the two nobles informing him it was the king's pleasure he should retire to Ashur, a seat belonging to him as bishop of Winchester.

Wolsey now stood forth to view confessedly a ruined man. All his possessions and moveables were forfeited to the crown. The fate of his colleges gave him most pain: he had indulged a fond expectation that they would have been his monuments with posterity as a patron of knowledge, and a benefactor to his country; but they too were confiscated. He wrote to the king, humbly, on his knees, and with weeping eyes, to spare the college at Oxford: no answer was returned.

The treatment which the Cardinal received, wounded without irritating; but the conviction that, without being restored to favour, he never could be able to contradict the wilful misrepresentations which were made of his purest intentions, corroded his feelings to such a degree that his life was despaired of; which coming to the king's knowledge, he immediately desired the court physicians to attend him, and took a ring from his finger and sent a gentleman with it, with many kind assurances to the Cardinal. Soon after, February 12, 1530, Wolsey was pardoned, and replaced in the see of York, with a pension of a thousand marks per annum; and Henry restored to him plate and effects to the value of more than six thousand pounds. He was, however, ordered to leave Ashur, and repair to the government of his diocese. He commenced his journey towards York about the middle of Lent: his train consisted of a hundred and sixty horse, and seventy-two waggons, with the relics of his furniture. How great must have been that grandeur which, by com-

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

parison, made such wealth appear poverty. While at Caywood castle, distant from York twelve miles, when sitting at dinner, the lord Percy came in, and in a low and troubled voice declared him arrested for high treason. Wolsey, astonished by a charge so unexpected, was unable to speak: he, however, soon recovered himself, and was conducted to Sheffield-park, the seat of the earl of Shrewsbury. His constitution, impaired by age, suddenly gave way. On the evening of the third day after leaving Sheffield, on his road to London, to be conducted to the tower, he approached Leicester monastery, where he languished all the next day. Continuing to grow weaker and weaker, he frequently fainted during the course of the day; and as the clock struck eight, on the 29th of November, 1530, he expired. In the evening, the body was removed to the church where it was interred. Such was the end of this proud and famous Cardinal. He was, says Galt, undoubtedly a character of the most splendid cast. Haughty, ambitious, masterly, and magnificent, he felt himself formed for superiority. His exterior was dignified; his demeanour courtly; his discernment rapid; his eloquence commanding; and his comprehension vast and prospective. His avidity to amass wealth was contrasted with an expenditure so generous, that it lost the name of avarice, and deserved to be dignified with that of ambition. His ostentation was so richly blended with munificence and hospitality, that it ought to be ascribed rather to the love of distinction than to vanity; and his pride was so nearly allied to honour and justice, that it seemed to be essential to his accomplishments as a statesman. Therefore, whether estimated by his natural endowments, his fortunes, or his designs, Wolsey must be considered as one of those great occasional men, who, at distant intervals, suddenly appear, surprising the world by their movements and their splendour.



THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER,

first Proprietor of the Steam Engine.

EDWARD SOMERSET,

MARQUIS OF WORCESTER,*

The supposed first Projector of the Steam Engine.

COLLINS traces this ancient house to Geoffrey Plantagenet, Earl of Anjou, son of Foulk, king of Jerusalem, by Maud, the empress, his wife, daughter of Henry I. Edmonds says—"This illustrious family, whose blood has flown through the veins of kings, dukes, marquises, and earls, for more than seven hundred years, is lineally descended from John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, who gave the surname of Beaufort to all his children by Catherine Swinford (whom he afterwards married, and legitimated her children), from the castle of Beaufort, in Anjou, the place of their nativity. The present name of Beaufort was assumed by Charles, natural son of Henry Beaufort, duke of Somerset, in whose brother Edmund (beheaded May 7, 1741,) terminated the legitimate issue of John of Gaunt. This Charles Somerset was created Earl of Worcester by Henry VIII. in 1514. The son of this nobleman, the second Earl of Worcester, says Lloyd in his Worthies, p. 392, was master of the horse to queen Elizabeth, and one of her council of state: he was, in his youth, the best horseman and tilter of his time. His father's temperance reached to ninety-seven years of age, because he never eat but one meal a day; and his own sparingness attained to eighty-four, because he never eat but of one dish. He came to the queen's favour, because,

* He is better known, in our histories, by the name of the Earl of Glamorgan.

as her father, so she loved *a man* ; his manlike recreations commended him to the ladies ; his mistress excused his faith, which was popish ; but honoured his faithfulness, which was Roman ; it being her usual speech that my lord of Worcester had reconciled what she thought inconsistent, *a stiff Papist to a good subject*. His religion was not pompous, but solid ; not the shew of his life, but the comfort of his soul. Charles I. created Henry, the fifth earl, Marquis of Worcester, in 1642 ; and Henry, the third marquis, was created Duke of Beaufort by Charles II. in 1682."

Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, the subject of this sketch, was a bigoted Catholic, but in times when that was no disrecommutation, and when it grew a merit. Being of a nature extremely enterprising, and a warm loyalist, he was dispatched into Ireland by the king. Here history lays its finger, at least is interrupted by controversy. The censurers of King Charles charge that prince with sending this lord to negociate with the Irish rebel Catholics, and to bring over a great body of them for the king's service. The devotees of Charles would disculpate him and accuse the Lord Glamorgan of forging powers from the king for that purpose. The fact stands thus : the treaty was discovered, the Earl was imprisoned by the king's servants in Ireland, and was dismissed by them, unpunished, before the king's pleasure was known. The parliament complained ; the king disavowed the earl, yet renewed his confidence in him ; nor did the earl ever seem to resent the king's disavowal, which, with much good nature, he imputed to the necessities of his Majesty's affairs.

The king, with all his affection for the earl, in one or two of his letters to others, mentions his want of judgment. Perhaps his Majesty was glad to trust to his indiscretion. With *that* his lordship seems (to have been) greatly furnished. We find him taking oaths upon oaths to the Pope's nuncio, with promises of unlimited obedience both to his holiness and to his delegate, and begging five hundred pounds of the Irish clergy to enable him to

embark and fetch fifty thousand pounds—like an alchemist, who demands a trifle of money for the secret of making gold. In another letter he promises two hundred thousand crowns, ten thousand arms for foot, two thousand cases of pistols, eight hundred barrels of powder, and thirty or forty well-provided ships!! when he had not a groat in his purse, or as much gunpowder as would scare a corbie! It is certain that he and his father wasted an immense sum in the king's cause; of all which merits and zeal his Majesty was so sensible that he gave the earl the most extraordinary patent, perhaps, that ever was granted; the chief powers of which were to make him Generalissimo of three armies and Admiral, with nomination of his officers, to enable him to raise money by selling his Majesty's woods, wardships, customs and prerogatives, and to create, by blank patents, to be filled up at Glamorgan's pleasure, from the rank of baronet to that of marquis. If any thing could justify the delegation of such authority, besides his Majesty having lost all authority when he conferred it, was the promise with which the king concluded of bestowing the Princess Elizabeth on Glamorgan's son. It was time to adopt into his family when he had into his sovereignty. This patent the marquis, after the restoration, gave up to the House of Peers. He did not long survive that era, dying in 1667."

In 1665, he published a small book, entitled, "A Century of the Names and Scantlings of such inventions as I can at present call to mind to have tried and perfected, which (my former notes being lost) I have, at the instance of a powerful friend, endeavoured now, 1665, to set these down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put them in practice." At the conclusion, he says—"This making up the whole century, and preventing any further trouble to the reader for the present, meaning to leave to posterity a book, wherein, under each of their heads, the means to put in execution, and visible trial of all and every of these inventions, with the shape and form of all things belonging to them, shall be printed by brass plates." This book he never lived to execute.

Walpole, in his "Royal and Noble Authors," designates the *Century of Inventions* as "an amazing piece of folly;" but better informed writers have thought differently of it. Granger remarks—"That a practical mathematician, who has quickness to seize a hint, and sagacity to apply it, might avail himself greatly of these Scantlings, though little more than a bare catalogue." And the same writer was informed by the late Reverend and ingenious mechanic, Mr. Gainsborough, of Henley, brother to the celebrated painter, that the Marquis's work was far from being such a collection of winds and chimeras as it has been supposed to be, and that, on the contrary, "he highly esteemed the author as one of the greatest mechanical geniuses that ever appeared in the world." It is quite certain, too, that since his time several of his "inventions" or suggestions have been reduced to practice; and hence the whole have become entitled to be treated with more respect. Professor Robison goes so far even as to affirm that the steam-engine, the greatest discovery of modern times, "was, beyond all doubt, invented by the Marquis;" and though later researches have shown that this is somewhat unmerited praise, it is evident that he entertained views of the applicability of steam as a moving power, such as no other individual of the age in which he lived had the sagacity to embrace.

Professor Millington, in his eighth lecture at the Royal Institution, respecting the original invention of the steam engine, says—"Several French authors lay claim to it for their own nation; but I have some reason for believing that steam had been employed to raise water by its expansive force antecedent to the first mention of this power in the Marquis of Worcester's *Century of Inventions*; and he was now able, through the assistance of Mr. Archdeacon Nares, to trace this invention to Sir Samuel Morland, Master of Mechanics to Charles II. who, as appears by a manuscript in the Harleian Collection at the British Museum, had used the expansive force of steam, and calculated its effect, seventeen years before the publication of the Marquis of Worcester's

tract above alluded to. The manuscript was described to be dated in 1683, and to contain tables of the necessary dimensions of boilers or cylinders, to raise given quantities of water to given heights, eighteen hundred times in the course of an hour; a mode of computation which agrees very nearly with that now used in estimating the power of engines. Mr. Millington further stated, that Sir Samuel Morland's inventions not meeting with that patronage in England which he had expected, he presented this invention to the king of France, who likewise does not appear to have acted upon it."

Mr. Park, in his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, vol. iii. p. 108, says—"A MS. addition to Mr. Heber's copy of Lord Worcester's book, contains the following description of this grand hydraulic machine; ascribed by the enthusiastic contriver to celestial inspiration.

"A stupendous, or a water-commanding engine; boundless for height or quantity, requiring no external or even additional help or force, to be set or continued in motion, but what intrinsically is afforded from its own operation, nor yet the twentieth part thereof: and the engine consisteth of the following particulars:—

"1. A perfect counterpoise for what quantity soever of water.

"2. A perfect countervail for what height soever it is to be brought unto.

"3. A *primum mobile*, commanding both height and quantity, regulator-wise.

"4. A vicegerent or countervail, supplying the place and performing the full force of man, wind, beast, or mill.

"5. A helm or stern, with bitt and reins, wherewith any child may guide, order, and controul the whole operation.

"6. A particular magazine for water, according to the intended quantity or height of water

MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

“ 7. An aqueduct, capable of any intended quantity or height of water.

“ 8. A place for the original fountain or even river to run into, and naturally of its own accord incorporate itself with the rising water, and at the very bottom of the same aqueduct, though never so big or high.

“ By Divine Providence and heavenly inspiration, this is my stupendous water-commanding engine, boundless for height or quantity.

“ Whosoever is master of weight, is master of force ;

“ Whosoever is master of water, is master of both ;

“ And consequently to him all formidable actions and achievements are easie, which are in any wise beneficial to or for mankind.

“ To God alone be all praise, honour, and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

“ WORCESTER.”



GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY

WAS the son of Mr. Philip Gray, a scrivener of London; he was born in Cornhill, November 26, 1716. His grammatical education he received at Eton, under the care of Mr. Antrobus, his mother's brother, then assistant to Dr. George: and when he left school, in 1734, entered a pensioner at Peterhouse in Cambridge.

When he had been at Cambridge about five years, Mr. Horace Walpole invited him to travel with him as his companion. They wandered through France into Italy; but at Florence they quarrelled, and parted: Gray continued his journey in a manner suitable to his own little fortune, with only an occasional servant.

He returned to England in September 1741, and about two years after buried his father, who had, by an injudicious waste of money upon a new house, so much lessened his fortune, that Gray thought himself too poor to study the law. He therefore retired to Cambridge, where he soon after became Bachelor of Civil Laws, and where, without liking the place or its inhabitants, or professing to like them, he passed, except a short residence in London, the rest of his life.

In the year 1742, Gray produced the *Ode to Spring*; *Prospect of Eton*; and the *Ode to Adversity*; he also began a Latin poem, *De principiis cogitandi*.

In 1747, he wrote an *Ode on the Death of Mr. Walpole's Cat*; and the year afterwards attempted a poem on *Government and Education*.

His next production (1750) was his far-famed *Elegy in the Church Yard*. In this year he lost his mother.

In 1757, he published the *Progress of Poetry*, and *The Bard*.

Gray's reputation was now so high, that after the death of Cibber, he had the honour of refusing the laurel,

which was then bestowed on Mr. Whitehead. In 1768, he was offered the Professorship of History, by the Duke of Grafton, which he accepted, and retained to his death.

His studies were now near their end. The gout, of which he had sustained many weak attacks, fell upon his stomach, and yielding to no medicines, produced strong convulsions, which on July 30, 1771, terminated in death.

The following character of Gray is given in a letter written to Mr. Boswell, by the Rev. Mr. Temple, Rector of St. Glavis, in Cornwall, first printed anonymously in the *London Magazine*.

“Perhaps he was the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that not superficially, but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil, and read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquary. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, and politics made a principal part of his study. Voyages and travels of all sorts were his favourite amusements; and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening. With such a fund of knowledge his conversation must have been equally instructive and entertaining; but he was also a good man—a man of virtue and humanity. There is no character without some speck, some imperfection, and I think the greatest in his was an affectation of delicacy, or rather effeminacy, and a visible fastidiousness or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science. He also had, in some degree, that weakness which disgusted Voltaire so much in Mr. Congreve; though he seemed to value others chiefly according to the progress they had made in knowledge; yet he could not bear to be considered himself merely as a man of letters; and though without birth, or fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked upon as a private independent gentleman, who read for his amusement. Perhaps it may be said, What signifies so much knowledge when it produced so little? Is it worth taking so much pains to leave no

memorial but a few poems? But let it be considered that Mr. Gray was to others innocently employed; to himself certainly beneficially. His time passed agreeably; he was every day making some new acquisition in science; his mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened; the world and mankind were shown to him without a mask; and he was taught to consider every thing as trifling, and unworthy the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, in that state wherein GOD hath placed us."

As a poet, Gray stands high in the estimation of the candid and judicious. His works are not numerous, but they bear the marks of intense application and careful revision.

His Odes on the *Progress of Poetry*, and *The Bard*, "breathe," says Mr. Mason, "the high spirit of lyric enthusiasm. The transitions are sudden and impetuous; the language full of fire and force; and the imagery carried, without impropriety, to the most daring height. They have been accused of obscurity: but the one can be obscure only to those who have not read Pindar; and the other only to those who are unacquainted with the history of their own nation."

"In the character of his Elegy," says Dr. Johnson, "I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers, uncorrupted by literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty, and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours. The *Church-yard* abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The few stanzas beginning 'Yet e'en these bones,' are to me original; I have never seen the notions in any other place: yet he that reads them here persuades himself that he always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

The Mother of Gray the poet, to whom he was entirely indebted for the excellent education he received, appears to have been a woman of most amiable character; and one

THOMAS GRAY.

whose energy supplied to her child that deficiency, which the improvidence of his other parent would have occasioned. The following extract from a Case submitted by Mrs. Gray to her lawyer, develops the disposition and habits of her husband, in a light not the most favourable, while it awakens no common sympathy for herself.

“That she hath been no charge to the said Philip Gray; and during all the said time, hath not only found herself in all manner of apparel, but also for her children to the number of twelve, and most of the furniture of his house, and paying forty pounds a year for his shop; *almost providing every thing for her son whilst at Eton school, and now he is at Peter House, Cambridge.*

“Notwithstanding which, almost ever since he hath been married, the said Philip hath used her in the most inhuman manner, by beating, kicking, punching, and with the vilest and most abusive language: that she hath been in the utmost fear of her life, and hath been obliged this last year to quit his bed and lie with her sister. This she was resolved to bear if possible, not to leave her shop of trade, for the sake of her son, to be able to assist him in the maintenance of him at the University, since his father won't.”

To the love and courage of this mother, Gray owed his life when a child; she ventured to do what few women are capable of doing, to open a vein with her own hand, and thus removed the paroxysm arising from the fulness of blood, to which it is said all her other children had fallen victims. We need not wonder that Gray mentioned such a mother with a sigh.

This elegant poet is buried in the church-yard of Stoke Pogis, Buckinghamshire, the scene of his celebrated “Elegy in a Country Church-yard.” It adjoins Stoke Park. The church is a plain rustic edifice, of some antiquity, with a low tower, and conical-shaped spire; but has few of those strongly-marked features by which it is so admirably characterized in the poem; and the “rugged elms,” and “yew-tree shade,” if ever they existed, are

THOMAS GRAY.

now no more.* Some of the surrounding scenery, however, finely corresponds, particularly to the south park, where the eye is directed over a large sheet of water to the majestic Castle of Windsor, beyond which Cooper's-hill and the forest woods close the prospect.

The burying-place of the poet is withoutside the church, just beneath the eastern window, a spot which had been before consecrated by the interment of two of his dearest relatives. Here his remains lay unhonoured by even the slightest memorial, until the year 1799, when Mr. Penn, the proprietor of Stoke Park adjoining, with a liberality which does him great credit, performed the long-neglected task. The monument erected by this gentleman stands in a field next the church, and forms the termination of one of the views from Stoke House. It consists of a large sarcophagus of stone, supported on a square pedestal, with quotations on three sides, selected from the Ode to Eton College, and the Elegy in a Country Church-yard; and on the fourth the following inscription:—

This Monument in honour of
THOMAS GRAY,
Was erected A. D. 1799,
Among the Scenery
Celebrated by that Lyric and Elegiac Poet.
He died in 1771,
And lies unnoticed in the adjoining Church-yard,
Under the tomb-stone on which he piously
and pathetically recorded the interment
of his Aunt and lamented Mother.

Stoke Pogis is a large scattered village about 21 miles from the metropolis, and takes the addition of Pogis to its name from the ancient lords of the manor there. Lord Molines married the heiress of this family in the reign of Edward III. from whom it decended to the Hungerford family, who enjoyed it till the reign of Henry VII., when

* Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain,
Of such as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

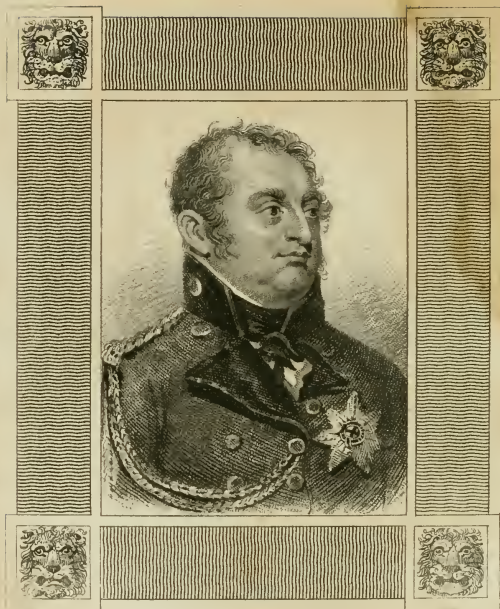
by the intermarriage of Edward, sole heir and successor to Lord Hastings (immortalized by Shakspeare in his play of *Richard III.*), with the heiress of Sir Thomas Hungerford, it became that Nobleman's property. From him it descended to Sir Edward Coke, the great lawyer, who entertained Queen Elizabeth here in 1601, and died at the manor-house in 1634. It afterwards became the seat of Anne Viscountess Cobham, on whose death it was purchased by Mr William Penn, chief proprietor of Pennsylvania, in America, whose grandson, John Penn Esq. (erector of the monument alluded to) has built on the site of the ancient mansion one of the most elegant residences in this part of the country.

In Lady Cobham's time; Gray, whose aunt resided in this village, often visited Stoke Park, and in 1747 made it the scene of his poem called *The Long Story*. The old manor-house (built by Henry, third Earl of Huntingdon, in the reign of Elizabeth, and afterwards inhabited by Lord Chancellor Hatton) and the fantastic manners of that Princess's reign, are thus humourously described in the opening of this piece;—

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
 An ancient pile of building stands;
 The *Huntingdons* and *Hattons* there
 Employ the power of fairy hands;
 To raise the ceilings fretted height,
 Each pannel in achievements cloathing,
 Rich windows that exclude the light,
 And passages that lead to nothing.
 Full oft within the spacious walls,
 When he had fifty winters o'er him,
 My grave Lord Keeper* led the brawls;
 The seals and maces danced before him.
 His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
 His high crowned hat and satin doublet,
 Moved the stout heart of England's Queen,
 Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

* Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person, and fine dancing. *Brawls* were a sort of figure-dance then in fashion, and probably deemed as elegant as our modern cotillions, or still more modern quadrilles.

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• DUKE OF YORK.

PRINCE FREDERICK,
DUKE OF YORK AND ALBANY,

In Great Britain, and Earl of Ulster, in Ireland; L. L. D. F. R. S.; Presumptive Heir to the Throne of Great Britain; a Field Marshal; Commander in Chief of all the King's Land Forces in the United Kingdom; Colonel of the First Regiment of Foot Guards; Colonel in Chief of the Sixtieth, or Royal American Regiment of Foot, and of the Royal Dublin Regiment of Infantry; Ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks; Warden and Keeper of New Forest, Hampshire; &c. &c. &c.

"I am a soldier, too, and will abide it with a Prince's courage."

HIS Royal Highness was born 16th of August, 1763; and was elected Bishop of Osnaburg, February 27, 1764. At a Chapter of the Bath, held 30th of December, 1767, he was invested with the ensigns of that most honourable order, and installed in Henry the VIIth's chapel, as first and principal companion, 15th of June, 1772. He was elected a companion of the most noble order of the garter, 19th June, 1771, and installed at Windsor the 25th of the same month. On the 27th of November, 1784, he was created Duke of York and Albany in Great Britain, and Earl of Ulster, in Ireland.

With the exception of the duel between the Duke of York and Colonel Lenox, on the 27th of May, 1789, little can be recorded of his Royal Highness until his marriage with the Princess Frederica Charlotta Ulrica, which took place with great pomp at Berlin, on the 29th

DUKE OF YORK.

of September, 1791. The royal pair, after sojourning some time at Hanover, arrived in England on the 19th of November in the same year; and on the 23d of the same month were re-married at the Queen's house, St. James's Park: the ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London.

Her Royal Highness was born May 7, 1767, and was the eldest daughter of the late, and sister to the present, King of Prussia: her stature was somewhat below the common height, and her figure formed in proportionate delicacy and slightness. Her complexion was fair; her hair light; her eye-lashes long and nearly white; and her eyes blue. By this Princess, who was a most exemplary lady, his Royal Highness had no issue.

On the 19th of December, 1791, the Duke and Duchess of York received the congratulations of the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Common Council of the City of London, on their marriage; to which his Royal Highness returned the following answer:—

“ I return you my most hearty thanks for this address, so full of sentiments of attachment to the House of Brunswick and to me.

“ Your expressions of joy on the occasion of my marriage give me the highest satisfaction, and the City of London may rely on my unabating zeal for their welfare and prosperity, and on my constant endeavours to preserve their affection and regard.”

His Royal Highness was now to be called into actual and severe public service; for, on the commencement of the war with France, he was ordered to be in readiness to repair with the British troops to Holland; and embarked with them on the 26th of February, 1793. On the 4th of September of the same year, he was defeated by the French, near Dunkirk. During the remainder of this year his Royal Highness was with his army; nothing particular transpiring till the 3d of May, 1794, when the French attacked him, but were repulsed: the enemy, however, soon again appeared in the field, and gave a second battle to the Duke of York's forces at Turcoign, whom they

DUKE OF YORK.

defeated with great slaughter. His Royal Highness now retreated to Flanders, where he was soon joined by the Earl of Moira and additional forces. On the 17th of September, in the same year, the Duke was defeated at Boxtet, and on this disaster, commenced, on the 21st, his retreat over the Maese. On the 16th of February, 1795, he had the misfortune to lose all his magazines, which were captured by the French, and shortly after arrived in England.

On the 13th of September, 1799, the Duke of York, with 17,000 Russians, landed in Holland; where, on the 19th of the same month, the allies were defeated at the battle of Bergen and Alkmaer, with the loss of 7,000 men under Le Brun, who was formerly a barber at Paris. On the 2d of October following they were again defeated before Alkmaer, with the loss of 5,000 men; and, on the 20th, the Duke of York entered into a convention, by which he was allowed to exchange his army for 6,000 French and Dutch prisoners in England. Accordingly, his Royal Highness returned to England.

Towards the close of the year 1808, allegations of the most serious nature were openly made against the Duke of York, and reflected too severely on his Royal Highness to pass unnoticed; and, on the meeting of parliament in 1809, no time was lost in pressing a subject of such high importance on its attention. Accordingly, on the 27th of January, Colonel Wardle, one of the members for Oakhampton, submitted a motion to the House on the subject of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Commander in Chief, respecting promotions, the disposal of commissions, and the raising of new levies for the army: which engaged the most serious consideration of the legislative assembly of the nation, from the 1st of February till the 20th of March following, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the following resolution:—

“ That it is the opinion of this House, after the fullest and most attentive examination of all the evidence adduced, that there is no ground for charging his Royal Highness with personal corruption or connivance at such practices

disclosed in the testimony heard at the bar ;” on which the House divided :

Ayes, 278—Noes, 196—Majority, 82.

On Saturday, March 18, his Royal Highness waited upon his Majesty, and tendered to him his resignation of the chief command of his Majesty’s army ; which his Majesty was graciously pleased to accept.

Sir Laurence Dundas succeeded his Royal Highness in the command of the army ; but he held the appointment a very short time, for the King re-instated the Duke of York again, to the joy of the British army.

On the death of his royal mother, he was appointed by Parliament custos to the King, instead of the Queen, with an allowance of 10,000*l.* per annum.

In the year 1820 he had the misfortune to lose his Duchess, who died at Oatlands, in the 54th year of her age. She was a lady deservedly respected by all classes, especially by the poor, to whom she was very kind and attentive : she lived very retired, her chief amusement being in her dogs ; and the grounds at Oatlands display some curious monumental inscriptions to her favourite quadrupeds.

The British army, under the direction of his Royal Highness, has risen to a state of discipline and neatness hitherto unknown in England : his attention to their cares, and readiness at all times to relieve their wants, has endeared him to every British soldier ; certainly never was a Commander in Chief more deservedly, or more generally, popular.

His Royal Highness is devotedly attached to the Protestant religion ; and to him, we believe, the members of that persuasion look up as one of their firmest friends. To the sports of the field the Duke is very partial ; particularly shooting, and racing, having to boast of some of the first racers in the kingdom.

The following account of the Earls and Dukes of York, it is presumed, will not be uninteresting to the reader.

A. D. 1190. The first who enjoyed the title of the Earl of York, was *Otho, Duke of Saxony*, eldest son of Henry, surnamed the Lyon, Duke of Bavaria and Saxony; one of the greatest princes of his time by the princess Matilda, or Maud, eldest daughter of Henry II. King of England: he was afterwards Emperor of Germany, but died without issue: he was likewise nephew of King Richard I. and King John. It is observable that his youngest brother William, born at Winchester, was the immediate ancestor of his present Majesty, in a direct line: so early was the illustrious house of Brunswick allied to the blood royal of England.

1385. *Edmund of Langley*, surnamed Plantagenet, fifth son of King Edward III., was Earl of Cambridge and Duke of York.

1401. *Edward Plantagenet*, son of the former, Earl of Rutland and Duke of York, was killed while valiantly fighting at the glorious battle of Agincourt, in 1415; and left no issue.

1415. *Richard Plantagenet*, nephew of the last Duke, and son of Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who was beheaded for a conspiracy against King Henry V. 1415, succeeded his uncle as Duke of York. He began the fatal contest between the two potent houses of York and Lancaster, and was killed at the battle of Wakefield. His head was placed on one of the gates of York, with a paper crown on it, by way of derision, by Queen Margaret, consort of King Henry VI.

1474. *Richard Plantagenet*, born at Shrewsbury, second son of King Edward IV., was Duke of York, and murdered with his unfortunate brother, Edward V.

DUKE OF YORK.

1495. *Henry*, second son of King Henry VII. was Duke of York : he was afterwards Henry VIII.

1604. *Charles*, second son of King James I., was Duke of York : afterwards the unfortunate Charles I.

1643. *James*, son of Charles I., was the next Duke : afterwards the weak and bigotted James II.

1713. *Ernest Augustus*, Duke of Brunswick, Lunenburg, and bishop of Osnaburg, brother to King George I., was Duke of York and Albany ; and Earl of Ulster.

1760. *Edward Augustus*, grandson of George II., and brother of George III., was created Duke of York.

1784. *Frederick*, second son of George III., and brother of George IV. was created Duke of York, Earl of Ulster, and bishop of Osnaburg.



HENRY GEORGE WHITE.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

“ Unhappy WHITE ! whose life was in its spring,
And the young Muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came ; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,
When science 'self destroyed her favourite son !
Yes ! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sowed the seeds, but death had reaped the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
Keen were his pangs ; but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel ;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.”

Byron.

THIS delightful poet, the second son of John and Mary White, was born in Nottingham, on March 21, 1785. His father was a butcher ; his mother, whose maiden name was Neville, was of a respectable Staffordshire family. He discovered at a very early age a great desire for reading ; and from the years of three to five, was taught by Mrs. Garrington, an excellent woman, and of whom he thus speaks, in his poem on Childhood :

“ In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls,
In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school,
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule ;

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.¹

Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien;
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean:
Her neatly-bordered cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pin'd with decent care;
And pendant ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
A pair of spectacles their want supplies;
These does she guard secure in leathern case,
From thoughtless wights, in some unweeted place."

At the age of six he was removed to a higher school, where he was taught writing, arithmetic and the French language, by the Rev. John Blanchard: while here, he wrote a separate theme for every boy in his class, which consisted of twelve or fourteen. When he was about the age of seven, he would creep unperceived into the kitchen, to teach the servant to read and write; and he continued this for some time before it was discovered he had been so laudably employed. It was the intention of his father, that he should follow his own business; but his mother overcame her husband's desire, and made every effort to procure him a good education; and with this intention, and by the request of her friends, she opened a lady's boarding and day school in Nottingham, in which she succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations; and thus her son's comforts were materially increased.

It was, however, at length determined to make him acquainted with some trade; and as hosiery was the staple manufacture of his native place, he was placed in a stocking-loom, when of the age of fourteen. This employment, so perfectly uncongenial to his taste, rendered him truly unhappy: his feelings at this period he thus pours in his Address to Contemplation.

“ Men may rave,
And blame and censure me, that I don't tie
My ev'ry thought down to the desk, and spend
The morning of my life in adding figures

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

With accurate monotony; that so
The good things of the world may be my lot,
And I might taste the blessedness of wealth:
But, oh! I was not made for money-getting;
For me no much-respected plum* awaits,
Nor civic honour envied."

His mother, to whom he spoke his mind more openly, was anxious to have him removed; and perceiving his wretchedness, at the expiration of a year, had him removed to an attorney's office, which he entered in 1800, being then fifteen years old; but as he could have no premium given with him, he was not articled till the year 1802.

The law was now the chief object of his attention; but during his leisure hours, he acquired a knowledge of Greek and Latin, and shortly after made himself master of the Spanish, Italian and Portuguese languages; and, it is said, his knowledge of chemistry was respectable: he also studied astronomy and electricity; and paid some attention to drawing, in which, had he persevered, he would most probably have excelled. He was passionately fond of music, and could play pleasingly on the piano forte: he was also partial to mechanics; and the fittings-up of his study were the works of his own hands.

He now became a member of a literary society in Nottingham, where he much distinguished himself, delivering at one of their meetings an extempore Lecture on Genius: on which occasion he spoke for above two hours, in such a manner, that they elected him their Professor of Literature. He contributed occasionally to the Monthly Preceptor, and gained a silver medal for a translation from Horace; and the following year, a pair of twelve-inch globes, for an imaginary Tour from London to Edinburgh. These little testimonies of his talents were grateful to his feelings, and urged him to further efforts: accordingly, we find him contributing to the Monthly Mirror, which for-

*"When a tradesman once can lay by a plum (£1,000.) others will soon follow."—*Granger*.

tunately was the cause of his being introduced to Mr. Capel Lloft, and Mr. Hill, the proprietor of the work; at whose request he was induced, at the close of the year 1812, to publish a little volume of poems, in the hope that this publication might, either by the sale of the work, or the notice it might excite, enable him to prosecute his studies at College; and qualify himself for holy orders. He was persuaded to dedicate his work to the Countess of Derby, to whom he applied; but she returned a refusal, on the ground that she never did accept a compliment of that sort; but her refusal was couched in kind and complimentary language, enclosing £2. as her subscription. The Duchess of Devonshire was next applied to, who, after a deal of trouble, consented. A copy, handsomely bound in morocco, was transmitted to her Grace, of which, however, no notice was taken. He enclosed a copy of his little work to each of the existing reviews, with a note, stating the disadvantages with which the author had struggled, and requesting an indulgent criticism. The Monthly Review, then the leading journal, affected to sympathize with the author, "under the discouragement of penury and misfortune;" and spoke so unfeelingly of the production, in terms so acrimonious and so illiberal, as to inflict a wound on his sensitive mind, which was never wholly cured: but the critique exciting the notice of Mr. Southey, the poet, who reading the notice of the work, was indignant at the injustice done to the author, wrote him an encouraging letter, advising him to print a larger volume, and generously offering to interest himself in its favour. This gentleman, in his "Remains of Henry Kirke White," page 27, vol. I. says with much feeling—"It is not unworthy of remark, that this very reviewal, which was designed to crush the hopes of Henry, and suppress his struggling genius, has been, in its consequences, the main occasion of bringing his Remains to light and obtaining for him that fame which assuredly will be his portion. Had it not been for the indignation which I felt at perusing a criticism at once so cruel and so stupid, the little intercourse between Henry and myself would not have

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

taken place ; his papers would probably have remained in oblivion, and his name in a few years have been forgotten."

He now resolved to devote his life to the promulgation of christianity, and with that view he determined to leave the law, and, if possible, place himself at one of the Universities. Every argument was used by his friends to dissuade him from his purpose ; but his mind was fixed, and, great and numerous as the obstacles were, he was resolved to surmount them all. He had now fulfilled more than half of the term for which he was articled ; but his benevolent employers, Mr. Coldham and Mr. Enfield, listened with a friendly ear to his plans, and agreed to give up the remainder of his term, although it was now become very valuable to them. His friends now exerted themselves in his behalf, and his employers gave him a month's leave of absence, which he spent in the village of Wilford, on the banks of the Trent, at the foot of Clifton Woods, where his mother procured lodgings for him. At the expiration of this month, intelligence arrived, that the proposed plans had entirely failed. All his hopes seemed now blasted ; and the time he had thus lost in his professional pursuits, rendered it necessary in him to apply himself more assiduously than ever to his legal studies. He would read till two or three o'clock in the morning, then throw himself on the bed, and rise again to work at five. Many nights he never lay down at all. It was in vain that his mother used every possible means to dissuade him from this destructive application. In this respect, and in this only, was Henry undutiful ; and neither tears, commands, nor entreaties, could check his deadly and desperate ardour.

The following lines will fully convey to the reader poor Kirke White's feelings on his disappointment.

"I dream no more—the vision flies away,
And Disappointment *****
There fell my hopes—I lost my all in this,
My cherish'd all of visionary bliss.
Now hope farewell, farewell all joys below ;
Now welcome sorrow, and now welcome woe.
Plunge me in glooms *****"

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

His health sunk under these severe habits ; he became pale and thin ; and an alarming indisposition was brought on, from which he never thoroughly recovered.

At length, however, by the exertions of his friends, particularly his mother and his brother Neville, he was enabled to enter the University of Cambridge.

During the first term, one of the University scholarships became vacant, and Henry, young as he was in college, was advised to offer himself a candidate ; but after passing the whole term in preparing for it, his health sunk so alarmingly, that after having offered himself for the competition, he was compelled to withdraw. This was not the only misfortune ; the general College examination approached, and he was ill prepared to meet it. Again he exerted himself beyond what his shattered health could bear ; and having supported himself by strong medicines during the days of examination, he was ultimately pronounced the first man of his year. But, alas ! life was the price with which he was to pay for his academical honours.

When this examination was over, he went to London, to recruit his spirits ; but soon returned to Cambridge none the better for his visit to the metropolis.

Next year he was again pronounced the first at the great College examination. Never, perhaps, in so short a time had any young man excited such expectations ; but these expectations were poison to him—they goaded him to fresh exertions when his strength was spent.

He once more went to London to recruit himself ; but returned to College so completely ill, that no power of medicine could save him. His mind was worn out ; and it was the opinion of his medical attendants, that if he had recovered, his intellects would have failed him. On Sunday, October 19, 1806, it pleased God to remove him to a better world, and a higher state of existence.

A splendid monument to his memory, executed by S. Chantry, Esq. R. A. has been erected in All-Saints' Church, Cambridge, at the expence of an American gentleman.



HANDEL.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

Oh! surely melody from heaven was sent,
To cheer the soul when tir'd with human strife,
To sooth the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.

H. K. White.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL was born at Halle, a city of Upper Saxony, in the Dutchy of Magdeburg, on the 24th of February, 1684. His father was an eminent physician and surgeon; and at the time of the birth of his son was sixty years of age.

In his early days he discovered so violent a passion for music, that even the commands of his father could not subdue it; for he found means to get a little clavicord privately conveyed to a room at the top of the house; and with this he used to amuse himself when the family were asleep. He thus, by stealth, contrived to make a considerable progress in music; and when he had arrived to the seventh year of his age, his father, who had overcome his dislike to his son being a musician, placed him under Zachau, organist of the cathedral of Halle, a person of great abilities in his profession. By this time he was nine years of age, and our young musician was not only able to officiate at the organ, but began to study composition; and at this early period of his life is said to have composed a service every week, for voices and instruments, during three successive years.

In 1698 he went to Berlin, under the protection of the king of Prussia. From Berlin he went to Hamburgh,

HANDEL.

and became composer to the Opera House there, and produced his first opera "*Almeira*," when he was not much more than fourteen years of age. The success of it was so great that it run for thirty successive nights.

Soon after, he went to Italy, and when at Florence, he produced his opera of "*Rodrigo*;" for which he was presented with 100 sequins and a service of plate. From Florence, he went to Venice, and finished his opera of "*Agrippina*" in three weeks, which was performed for 27 nights successively, and with which the audience were so enchanted that they all seemed to be distracted.

He now resolved to return to his native country, and stopped at Hanover, where George I. then only Elector of Hanover, offered him a pension of 1,500 crowns per annum, as an inducement to stay; but Handel excused himself by saying he had promised to visit the court of the Elector Palatine, and to pass over to England. When at Dusseldorf, the Elector was highly pleased with him; and at parting, made him a present of a fine set of wrought plate for a dessert. From Dusseldorf, he made the best of his way through Holland; and, embarking for England, arrived in London in the winter of 1710. He was introduced to the king and nobility, who became impatient for an opera from him; accordingly, he composed "*Rinaldo*," in which the famous Nicolini sang: its success was great; and it was a general regret that he was obliged to return to Hanover to complete his engagements; whither he hastened; but, in 1712, he obtained leave of the Elector to make a second visit to England; where he was employed by the nobility to compose for the Opera House; and the queen, as an encouragement, settled on him an annuity of 200*l.* per annum. All this made Handel forget his obligations to return to Hanover; so that when the Elector came over, on the death of queen Anne, in 1704, Handel durst not appear at court; but by a stratagem of Lord Kilmanseck, and others of the nobility, the king pardoned him, and was pleased to add a pension for life of 200*l.* a year to that before given him by queen Anne.

Handel was now settled in England, and well provided

for. The first three years he was chiefly at the Earl of Burlington's, where he frequently met Pope. The poet one day asked his friend Arbuthnot, what was his real opinion of Handel as a composer, who replied "Conceive the highest you can of his abilities, and they are very much beyond what you can conceive." Pope, nevertheless, declared that Handel's finest things, so untoward was his ears, gave him no more pleasure than the airs of a common ballad. While he was here, a project was formed by the nobility, for erecting an academy in the Haymarket, the intention of which was to secure a constant supply of operas, to be composed by Handel, and performed under his direction. For this purpose a large sum was raised, the king subscribing 1,000*l.* and the nobility 4,000*l.* and Handel went to Dresden in quest of singers, whence he brought Senesino and Duristani. The academy being now firmly established, and Handel appointed composer to it, all things went on prosperously for the course of ten years. Handel maintained an absolute authority over the singers and the band, or rather kept them in total subjection. The very simple and well known air, "Verdi prati," in "*Alcina*," which was constantly encored, was at first sent back to Handel by Carestini, as too trifling for him to sing; upon which, he went in a great rage to his lodgings, and, with a tone in which few composers, except Handel, ever ventured to accost a *first-rate* singer, exclaimed, in his usual curious dialect, and with his accustomed impetuosity, "You tog, don't I know better as yourseluf vaat is pest for you to sing? If you vill not sing all de song vaat I give you, I vill not pay you ein stiver."

On a similar occasion, upon Cuzzoni insolently refusing to sing his admirable air, "Falsa imagine," in "*Otho*," he told her that he always knew she was a *very devil*, but that he should now let *her* know, in her turn, that he was Beelzebub, the prince of devils; and then taking her up by the waist, swore, if she did not immediately obey his orders, he would throw her out of the window.

This may serve to shew what a spirit he possessed, and how well the company were governed. But, however,

what they had regarded, hitherto, as legal government, at length appeared to be downright tyranny; upon which a rebellion commenced, with Senesino at the head of it, and all became tumult and civil war. The merits of the quarrel are not known—the nobility were not willing to part with Senesino, and Handel had resolved to have no further concerns with him; and thus the academy was at once dissolved.

Handel still continued at the Haymarket, but his audiences gradually sunk away; so that he was obliged to repair to Italy in search of new singers, and returned to London, where he embarked on a new bottom. He carried it on for three or four years, but it did not answer, on account of some of the nobility patronising Farinelli: in short, the opposition to him was so strong, that, with all his splendid talents, his affairs declined. His fortune was not more impaired than his health: his right arm was become useless to him from a stroke of the palsy; and his senses were greatly disordered at intervals for a short time. In this unhappy state he repaired to the vapour balls at Aix-la-Chapelle, and there he received a wonderful cure.

Soon after his return to London, in 1736, his "*Alexander's Feast*" was performed at Covent Garden, and applauded. The Italian party was, however, too strong for him; and he was obliged, in 1741, to go to Dublin, where he was well received. He returned to London in 1742, when the minds of most men were disposed in his favour, and the æra of his prosperity returned. He immediately began his oratorios in Covent Garden, which he continued, with uninterrupted success and unrivalled glory, till within eight days of his death. The last was performed on the 8th, and he expired on the 14th of April, 1759.

Handel, in his person, was large, and rather corpulent; ungraceful in his gait, which was ever sauntering, and had somewhat of that rocking motion which distinguishes those whose legs are bowed. His features were finely marked, and the general cast of his countenance placid, bespeaking dignity attempered with benevolence, and every quality of

the heart which has a tendency to beget confidence and ensure esteem.

Though he was impetuous, rough, and peremptory in his manners and conversation, yet he was totally devoid of ill-nature or malevolence ; indeed, there was an original humour and pleasantry in his most lively sallies of anger and impatience, which, united with his broken English, rendered him rather the cause of merriment than uneasiness. His natural propensity to wit and humour, and a happy manner of relating common occurrences in an uncommon way, enabled him to throw persons and things into very ridiculous attitudes.

Dr. Warren, who attended him in his last sickness, said that he was perfectly sensible of his approaching dissolution ; and, having been always impressed with a profound reverence for the doctrines and duties of the Christian religion, that he had most seriously and devoutly wished, for several days before his death, that he might breathe his last, as actually happened, on *Good Friday*, in hopes, he said, of meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Saviour, on the day of his resurrection ; meaning the third day, or Easter Sunday following.

The loss of sight was an awful warning, which wrought a great change in his temper and general behaviour. Throughout life he was a man of blameless morals, and manifested a deep and rational sense of religion. In conversation he would frequently declare the pleasure he felt in setting the Scriptures to music, and how much contemplation of the many sublime passages in the Psalms had contributed to his edification ; and now that he found himself near his end, these sentiments were improved into solid and rational piety, attended with a calm and even temper of mind.

For the last two or three years of his life, he constantly attended Divine Service in his own parish church of St. George, Hanover-square, where his looks and gesticulations indicated the utmost fervour of unaffected devotion. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, the Dean, Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, assisted by the choir,

HANDEL.

performing the funeral solemnity. Over the place of his interment is a monument, designed and executed by Roubilliac, representing him in full length, in an erect posture, with a music paper in his hand, inscribed, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," with the notes to which these words are so admirably set in his "Messiah."

Those who are but little acquainted with Handel are unable to characterise him otherwise than by his excellencies in his art, and certain foibles in his nature, which he was never studious to conceal. Accordingly, we are told that he had an enormous appetite, that he preferred Burgundy to Port, and that, when provoked, he would break out into profane expressions.

Dr. Kitchener, in his Housekeeper's Ledger, 1824, says—"Our incomparable and inspired composer, Handel, required uncommonly large and frequent supplies of food. Among other stories told of this great musician, it is said, that whenever he dined, he always ordered 'DINNER FOR THREE,'—and on receiving for answer to his question—'Is the dinner retty?'—'As soon as the company come'—he said '*con strepito*' 'Den pring up te tinner '*prestissimo*' I AM DE GOMBANY."

Handel, late in life, like the greatest of poets, Homer and Milton, was afflicted with blindness, which, however it might dispirit or embarrass him at other times, had no effect on his nerves or intellects in public; as he continued to play concertos and voluntaries between the parts of his oratorios to the last, with the same vigour of thought and touch for which he was ever so justly renowned. To see him, however, led to the organ, after this calamity, at upwards of seventy years of age, and then conducted towards the audience to make his accustomed obeisance, was a sight so truly afflicting and deplorable to persons of sensibility, as greatly diminished their pleasure on hearing him perform.



SIR JAMES MACINTOSH.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, M. P.

In council and in conduct wise and stay'd ;
In conversation, modest as a maid ;
Plain and sincere, observant of the right,
In mien and manners an accomplish'd knight.

Chaucer translated.

THIS distinguished senator was born in the obscure parish of Dorish, in the shire of Inverness, on the 24th of October, 1705. The Mackintoshes, or rather *M'Kintoshes*, of which his family constituted a branch, was one of the most ancient, although not one of the most powerful clans in the north. They could at one time, however, bring five or six hundred fighting men into the field ; but their chieftain was at length eclipsed by more potent neighbours, and they themselves were obliged to recur to policy, in order to preserve their political and civil existence. In the rebellion of 1715, we believe they were unanimous, but in 1745, they temporised, one portion having joined the Pretender under the banners of a high-minded female, Lady Mackintosh, while the remainder prudently kept aloof from the contest.

The father of the subject of this memoir, like most, if not all his progenitors, was bred to arms, and having obtained a commission in the British troops, spent some years in the service ; during which period, he was stationed with his regiment for a considerable time in the garrison of Gibraltar. It was in consequence perhaps of this service, that the care of his eldest son, was entrusted to a grandmother. To the instruction of this old lady, James was

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

confided, until he had attained that age, when boys are usually rescued from the thralldom of female tuition. He received the first rudiments of his education in the village of Fortrose; where his talents having been witnessed by a Mr. Stalker, that gentleman advised young Mackintosh's friends to send him to a neighbouring university: accordingly he repaired to King's College, Old Aberdeen; after remaining here the regular time, he left the university, and went to Edinburgh to study medicine. He had now an opportunity of hearing the lectures of Dr. William Cullen, at that time Professor of Practical Medicine, and author of the *First Lines of Physic*, as well as a work on the *Materia Medica*. The well known celebrity of this able physician attracted a crowd of students to the capital of Scotland, and Mr. Mackintosh, as is to often the case with young men of a sprightly turn, and sanguine temperaments participated alike in the instruction and dissipation of that city. The gay, young, and volatile Highlander, now let loose from restraint, opened his eyes with delight on the scene around him. Hitherto accustomed only to the simple scenes and manners of his native "heath-covered mountains," he became suddenly initiated in the delights of a capital; and his appetite for sensual pleasures bore an exact proportion, perhaps, to his former abstinence from them. Notwithstanding this occasional dissipation, of the folly of which no one was more sensible than himself, he already began to be distinguished by those men famous for their attainments. Adam Smith, the celebrated author of the *Wealth of Nations*, proffered him his friendship; and the Earl of Buchan, an accomplished nobleman honoured him by the proposal of writing a life of Fletcher of Saltoun, the Scottish patriot, in conjunction with himself. At length in 1787 he received his degree from the university as Doctor of Physic. Dr. Mackintosh now hastened to the metropolis, where, instead of following his profession, he commenced author, and sent forth to the world a pamphlet in favour of an unlimited and unfettered regency of the Prince of Wales. Foiled in his attempts in politics, he repaired to the continent to study medicine, but returned

to England at the memorable epoch of the French revolution, and entered himself as a student of Lincoln's-inn: he was called to the bar by that society in 1792, and began to practise.

In 1789, he married Miss Stuart, of Gerrard-street, Soho, by whom he has had five children. About 1792, he had the misfortune to lose this lady.

In Edinburgh, he had, of course, acquired the friendship, and excited the admiration, of the greatest wits of the time. The present Lords Gillies and Eldon, and the all-accomplished Dean of Faculty (Cranstoun), were of the number. In the capital he naturally obtained a favourable introduction to "the man of the people," not less celebrated for wit and refined taste, than for eloquence in debate and liberality in political principles. The impression which he made upon the illustrious circle of which Mr. Fox was the head and ornament, may be inferred from the unanimous selection of "the stripling" to encounter "the Goliath" of the Alarmists. The *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* was written immediately after the publication of "Burke's Reflections, &c." for the purpose of vindicating the fond admirers of a revolution in France against the imputations and charges so unsparingly and so eloquently cast upon them. The events of 1789, 1790, and 1791, were not too frightful to be defended. The caprices, cruelties and oppressions of the old *regime* were fresh in remembrance, and heartily condemned by all Englishmen; and the revolutionary movements had not yet threatened all Kings and kingly governments with destruction. The Essay analyzed, exposed, and refuted the declamations of Burke with great skill; set forth the general principles of political amelioration with the utmost precision and force, and advocated the conduct of those who wished for success to the attempt to substitute *law* for *caprice*, with a tone of humanity and enlightened regard to the state of society, which rises to the very highest eloquence. The temper with which he treated his venerable opponent was universally admired, and led to a visit at Beaconsfield, which yielded mutual gratification.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Foreign politics had taken a disastrous course, and the fondest admirers of the dawn became the most chagrined by the dark overcasting of the horizon. Mr. Mackintosh applied to the benchers of Lincoln's-inn for permission to deliver lectures in their Hall upon the laws of nations. Some zealots wished him to be restricted from any political allusions, but that restriction, which would have amounted to a complete refusal, was liberally and effectually resisted by Mr. Pitt, himself a bencher. The lectures obtained uncommon eclat. Statesmen and politicians, and lawyers of all parties and gradations, attended and admired. From that he took the station which he has since held at the head of the international lawyers of Europe.

In 1798, he married one of the daughters of Captain Allen, of Cressella in Pembrokeshire, by whom he has had several children.

In the year 1802, a singular prosecution was undertaken in this country at the instigation of our ally, the First Consul of the French Republic. Mr. Perceval, the Attorney-General, conducted the prosecution; the present Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench was what is technically called the Attorney-General's *devil*. Mr. Mackintosh defended Peltier, and gave expression to his indignant regret for the defeat of early hopes from the French Revolution; for the flagrant outrages perpetrated by the Lords of the Ascendant in that dreadful career, and for the abused success and despotic purposes of Napoleon Buonaparte, with a splendour and force of eloquence which electrified the whole British empire. He had previously been introduced to the First Consul. Soon after this he accepted of the office of recorder of Bombay, which he discharged for ten years with the utmost dignity, impartiality, and satisfaction. On his return, in 1812, he found Mr. Perceval Premier, and might easily take office at home with the highest prospects which ambition could desire; but he chose rather to sacrifice his ambition to his principles.

In 1814, he took his seat in Parliament for the county of Nairn, and very judiciously made his maiden speech in

behalf of the little republics and independent States which had formerly adorned the shores of the Adriatic, the Mediterranean, and the German Ocean. On such an occasion he was well able to expound the laws of nations and the principles of public liberty. Some country Member, who required the assistance of the Holy Alliance to understand such refinements, expressed his disappointment. His first great efforts in Parliament were directed to the mitigation of the Criminal Code, a bequest left him by Sir Samuel Romilly. His eloquence proved eminently powerful and successful in this cause. The House pledged themselves to revision, and many deformities have since been repealed. In 1819, he engaged in a memorable conflict with Mr. Canning, his early and constant friend, respecting the new restrictions then imposed on the Press. Both displayed extraordinary acquirements, address, and eloquence; and if Sir James was the more powerful in argument and illustration, his cause was decidedly the more just as well as the more liberal. In the cause of Naples and of Spain his exertions were strenuous and irresistible in England, but Austrian and French bayonets were on the other side.

“*Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*”

The last labours of his eloquence have been devoted to South America, with better auspices and more propitious fortunes. “The gods” of the Holy Alliance cannot send their “victorious arms” to the other side of the Atlantic, and there “Cato’s principles” are destined to triumph.

The composition of Sir James Mackintosh’s speeches is by far the most perfect that has adorned the British senate. It is ornate, without affectation or feebleness. It fully satisfies the ear, and yet every word is necessary and effective. The delivery is particularly energetic. In the very highest bursts, when the cheers of Members vie with the orator’s voice, the tones become harsh and somewhat painful. Here is his greatest defect; for in this he is greatly surpassed by Messrs. Canning and

Brougham. Sir James is dignified and commanding in his personal appearance, and his action graceful and manly.

He still cannot rank as the best debater. It is the lecturer, the moral reasoner, and not the partizan who addresses the House. He will not run riot with false but fashionable and favored declamation; he takes no unfair advantage of his opponent; he conceals and withholds nothing in order to gain a temporary victory. His speeches are lessons of political wisdom, not party or personal invectives—

“Calm as the fields of heaven his sapient eye.”

This philosophic habit of contemplation and reasoning may be regarded as a happy qualification for the historian of England, in a period peculiarly distracted by party contests. The Whigs ruled from the Revolution of England to the Revolution of France, with some slight exceptions. The historian of the great events of those times ought, perhaps, to be friendly to that dethroned party; but he ought to be free from the dominion of prejudice, animosity, and bigotry. Mr. Hume is justly charged with a violent Tory bias; his successor cannot reasonably be suspected of any violent bias.



EDWARD ALLEYN,

the Founder of Dulwich College

EDWARD ALLEYN.

If he be not fellow with the best king,
Thou shalt find him the best king of good fellows.

Henry V.

ALLEYN was one of the earliest of our celebrated English Comedians, having attained the summit of his profession before the year 1592, when the famous poet, Christopher Marlow, died; in whose play of *The Jew of Malta*, Heywood informs us that "the part of the Jew [Barabas] was performed by *so inimitable an actor* as Mr. Alleyn;" and in the prologue, at the revival of this play at the Cock-pit, after Alleyn's death, he says:

"We know not how our play may pass this stage,
But by the best of poets* in that age,
The Malta Jew had being, and was made;
And he, then by *the best of actors* † play'd.
In Hero and Leander once did gain
A lasting memory; in Tamerlane,
This Jew, with others many, th' other won
The attribute of *peerless*; being a man
Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)
Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue:
So could he speak, so vary."

The character of Barabas, the Jew of Malta, is a capital one; and to have gained the addition of *peerless* by the performance of it, the actor must have been gifted with super-eminent powers.—Ben Jonson, who was sel-

* Marlow.

† Alleyn.

EDWARD ALLEYN.

dom lavish of his praises, thus speaks of Alleyn, in his 89th epigram.

“ If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,
Fear'd not to boast the glories of her stage,
As skilful Roscius, and grave Æsop, men
Yet crown'd with honours, as with riches then ;
Who had no less a trumpet of their name
Than Cicero, whose ev'ry breath was fame :
How can so great example die in me,
That, Allen, I should pause to publish thee ?
Who both their graces in thyself hast more
Outstript, than they did all that went before :
And present worth in all dost so contract,
As others speak, but only thou dost act.
Wear this renown, 'tis just, that who did give
So many poets life, by one should live.”

From a memorandum in his own hand-writing now extant, it appears, that Alleyn was born September 1, 1566, near Devonshire House, in the parish of St. Botolph, without Bishopsgate: he must therefore have applied himself very early to the Drama, to have reached the degree of perfection ascribed to him before Marlow's death: possibly he was, like Field, Pavy, &c. trained to it from his childhood. That he had a fine person, and an expressive countenance, his portrait; still existing, evinces; the other necessary endowments of genius, voice, feeling, &c. we may conclude him to have been possessed of from the following extract. In some MSS. of the Lord Keeper Puckering; in the Harleian Library, a writer of that age, speaking of Alleyn about the period of his zenith, says, that “ he had then so captivated the town, and so monopolized the favour of his audience by those agreeable varieties he could so readily command, in his voice, countenance, and gesture, and so judiciously adapt to the characters he played, as even to animate the most lifeless compositions, and so highly improve them, that he wholly engaged those who heard and saw him, from considering

the propriety of the sentiments he pronounced, or of the parts he personated; and all the defects of the poet were either beautified, palliated or atoned for, by the perfections of the player.”

But the highest praise due to this great and good man is, that having acquired a very considerable property by his acting; the profits of his theatre, called *The Fortune*, in Whitecross-street; his post of Keeper of the King's Wild Beasts, or Master of the Royal Bear-Garden; together with the dowry of two wives; he appropriated nearly the whole of it to the building and endowment of a college at Dulwich, called *The College of God's Gift*; of which munificence the following pious memorial, in his own hand-writing, was found among his papers. “May 26, 1620, my wife and I acknowledge the fine at the Common-Pleas bar, of all our lands to the college: blessed be God, that hath given us life to do it.”

Prynne, in his *Histrio-Mastix*, says, the *Fortune* was burnt to the ground by some accident, which I suppose he thought a judgment, as all fanatical writers generally do. The *Globe* play-house, situate on the Bankside, which was thatched with reeds, was also burnt down in 1613; and by the fall of the play-house in Black-Fryers, August, 1623, eighty-one persons of quality were killed.

The following are the names of our earliest play-houses. *The Theatre*; *The Curtain*; *The Cockpit*, or *Phoenix*; *The Swan*; *The Rose*; *The Hope*.*

In the reign of Charles I. there were six play-houses allowed in town; the *Black Fryars* company, his majesty's servants; the *Bull*, in St. John's Street; the *Fortune*; another at the *Globe*; and a sixth at the *Cock-pit* in Drury Lane; all which continued acting till the beginning of the Civil Wars.† The scattered remnant of several of these

* See Malone's Shakspeare.

† The fanatical zeal of the Nonconformists could bear no exhibitions or shows but their own: all stage-players these religionists looked upon as profane; and devoted the actors, whom they denominated the children of Satan, to perdition. In Randolph's *Muses Looking Glass*, 1640, is the following humourous dialogue

houses, upon King Charles's restoration, framed a company who again acted at the Bull, and built them a new house in Gibbon's Tennis Court, in Clare Market; in which two places, they continued acting in 1660, 1661, 1662, and part of 1663. In this time, they built a new Theatre in Drury Lane, which opened on the 8th of April, 1663, with the Humorous Lieutenant.

The price of admission to the *Globe*, was one shilling to the boxes, and sixpence to the pit; and a mention is made, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Hater*, of a two-penny gallery. Seats of three-pence and a groat are also mentioned; and afterwards, to some of the houses, the prices were from six-pence to two shillings and six-pence.

The custom of playing in Inn Yards, is illustrated by two orders of Privy Council in 1557, preserved, with other minutes, among the Harleian manuscripts, at the British Museum. The first, dated September, from St. James's, is noticed, as "a letter to the Lord Maiore of London, to give order, that some of his officeres doe forthwith repaire to the Bores Head, without Aldgate,* where the Lordes are informed a lewde play, called '*A sack full of Newse*' shall be plaied this day, the plaiers whereof he is willed to apprehend, and to commit to safewarde, untill he shall heare further from hence, and to take their play-

between *Bird*, a feather-man, and Mrs. *Flowerdew*, two of the sanctified fraternity.

Flow. It was a zealous prayer I heard a broker make concerning play-houses.

Bird. For Charity was it?

Flow. That the *Globe*

Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been consumed! The *Phœnix* burnt to ashes;
The *Fortune* whipt for a blind w——: *Blackfriars*
He wonders how he scap'd demolishing
I' th' time of reformation: lastly he wished
The *Bull* might crosse the *Thames* to the *Bear Garden*,
And there be soundly baited!

Bird. A good prayer!"

* Now the Blue Boar Inn.

booke from them, and to send the same hether." The next is a letter, sent on the following day, to the same magistrate, "willinge him to sett at libertie the playeres by him apprehended by order from hence yesterdaye, and to give them and all otheres, playeres, throughout the cittie, in commandment and charge, not to playe any playes but between the Feast of All Saints and Shroftyde, and then only such [as] are seene and allowed by the Ordinarye."

In the reign of Elizabeth, the acting of plays was chiefly confined to Sundays, the hours of prayer being excepted. In 1598, *one o'Clock* was the usual hour at which the play begun; but in 1609, it was thrown back to *three*. The usual time consumed in the exhibition, was usually two hours, as appears from a passage in the prologue to Shakspeare's *Henry VIII*.

—————"Those that come—
I'll undertake, may see away their *shilling*
Richly in *two short hours*."

Heywood,* in his *Actors Vindication*, commending many deceased players, concludes thus: "Among so many dead, let me not forget the most worthy, famous Mr. Edward Allen, who in his life-time erected a colledge at Dulledge for Poor People, and for Education of Youth: When this Colledge was finisht, this famous man was so mingled with humility and charity, that he became his own pensioner; humbly submitting himself to that proportion of diet and cloathes, which he had bestowed on others."

Dulwich College was founded for a master and warden, who are always to be of the name of Alleyn or Allen, with four fellows, three of whom were to be divines, and the fourth an organist; and for six poor men, as many poor

* Heywood was a jester to Henry VIII. but who lived till the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, and was one of the earliest dramatic writers

women, and twelve boys, to be educated in the College by one of the fellows as school-master, and by another as usher. To this College belongs a chapel, in which the founder himself, who was several years master, lies buried. The master of the College is lord of the manor for a considerable extent of ground. Both he and the warden must be unmarried, and are for ever debarred the privilege of entering into that state, on pain of being excluded the College.

The original edifice, which was begun about the year 1614, after a plan of Inigo Jones, is in the old taste, and contains the chapel, master's apartment, &c. in the front, and the lodgings of other inhabitants in the wings, whereof that on the east side was handsomely new built in 1739 at the expense of the College. The library once possessed a valuable collection of old plays, the gift of William Cartwright, the comedian, an acquaintance of the founder's. Not far from the library is a gallery, containing 350 pictures, which were bequeathed by Sir Francis Bourgeois : it contains, besides, some of the finest specimens by Cuyp, Claude, Titian, and Vandyke ; a curious View of London in 1603, with the representation of the city procession on the Lord Mayor's day ; portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, Sir Thomas Gresham, &c. &c.

The College is accommodated with a very pleasant garden, adorned with walks and a profusion of fruit trees. Over the entrance is a latin inscription, stating the nature of the charity, and by whom founded.

He died November 25, 1626, in the sixty-first year of his age ; and was interred in the chapel of his own college.

The conclusion to be drawn from the life of this admirable actor and excellent man is, that, however narrow-minded and bigotted persons may have endeavoured to degrade the stage in the eyes of the ignorant ; prudence, integrity, benevolence, and piety, are as compatible with the profession of a player, as with any other rank or degree in life whatever.



SHENSTONE.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
He, whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!
He sleeps in dust!

Beattie.

SHENSTONE was the eldest son of Thomas Shenstone, a plain, uneducated country gentleman, who farmed his own estate, and Anne Pen. He was born at the Leasowes, in Hales-Owen, in Shropshire, in November, 1714.

He learned to read of an old dame, to whom perhaps we are indebted for his poem of the *School-mistress*, descriptive of his female pedagogue. He was soon removed to the grammar-school in Hales-Owen, and afterwards placed under the tuition of Mr. Crompton. at Solihul, where he distinguished himself by so rapid a progress, as to induce his father to determine on giving him a learned education. In 1732, he was sent to Pembroke-college in Oxford, being designed for the church; but, though he had the most awful notions of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, he never could be persuaded to enter into orders. After his first four years' residence at the university, he assumed the civilian's gown, but without shewing any intention to engage in the profession. It is to be presumed, however, that he found both delight and advantage at college, as he continued there ten years, though he took no degree: during which period he employed himself in writing English poetry; a small miscellany of which, without his name, was published in 1737.

In 1740 he published his *Judgment of Hercules*, addressed to Mr. Lyttleton; and about two years afterwards he produced his imitations of Spenser, *The School-mistress*.

His progenitors being all deceased before the expiration of his minority, the management of his affairs was entrusted to the Rev. Mr. Dolman, of Brome in Staffordshire; to whose attention he was indebted for his ease and leisure; whose integrity he always acknowledged with gratitude; and upon whose death, in 1745, the care of his own fortune unavoidably fell upon him.

The sordid inheritor ruminates on how much per acre the land does, or may be made to produce; the prodigal heir calculates what ready cash may be raised by selling so-much timber, or the sale of the Mansion-house: Shenstone surveyed his paternal fields only with a view to their improvement in picturesque beauty, and spent his small estate in adorning it.

In the preface to his "*Works in Verse and Prose*," the ingenious and ingenuous Mr. Dodsley says, "He was no œconomist: the generosity of his temper prevented him from paying a proper regard to the use of money: he exceeded therefore the bounds of his paternal fortune, which, before he died, was considerably encumbered. But when one recollects the perfect paradise he had raised around him, the hospitality with which he lived, his great indulgence to his servants, his charities to the indigent, and all done with an estate not more than three hundred pounds a year, one should rather be led to wonder that he left any thing behind him, than to blame his want of œconomy. He left, however, more than sufficient to pay all his debts, and by his will appropriated his whole estate for that purpose.—His person," Mr. Dodsley adds, "as to height, was above the middle stature, but largely and rather inelegantly formed: his face seemed plain till you conversed with him, and then it grew very pleasing. In his dress he was negligent, even to a fault; though when young, at the university, he was accounted a beau. He wore his own hair, which was grey very early, in a particular manner; not from any affectation of singularity,

but from a maxim he had laid down, that without too slavish a regard to fashion, every one should dress in a manner most suitable to his own person and figure." In November, 1751, he lost an only and beloved brother; whose death he thus pathetically laments, in a letter to his friend Mr. Graves:—"How have I prostituted my sorrow on occasions that little concerned me! I am ashamed to think of that idle 'Elegy upon Autumn,' when I have so much more important cause to hate and to condemn it *now*; but the glare and gaiety of the Spring is what I *principally* dread; when I shall find all things restored but my poor brother, and something like those lines of Milton will run for ever in my thoughts:

"—————Thus, with the year,
Seasons return; but not to *me* returns
A brother's cordial smile, at eve or morn."

I shall then seem to wake from amusements, company, every sort of inebriation with which I have been endeavouring to lull my grief asleep, as from a dream; and I shall feel as if I were, *that instant*, despoiled of all I have chiefly valued for thirty years together—of all my present happiness, and all my future prospects. The melody of birds, which he no more must hear; the cheerful beams of the sun, of which he no more must partake; *every* wonted pleasure will produce that sort of pain to which my temper is most obnoxious."

Whether it might be from consideration of the narrowness of his income, or whatever motive, he never married; though it is said, he might have obtained the lady who was the subject of his admired PASTORAL BALLAD, in four parts; "*Absence, Hope, Solitude, Disappointment:*" but, from the title of the last division of the *Ballad*, it should seem that the fair one, whoever she might be, was inexorable.

Shenstone was one day walking through his romantic retreat, in company with his Delia (whose real name was Wilmot) when a person rushed out of a thicket, and

presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. "Money," says he, "is not worth struggling for. You cannot be poorer than I am; therefore, unhappy man, take it (throwing him his purse) and fly as quickly as possible." The man did so: he threw his pistol into the water, and in a moment disappeared. Shenstone ordered the foot-boy, who followed behind them, to pursue the robber at a distance, and observe whither he went. In a short time, the boy returned and informed his master that he followed the man to Hales-Owen, where he lived; that he went also to the very door of his house, and peeped through the key-hole; that as soon as the man entered, he threw the purse on the ground, and addressed himself to his wife: "Take (says he) the dear-bought price of my honesty:" then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, "I have ruined my soul, to keep you from starving;" and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Shenstone enquired after the man's character, and found that he was a labourer, who was reputed honest and industrious, but oppressed by want and a numerous family. He went to his house, when the man threw himself at his feet, and implored mercy. Shenstone not only forgave him, but found him employment as long as he lived.

Shenstone wrote a poem on *Delia's dying Kid*; where he says—

A tear bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid must die;
From crystal spring and flowery mead
Must in his prime of life recede!

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die.

But knows my Delia, timely wise,
How soon this blameless era flies?
While violence and craft succeed,
Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

This elegant poet, and amiable man, being seized by a putrid fever, died at his "*beautified*" Leasowes, about five on Friday morning, February 11, 1763; and was buried by the side of his beloved brother in the Church-yard of Hales-Owen.

The incidents of his life are few and simple; consisting only of occasional jaunts to London, Bath, &c. the improving and adorning his estates; the paying and receiving visits; and the producing one of the most pleasing, if not sublime, collections of poetry in the English language.

Sublimity indeed was not the attribute of Shenstone; neither does he seem to have had that relish for it in the writings of others, which might have been expected in a poet of so tender and polished a genius.

Of Milton's sublime Masque he says, "Comus I have once been at, for the sake of the songs, though I detest it in any *light*: but as a *dramatic* piece the *taking* of it seems a *prodigy*: yet indeed *such-a-one*, as was pretty tolerably accounted for by a gentleman who sate by me in the *boxes*. This learned sage, being asked how he liked the play, made answer, 'he could not tell—pretty well, he thought—or indeed as well as any other play—he always took it, that people only came there to see and to be seen—for as for what was said, he owned, he never understood any thing of the matter.'

I told him, I thought a great many of its admirers were in his case, if they would but own it." Had this confession been made on seeing "Comus," as of late years it has been presented, in a mutilated, mangled state, it would not be surprising; but the above was written in the year 1740, soon after its revival, with Dalton's congenial insertions, accompanied by Arne's delightful melodies; graced and enriched by the action and harmony of Quin, Milward, Beard, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Arne, and Mrs. Cibber.

To do Shenstone justice, it must be acknowledged, that he seems to have taken great pains to acquire a taste for Spenser (see his Letters), but never to have thoroughly accomplished it; he wrote, himself, so much to the ear,

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

that, "Where more is meant than meets the ear," was "caviare" to him: and he is chiefly pleased with the ludicrous of the sublime author of the "Four Hymns in honour of Love, Beauty, Heavenly Love, and Heavenly Beauty;" "Daphnaida;" "The Ruines of Time;" "The Tears of the Muses;" &c. &c. &c. and the unrivalled, though but half-finished, "Faerie Queene."

The freedom of animadversion here assumed, is not, it is hoped, used arrogantly; it relates merely to *taste*, which varies mentally, as well as corporeally, in almost every man: the blameless subject of these strictures, let his writings or opinions have been what they might, made one slight above most men:

"HIS LIFE WAS UNSTAINED BY ANY CRIME."



GEORGE VILLIERS

Duke of Buckingham.

GEORGE VILLIERS,
DUKE, MARQUIS, AND EARL OF BUCKINGHAM;
&c. &c. &c.

Some are born great, some atchieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon them.

Shakspeare.

GEORGE VILLIERS was born on the 28th of August, 1592, at Brookesby: he was the second son of George Villiers, and Mary, daughter of Anthony Beaumont, of Colehor-ton, Esq. Wotton* says, the early years of young Villiers were marked more for a love of frivolity, such as dancing, than a thirst for literature and sound learning. Lloyd also, in his State Favorities, mentions, that "His skill in letters was very mean: for finding nature more indulgent to him in the ornaments of the body than of the mind, the tendency of his youthful genius was rather to improve those excellencies wherein his choice felicity consisted, than to addict himself to morose and sullen bookishness; therefore his chief exercise was dancing, fencing," &c. &c.

He was sent to France, as being a cheap ⁵stace; but his income was so scanty, that he was obliged to leave it; and returned to London, and fell a wooing a daughter of Sir Roger Ashton, a gentleman of the bed-chamber, and master of the robes to James I.; but he could not go on with this match for want of 100 marks, to answer the expence of keeping himself decent; he therefore entered into friendship with Sir John Graham of the Privy Chamber, who persuaded him to try his fortune at court; and by frequently shewing his fine shape, says Sir William Dugdale, the king (James I.) soon took notice of him: it was some time before that monarch shewed any kindness for him, till in a progress at Althorp in Northamptonshire, at

* Life of Buckingham, 4to. 1642.

a play, when the king took Sir John Graham (Villiers's friend) aside, and told him how much he liked the young gentleman, and gave him private directions how he should bring him into business. "No other reason appeared in favour of his choice, but handsomeness; for the love the king shewed, was as amorously conveyed as if he had mistaken the sex, and thought him a lady.* Clarendon says, that the first introduction of George Villiers into favour, was purely from the handsomeness of his person; and that the king's natural disposition was very flowing in affection towards persons so adorned." Dr. Birch observes of Villiers, that he had scarce any other advantages to recommend him to his majesty, than those of a most graceful person.† And Harris says, Villiers was promoted solely on account of his beauty.‡

The first post Mr. Villiers was promoted to, was that of cub-bearer to the King, because he should be always near the person of his majesty. He was shortly after knighted in the Queens' bed-chamber, and sworn one of the gentlemen of his majesty's bed-chamber.

On the 23d of April, 1615, a thousand pounds a year was settled on him; and on the 4th of January, 1616, he was appointed master of the Horse, and also Lord Privy Seal.

And now Buckingham becomes the favorite, being on terms of the greatest familiarity with his sovereign, as is evident from the letters which passed between them, still

* Osborne's Life of James I.

† James's *love* for Car, Earl of Somerset, was on the wane so soon as he beheld young Villiers; but yet, that monarch was very anxious to make Somerset believe that his regard for him was as strong as ever; for the night before Somerset's apprehension for the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, the king took leave of him at Royston, and hung about his neck, slobbering his cheeks: saying, "for God's sake when shall I see thee again? on my soul, I shall neither eat nor sleep till you come again: then lolled about his neck: then for God's sake, give thy lady this kiss for me: in the same manner at the stairs head, at the middle of the stairs, and at the foot of the stairs." Although James made this disgusting shew of affection, he knew perfectly well he should never see Somerset again, and that he would be apprehended the next morning. Certainly James was one of the most hypocritical and contemptible monarchs that ever swayed the British sceptre.

‡ Birch's View of the Negotiations, &c. p. 84.

extant in the Harlean library, full of the obscenest expressions in our language, and such as Dr. Welwood says *might make a bawd blush to repeat*.* The Doctor, who transcribed many of these letters, also remarks, "Not to blot these papers with the bawdy that is in some of the letters of King James, I shall only observe that in one of them, he tells Buckingham, he wears *his picture under his waistcoat, next his heart*; and in another, *he bids him, his only sweet dear child, hasten to him to Birely that night, that his white teeth might shine upon him.*"

Buckingham was installed Knight of the Garter, on St. George's day, 1616; and on the 17th of August, created Baron of Whaddon; he was soon after created Viscount Villiers; and on the 5th of January, 1617, Earl of Buckingham. On the 1st of January, 1618, he was created Marquis of Buckingham; and the year following, Lord High Admiral of England, though then scarce six and twenty years of age. Indeed the King not only heaped riches and honours on his favourite, but also on all his family; and if we may believe Sir Edward Peyton, his Majesty even condescended to pimp for Buckingham; he invited Sir John Crafts and his daughter to Newmarket, to set at the table of the King, in order that Buckingham might the easier vitiate her; he also took his favourite to Calford, where Mrs. Dorothy Gawdy, a great beauty, resi-

* Although our space is so circumscribed, we cannot refrain giving the reader one royal specimen of pure legitimate stuff: it is a letter from James I. to Buckingham, and without date.

"My only sweet and dear child,

"Blessing, blessing, blessing on thy heart's roots, and all thine, this Thursday morning. Here is a great store of game, as they say, partridges and stoncorleurs: I know who shall get their part of them; and here is the finest company of young hounds that ever was seen. God bless the sweet masters of my harriers, that made them to be so well kept all summer; I mean *Tom Badger*. I assure myself, thou wilt punctually observe the dyet and journey I set thee down in my first letter from Theobald's. God bless thee, and my sweet *Kate* and *Moll*, to the comfort of thy dear Dad,

JAMES R."

P. S. "Let my last compliment settle to thy heart, till we have a sweet and comfortable meeting."

ded, in order that Buckingham might have his will on her ; but she was rescued by Sir N. Bacon's sons.*

Yet, amidst all these inconsistencies, Buckingham was ever the ardent interceder of unfortunate malefactors ; in him was always found a successful advocate ; as it was his constant saying, " that hanging was the worst use a man could be put to."

Buckingham now lived in greater pomp than any nobleman of his time ; having six horses to his carriage ; and was carried about the streets in a chair on men's shoulders. In dress, he was extravagant beyond precedent. It was common with him at any ordinary dancing, to have his cloathes trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hat-bands, cockades and ear-rings, to be yoked with great and manifold knots of pearl ;—in short, to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels ; insomuch, that at his going over to Paris, in 1625, he had 27 suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold and gems could contribute ; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds, valued at four-score thousand pounds, besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds ; as were also his girdle, hat-band and spurs.

His entertainments to the king were also of the most sumptuous order, in which the easy James would take rather more than prudence dictated ; for he was one of those who " never mixed water with his wine.† "

Could James's eyes have been opened, he had now full opportunity of observing how unfit Buckingham was for the high station to which he was raised. Some accomplishments of a courtier he possessed : of every talent of a minister he was utterly destitute. Headstrong in his passions, and incapable equally of prudence and of dissimulation ; sincere from violence rather than candour ; expensive from profusion rather than generosity ; a warm friend ; a furious enemy ; but without any choice or discernment in either. With these qualities he had early and quickly mounted to the highest rank, and partook at once of the

* Divine Catastrophe, p. 17. † Sully's Memoirs, vol. 2. p. 90.

insolence which attends a fortune newly acquired, and the impetuosity belonging to persons born in high stations, and unacquainted with opposition.* Indeed to such a height did he carry his insolence, that he was about to strike the Prince of Wales.

We now find Buckingham fully engaged in business : he was appointed to accompany the Prince of Wales to Madrid to espouse the Infanta of Spain ; on which foolish and expensive errand, it is well known they were unsuccessful. While in that capital, he received by the hands of Lord Carlisle, the patent creating him a Duke. On his return to England, he was made Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Steward of Hampton Court ; but these were only *outward* marks of royal favour ; for the King now began mortally to hate Buckingham, on account of his transactions in Spain : and the people also became disgusted with him. At this critical juncture, King James died (March 27th, 1625), but “ not without causing strong suspicions against Buckingham.†” Indeed, in a pamphlet called the *Forerunner of Revenge*, written by one Englishman, a physician, it is positively stated that James was poisoned by Buckingham, who gave him a white powder ; and that Buckingham’s mother applied a poisoned plaister to James’s heart and breast. Very much has been written on this subject ; and however suspicious the conduct of Buckingham and his mother was, it was never proved against them.‡ The parliament, however, in the year 1626, charged Buckingham with the crime ; but as they could not produce their proofs, the proceedings dropped ; and a dissolution soon followed.

Buckingham secured his interest with the heir apparent, and was made Lord High Steward, for the ceremony of the late King’s funeral. He was next employed on a journey to Paris, to bring over the Princess Henrietta Maria, the bride of the ill-fated Charles I.

* Hume, vol. vi. p. 17.

† Harris’s James, p. 237.

‡ For a more full account of this “ poisoning business”—See Smeeton’s Life of Buckingham, in his *Historical and Biographical Tracts*, vol. ii. 4to.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

The Parliament, the nobles, and the people, now most cordially hated Buckingham, whom they conceived to be the chief cause of most of their grievances; and, accordingly, we find the Earl of Bristol, at the bar of the House of Lords, accusing the Duke of Buckingham of high treason, and pledging his honour to prove it.

On May 8, 1626, the Commons brought up their charges of impeachment against Buckingham: they consisted of thirteen articles, the last one charging the Duke with applying plaisters to the breast of the late King, and giving him potions of drink, which caused the death of the said King. Buckingham gave in his answer to the impeachment, which did not satisfy the Commons; and while they were preparing for the trial of the Duke, Charles dissolved them.

During the time the Duke stood thus charged in the House of Commons, the King got him elected Chancellor of Cambridge, which served to increase the unfortunate breach between the King and the Commons.

He was next made general of the land forces to be employed in the Isle of Rhe: in this ill-advised and unfortunate expedition, Buckingham was defeated with the loss of 2,000 men: he returned to London, and was as well received by the king, as if he had been conqueror; and it was soon resolved, that the Duke should again proceed to Rhe, and he went accordingly to Portsmouth, where the fleet and army were to reudevous: when, on the 24th of August, 1628, he was stabbed by Felton, a gentleman of family in Suffolk, who had formerly been a lieutenant in the army.

It is certain the death of Buckingham was received with every demonstration of inward joy by the people; and when Felton was brought into London, in order to be tried at the King's Bench, he was received more like a conqueror, than an assassin; for they looked on him as a sacrifice for the public good; feeling assured, he did not commit the act for self-interest or private revenge, but from pure principles of love of country.





SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SIR WALTER RALEGH.

But who can speak
The num'rous worthies of the maiden reign?
But let us mark their ev'ry glory mix'd;
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd:
Not sunk his virtue when a coward reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times in all the long research,
So glorious or so base as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.

THOMSON.

SIR WALTER RALEGH,* a man, in point of bravery and ability, of learning and judgment, inferior to none of the age in which he lived, and superior to most, was born at Hayes, in the parish of Budley, near Devonshire, in the year 1552. It is uncertain where he received the first rudiments of his education; he studied, however, a few years at the university of Oxford; and his age did not exceed seventeen at the time of his departure for France, and he was there during the dreadful massacre of the protestants on the evening of St. Bartholomew, 1572.

In 1577, Sir Walter accompanied Sir John Norris, and the English army to the Netherlands, and shared in the honours and dangers of the memorable Lammas-day, 1578.

In 1580 he went to Ireland, and served there under Lord Grey, who was dispatched to quell the rebellion:

* Car'ey spells it *Ralegh*; Naunton and Bacon, *Rawleigh*; King James, *Ruleigh*; and Gascoigne, in his Steele Glass, calls it *Rawely*: but as Sir Walter himself spells it *Ralegh*, in his Letters, in the Harleian collection, we have adopted it.

here Raleigh behaved with the greatest bravery ; and these extraordinary services recommended him to the favour of queen Elizabeth : he was accordingly introduced at court ; and appointed to attend Simier to France, and the Duke of Anjou to Antwerp.

March 25, 1584, her Majesty granted him letters patent, to “ discover some remote heathen and barbarous lands, and to hold the same,” &c. On the receipt of this patent, Sir Walter fitted out two barks, it is said, principally at his own charge, and sailed from England on the 27th of April, 1584, and steered towards America and discovered Virginia. On his return he was knighted by queen Elizabeth, and elected one of the members for the county of Devon.

In 1586 Sir Walter fitted out a ship, at his sole expence, to sail for Virginia : it arrived there safe ; and returned to England, bringing with it for the first time, the Nicotiana, or Tobacco. Raleigh was very fond of smoking this herb ; and we are told in the *British Apollo*, 12mo. 1740, that when he first grew fond of a pipe, his servant one day brought his tankard of ale and nutmeg into his study, where Raleigh was reading and smoking. Seeing the smoke reek from his mouth, the man threw down the ale in a fright, and ran down stairs to alarm the family, crying *his master was on fire, and would be burned to ashes if he did not make haste to his assistance.*

About this time, he was appointed Seneschal of the Duchies of Cornwall and Exeter, and Lord Warden of the Stannaries in Devonshire and Cornwall ; and in 1587 received the additional honour of being appointed Captain of the Guard to her Majesty, and Lieutenant General of the county of Cornwall.

In 1588 he joined the fleet against the Armada ; and in this year was chosen one of the gentlemen of her Majesty's privy chamber, and had a patent granted him to make licences for keeping of taverns, and retailing of wines throughout all England.

Raleigh had now experienced the great difficulties he had to encounter in establishing the Virginian colony ; and

after expending £40,000. upon it, he assigned it over to a party of gentlemen, reserving to himself the fifth part of all gold and silver ore.

On the 6th of May, 1592, he sailed with a fleet to intercept the Spanish and Portuguese plate-fleet; and on the 3d of August took the *Madre de Dios*, the richest prize ever brought into England. In this year he married the lovely daughter of Sir Nicholas Thockmorton; after being committed to the Tower by Elizabeth for violating her person. On his release from the Tower he determined on the discovery of the rich and extensive empire of Guiana, in South America; and sailed from England the 6th of February, 1595. Sir Walter, although he discovered that rich and beautiful empire, could not gain possession of it, so he returned to England late in the summer of 1595, and was indifferently received at court.

We next find Raleigh engaged in the memorable action at Cadiz, in 1596, commanding the *Warspite*, and hoisting the ensign of Rear Admiral of the fleet. In this action he behaved with the most heroic bravery, but got wounded severely in his leg; and after demolishing the forts, and setting fire to the city, he re-embarked on the 5th of July, and arrived in safety at Plymouth, by the 10th of August, and was graciously received by the queen.

On the 26th of August, 1600, he was made Governor of Jersey.

Raleigh now lost his mistress; and on the death of Elizabeth, his fortunes sank to rise no more. Cecil prejudiced James against Raleigh, and he soon found himself neglected: his offices were given to Scotch favourites of the king; he was deprived of his wine license; but a pension of 300*l.* was granted him for his life. Scarcely had three months of the reign of this James elapsed before Raleigh was charged with treasonable practices against the government. It was a fit beginning for the reign of such a monarch—it was a cruel charge, because it was false—it was cowardly; but then it was done by a king who was called a *second Solomon*, on account of his learning. Solomon, the son of David the fiddler, as the witty French

SIR WALTER RALEGH.

monarch called him. But to return to the narrative. Cobham accused Raleigh of being privy to his plan with the Count Aremberg; whereupon he was committed to the Tower. He was shortly after indicted for High Treason; and as the plague raged in London, he was taken to Winchester, and there tried on the 17th of November, 1603, was found guilty, and received the sentence to be hung, drawn and quartered. The king and his government finding the people beheld the villainous conspiracy against Raleigh in its true light, were fearful of executing him; and he was therefore reprieved during his Majesty's pleasure, and again sent to the Tower. The king had neither virtue nor justice enough to release him; and his son, prince Henry, the darling of the people, said, *No king but his father would keep such a lord in such a cage.* At length, on the 17th of March, 1615-16, after a cruel imprisonment of more than twelve years, he obtained his liberty by bribery, and a change of James's favourites. No sooner was he released than he began to prosecute another voyage to Guiana, and accordingly, on the 28th of March, 1617, he sailed from the Thames with a pretty considerable fleet. This fatal voyage brought on him the vengeance of Gondamor, the Spanish-ambassador, then in England, a crafty designing statesman, who so completely gained the ascendancy of the weak James, that, upon hearing the result of the unfortunate expedition, he gave proof of his devotion to the Spanish interest, by issuing a proclamation, declaring his detestation of the conduct of the expedition, and requiring all persons who could give any information, to repair to the privy council. Raleigh, on seeing this proclamation when he landed at Plymouth, immediately surrendered himself; he afterwards meditated his escape, in the act of making which in disguise, he was betrayed by Stukely, and apprehended while in a boat at Woolwich, and re-committed to the Tower on the 10th of August, 1618. He was taken out of his bed in a fit of fever, on the 24th of August, and unexpectedly hurried, not to his trial, but to a sentence of death. Raleigh, on his return to his prison, while some were

deeply deploring his fate, observed that the world itself is but a larger prison, out of which some are daily selected for execution.

The last night of his existence was occupied by writing letters. His lady visited him that night, and amidst her tears acquainted him, that she had obtained the favour of disposing of his body; to which he answered smiling, "It is well, Bess, that thou mayst dispose of that dead, thou hadst not always the disposing of when it was alive." At midnight he entreated her to leave him. It must have been then, that, with unshaken fortitude, Raleigh sat down to compose those verses on his death, which being short, the most appropriate may be repeated.

" Even such is Time, that takes on trust,
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!"

He has added two other lines expressive of his trust in his resurrection. On the same night, Raleigh wrote this distich on the candle burning dimly :

" Cowards fear to die : but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out."

On the morning of his death, he smoked, as usual, his favourite tobacco, and when they brought him a cup of excellent sack, being asked how he liked it, Raleigh answered, "As the fellow, that, drinking of St. Giles's bowl, as he went to Tyburn, said, that was good drink if a man might tarry by it."

His dress, as was usual with him, was elegant, if not rich. Oldys describes it, but mentions, that he had a wrought night-cap under his hat; his rufflard, a black wrought velvet night-gown over a hair-coloured satin doublet, and a black wrought waistcoat; black cut taffety breeches, and ash-coloured silk stockings. He ascended the scaffold with the same cheerfulness he had passed to it.

Having taken off his gown, he called to the heads-man to shew him the axe, which not being instantly done, he repeated, "I prithee let me see it. Dost thou think I am afraid of it?" He passed his finger slightly over the edge, and smiling, observed to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases," and kissing it, laid it down. Another writer has, "This is that, that will cure all sorrows." After this, he went to three several corners of the scaffold, and kneeling down, desired all the people to pray for him, and recited a long prayer to himself. When he began to prepare himself for the block, he first laid himself down to try how the block fitted him; after rising up, the executioner kneeled down to ask his forgiveness, which Raleigh readily granted; but intreated him not to strike till he gave a token by lifting up his hand, '*and then fear not, but strike home!*' When he laid his head down to receive the stroke, the executioner desired him to lay his head towards the east: 'It was no great matter which way a man's head stood, so that the heart lay right!' said Raleigh: but these were not his last words. He was once more to speak in this world, with the same intrepidity he had lived in it—for, having lain some minutes on the block in prayer, he gave the signal; but the executioner, either unmindful, or in fear; failed to strike, and Raleigh, after once or twice putting forth his hands, was compelled to ask him, 'Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!' In two blows he was beheaded; but from the first, his body never shrunk from the spot by any discomposure of his posture, which, like his mind, was immovable.

Thus died the glorious and gallant cavalier, of whom Osborne says, 'His death was managed by him with so high and religious a resolution, as if a Roman had acted a Christian, or rather, a Christian a Roman.'

The church of St. Margaret, Westminster, is honoured with the remains of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was interred there the same day he was beheaded in Old Palace Yard, October 13, 1618.



CAPT. COOK.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

The elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And sing to all the world, This was a Man!

Shakspeare.

JAMES COOK, one of the most enterprising and skilful navigators the world has produced, was born at Marton in Cleveland, a village about four miles from Great Ayton, in the county of York, on the 27th of October, 1728. His father, whose name was likewise James, was a day-labourer to Mr. Mewburn, a very respectable farmer. In the year 1730, when our navigator was about two years old, his father removed with his family to Great Ayton, and was employed as a hind by Thomas Scottowe, Esq., having the charge of a considerable farm in that neighbourhood, known by the name of Airyholm.

As the father continued long in that trust, Captain Cook was employed in assisting him in various kinds of husbandry suited to his years, until the age of thirteen. At that period he was put under the care of Mr. Pullen, a school-master who taught at Ayton, where he learned arithmetic, book-keeping, &c., and is said to have shewn a very early genius for figures. While a boy he displayed an extraordinary spirit of inquiry, which was often not a little perplexing to his school-master. About January, 1745, at the age of seventeen, his father bound him apprentice to William Saunderson for four years, to learn the grocery and haberdashery business, at Snaith, a populous fishing town about ten miles from Whitby: but his natural inclination not having been consulted on this occasion, he soon quitted the counter in disgust, and in July, 1746, he bound himself apprentice to Mr. J. Walker, of Whitby, for the term of three years. He first sailed on board the ship *Freelove*, burthen about 450 tons,

chiefly employed in the coal trade from Newcastle to London, and afterwards in the *Three Brothers*, about 600 tons burthen. After two coal voyages the latter ship was taken into the service of Government, and sent as a transport to Middleburgh, to carry some troops to Dublin.

In the spring of 1750, Mr. Cook shipped himself as a seaman on board the *Maria*, belonging to Mr. John Wilkinson, of Whitby, under the command of Captain Gaskin. In her he continued all the year in the Baltic-trade. Early in February, 1752, Mr. Walker sent for him and made him mate of one of his vessels, called the *Friendship*, of about 400 tons burthen. In this station he continued till May or June, 1753, in the coal trade.

At the breaking out of the war, in 1755, he entered into the king's service, on board the *Eagle*, at that time commanded by Captain Hamer, and afterwards by Sir Hugh Palliser, who soon discovered his merit, and introduced him on the quarter-deck.

In the year 1758, he was appointed master of the *Northumberland*, the flag-ship of Lord Colville, who had taken the command of the squadron stationed on the coast of America. It was here, as he was often heard to say, that, during a hard winter, he first read Euclid, and applied himself to the study of mathematics and astronomy, without any other assistance than what a few books, and his own industry afforded him. At the same time that he thus found means to cultivate and improve his mind, and to supply the deficiencies of an early education, he was engaged in most of the busy and active scenes of war in America. At the siege of Quebec, Sir Charles Saunders committed to his charge the execution of services of the first importance in the naval department. He piloted the boats to the attack of Montmorency; conducted the embarkation to the Heights of Abraham, examined the passage, and laid buoys for the security of the large ships in proceeding up the river. The courage and address with which he acquitted himself in these services, gained him the warm friendship of Sir Charles Saunders and Lord Colville, who continued to patronize him during the rest of their lives, with the greatest zeal and affection.

He received a commission as lieutenant, on the first day of April, 1760; and at the conclusion of the war, he was appointed, through the recommendation of Lord Colville and Sir Hugh Palliser, to survey the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the coast of Newfoundland.

In the year 1765, he was with Sir William Burnaby on the Jamaica station; and that officer having occasion to send despatches to the Governor of Yucatan, relative to the logwood-cutters in the Bay of Honduras, Lieutenant Cook was selected for that employment; and he performed it in a manner which entitled him to the approbation of the Admiral. A relation of this voyage and journey was published in the year 1769, under the title of "Remarks on a passage from the river Belise in the Bay of Honduras to Merid, the capital of the province of Yucatan in the Spanish West Indies, by Lieutenant Cook," in an octavo pamphlet.

To a perfect knowledge of all the duties belonging to a sea-life, Mr. Cook added a great skill in astronomy. In the year 1767, the Royal Society resolved, that it would be proper to send persons into some part of the South Sea, to observe the transit of the planet Venus over the sun's disk; and our navigator was appointed by that learned body, with Mr. Charles Green, to observe the transit at Otaheite.

On this occasion Lieutenant Cook was promoted to be Captain, and his commission bore date the 25th of May, 1768.—He immediately hoisted the pendant, and took command of the ship, in which he sailed down the river on the 30th of July.

Captain Cook came to anchor in the Downs on the 12th of June, after having been absent almost three years, and in that time had experienced every danger to which a voyage of such a length is incident, and in which he made discoveries equal to those of all the navigators of this country, from the time of Columbus to the present day.—The narration of this expedition was written by Dr. Hawkesworth.

Soon after Captain Cook returned to England, it was resolved to equip two ships to complete the discovery of

the southern hemisphere. It had long been a prevailing idea, that the unexplored part contained another continent, and Alexander Dalrymple, a gentleman of enterprising spirit, was fully persuaded of its existence. To ascertain the fact was the principal object of this expedition; and that nothing might be omitted that could tend to facilitate the enterprise, two ships were provided, furnished with every necessary which could promote the success of the undertaking. The first of these ships was called the *Resolution*, under the command of Captain Cook; the other, the *Adventure*, commanded by Captain Furneaux. Both of them sailed from Deptford on the 9th of April, 1772, and returned to England, on the 14th of July, 1775; having, during three years and eighteen days (in which time the voyage was performed), lost but one man by sickness in Captain Cook's ships, although he had navigated throughout all the climates from 52 deg. north, to 71 deg. south, with a company of 118 men.

The relation of this voyage was given to the public by Captain Cook himself, and by Mr. George Forster, son of Dr. Forster, who had been appointed by government to accompany him, for the purpose of making observations on such natural productions as might be found in the course of the navigation.

The want of success which attended Captain Cook's attempt to discover a southern continent, did not discourage another plan being resolved on, which had been recommended some time before. This was no other than finding out a north-west passage, which the fancy of some chimerical projectors had conceived to be a practicable scheme. The dangers which our navigator had twice braved and escaped would have exempted him from being solicited a third time to venture his person in unknown countries, amongst desert islands, inhospitable climes, and in the midst of savages; but, on his opinion being asked concerning the person who would be the most proper to execute this design, he once more relinquished the quiet and comforts of domestic life, to engage in scenes of turbulence and confusion, of difficulty and danger. His intrepid spirit and inquisitive mind induced him again to offer his services;

and they were accepted without hesitation. The manner in which he had deported himself on former occasions left no room to suppose a fitter man could be selected. He prepared for his departure with the utmost alacrity, and actually sailed in the month of July, 1776.

A few months after his departure from England, notwithstanding he was then absent, the Royal Society voted him Sir Godfrey Copley's gold medal, as a reward for the account which he transmitted to that body, of the method taken to preserve the health of the crew of his ship; on which occasion, Sir John Pringle, in an oration pronounced on the 30th of Nov. after descanting on the means used on the voyage to preserve the lives of the sailors, concluded his discourse in these terms: "Allow me, then, gentlemen, to deliver this medal, with his unperishing name engraven upon it, into the hands of one who will be happy to receive that trust, and to hear that this respectable body never more cordially, nor more meritoriously, bestowed that faithful symbol of their esteem and affection. For if Rome decreed the *Civic Crown* to him who saved the life of a single citizen, what wreaths are due to that man, who having himself saved many, perpetuates in your Transactions the means by which Britain may now, on the most distant voyages, save numbers of her intrepid sons, her Mariners; who, braving every danger, have so liberally contributed to the fame, to the opulence, and to the maritime empire of their country?"

It will give pain to every sensible mind to reflect, that this honourable testimony to the merit of our gallant commander never came to his knowledge. While his friends were waiting with the most earnest solicitude for tidings concerning him, and the whole nation expressed an anxious impatience to be informed of his success, advice was received from Captain Clerke, in a letter dated at Kamtschatka, the 8th day of June, 1779; stating that Captain Cook was killed on the 14th of February, 1779.

Captain Cook was a married man, and left several children behind him: on each of these his Majesty settled a pension of 25*l.* per annum, and 200*l.* per annum on his

widow. It is a circumstance remarkable, that Captain Cook was godfather to his wife; and at the very time she was christened, had determined, if she grew up, on the union which afterwards took place between them.

The constitution of his body was robust, inured to labour, and capable of undergoing the severest hardships. His stomach bore, without difficulty, the coarsest and most ungrateful food. Indeed, temperance in him was scarcely a virtue; so great was the indifference with which he submitted to every kind of self-denial. The qualities of his mind were of the same hardy, vigorous kind with those of his body. His understanding was strong and perspicuous. His judgment, in whatever related to the services he was engaged in, quick and sure. His designs were bold and manly; and both in the conception, and in the mode of execution, bore evident marks of a great original genius. His courage was cool and determined, and accompanied with an admirable presence of mind in the moment of danger. His manners were plain and unaffected; but the most distinguishing feature of his character was that unremitting perseverance in the pursuit of his object, which was not only superior to the opposition of dangers and the pressure of hardships, but even exempt from the want of ordinary relaxation.

As a navigator, his services were of the most splendid description, and even the method which he discovered and so successfully pursued for preserving the lives of seamen, forms a new era in navigation, and will transmit his name to the latest posterity as the friend and benefactor of mankind.*

* We are indebted for this memoir to the Editor of Limbird's neat pocket edition of Cook's Voyages.



HOGARTH.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

“ It was character, the passions, the soul, that his genius was given him to copy.”

Lord Orford.

THIS matchless artist, who held, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, was born in the city of London, on the 10th of November, 1697. His father, Richard Hogarth, was an author, who, among other works, compiled a latin dictionary. Hogarth witnessing the precarious situation of men of classical education, and the difficulties under which his father laboured, when he was taken from school, resolved on learning some business; and having at an early period, shewed a great predilection for the arts, which he says he imbibed by witnessing the ornaments in his school-books, he was placed as an apprentice to Mr. Ellis Gamble, who kept a silversmith's shop in Cranbourn Alley, Leicester Square, to learn engraving on silver: but he found this employment too limited; for after beholding the paintings in Greenwich Hospital and St. Paul's, he resolved on following the silver-plate engraving no longer than necessity obliged him; and turned his thoughts on engraving subjects on copper, which he accomplished by the time he was twenty years of age; but to make himself master of the line and stroke engraving, he found it necessary to employ much time and study, and to learn drawing. His first and greatest ambition was to *design*; and it was his custom, when he saw a singular character, to pencil the leading features upon his nail, and when he came home, to copy the sketch on paper, and afterwards introduce it in a print. Instead of burthening the memory with musty rules, or tiring the

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

eye with copying dry and damaged pictures, he ever found *studying from nature*, the shortest and safest way of attaining knowledge in the art.

One Sunday he set out with two or three of his companions on an excursion to Highgate. The weather being hot, they went into a public-house, where they had not been long, before a quarrel arose between two persons in the room, one of whom struck the other on the head with a quart pot, and cut him very much. Hogarth drew out his pencil, and produced an extremely ludicrous picture of the scene. What rendered the piece the more pleasing, was, that it exhibited an exact likeness of the man, with the portrait of his antagonist, and the figures in caricature of the persons gathered round him.

As soon as Hogarth became master of engraving on copper, he readily got employment in frontispieces to books; and executed the plates to *Hudibras*, published in 12mo. 1726. As he ascribed his father's illness, which caused his death, to the ill-treatment he received from the booksellers and publishers, Hogarth determined to publish on his own account; but here he had to encounter a host of printsellers; and when the *Taste of the Town* appeared, in which the reigning follies of the time were lashed, he found *copies* of it in the print-shops, and vending at half-price, while the original prints were returned to him again; and he was thus obliged to sell the plate for whatever these pirates pleased to give him. Owing to this and other circumstances, by engraving until near thirty, he could do little more than maintain himself; but he was always a punctual pay-master.

About this time, he gained the heart and hand of Miss Thornhill, daughter of Sir James Thornhill, an union neither sanctioned by her father, nor accompanied with a fortune. He then employed himself in painting small family pieces, and commenced historical painter; but finding it not encouraged, he returned to engraving subjects from his own designs, yet occasionally taking portraits as large as life; and to prove his powers, and to vindicate his fame, he painted the admirable portrait of

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

Captain Coram, the founder of the Foundling Hospital, and to which charity he presented it. His next performance was the portrait of Mr. Garrick in the character of Richard III., for which he received 200*l.*, being the greatest sum that ever was before received by a British artist for a single portrait.

In addition to the high and sounding title of counsellor and honorary member of the Imperial Academy of Augsburg, conferred upon Hogarth in the German diploma, he was, on the 6th of June, 1757, still farther dignified, by being appointed Serjeant Painter to King George II.; and entered upon the duties of his office on the 15th of the following July, at a salary of ten pounds per annum!

Soon after he was married, he began his celebrated series of pictures of the *Harlot's Progress*, and was advised to have some of them placed in the way of his father-in-law. Accordingly one morning early, Mrs. Hogarth undertook to convey several of them into his dining-room. When Sir James arose, and was informed what had been done, he said, "Very well! the man who can produce representations like these, can also maintain a wife without a portion." He soon after, however, became not only reconciled, but even generous to the young couple.

The *Harlot's Progress*, in which the pencil was rendered subservient to the purposes of morality and instruction, rendered the genius of Hogarth conspicuously known. Above twelve hundred names were entered in his subscription book. It was made into a pantomime, and represented on the stage. Fans were likewise engraved, containing miniature representations of all the six plates.

The celebrated Henry Fielding had often promised to sit to his friend Hogarth; unluckily, however, no portrait was taken. After his death, Hogarth laboured to try if he could produce a likeness of his friend from images existing of his own family; and just as he was despairing of success, for want of some rule to go by, in the dimensions and outlines of the face, fortune threw the grand desideratum in his way. A lady, with a pair of scissors,

had cut a profile, which gave the distances and proportions of his face sufficiently to restore his lost ideas of him. Glad of an opportunity of paying his last tribute to the memory of an author whom he admired, Hogarth caught at the outline with rapture, and finished an excellent drawing, which is the only portrait of Fielding extant.

Hogarth was a very absent man. When he set up his carriage, having occasion to visit the lord mayor, on coming out of the Mansion House, he walked home wet to the skin, forgetting that he had his own chariot at the door.

Of his works in series, besides the *Harlot's Progress*, he produced the *Rake's Progress*, *Marriage-a-la-mode*, *Industry and Idleness*, the *Six stages of Cruelty*, the *Four Times of the Day*, and the *Election Pieces*.

In 1753, he produced a work, called "The Analysis of Beauty," written with a view of fixing the fluctuating ideas of taste.

Lord Orford is very severe in his remarks on Hogarth's painting of Sigismunda, which he says is "more ridiculous than any thing he had ever witnessed." In this observation, his lordship displays more venom than either judgment or truth; that the picture has faults, we allow; but the colouring is brilliant, the drapery graceful, and the figure of Sigismunda true to nature: but the *heart* of Tancred! aye, say some of the critics, it is *as big as a bullock's!* It was the heart that offended Orford—he expected Hogarth to produce a piece of work equal to the finest *chef-d'œuvres* of the Italian school; forgetting the infant state of the Fine Arts in England, at the period Sigismunda was painted. Lord Orford calls the Marquis of Worcester's *Century of Inventions*, "an amazing piece of folly;" this is certainly much more ridiculous than Hogarth's painting of Sigismunda.

The cringing, lying, deceitful Voltaire once said, that Hogarth's works were only fit for pot-houses. If this Goliath of literature had studied truth and virtue a little more than he did, he never would have made so ridiculous an assertion.—If he had taken only the trouble of inspecting

Hogarth's picture of "The Lady's Last Stake,"* in the possession of the Earl of Charlemont, he would not have dared, notwithstanding all his impudence, to have made such an assertion. Had Hogarth painted no other picture but this, he had done enough to immortalize his name : it is a most precious gem ; enough to make every Briton proud that Hogarth was an Englishman.

A few months before Hogarth was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled *The Tail Piece*. The first idea is said to have been started in company at his own table. " My next undertaking," said Hogarth, " shall be the end of all things." " If that is the case," replied one of his friends, " your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter." " There will so," answered Hogarth, " and therefore, the sooner the better." Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension, as the report goes, that he should not live till he had completed it ; this, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the end of all things ; a broken bottle ; an old broom worn to the stump ; the but-end of an old fire-lock ; a cracked bell ; a bow unstrung ; a crown tumbled in pieces ; towers in ruins ; the sign of a tavern called the World's End tumbling ; the moon in her wane ; the map of the globe burning ; a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down ; Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds ; a vessel wrecked ; Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken, [a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and the last whiff of smoke going out ; a play-book opened, with *exeunt omnes* stamped in the corner ; an empty purse ; and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against Nature. " So far, so good," said Hogarth, " nothing remains but——" taking his pencil in a short prophetic fury, and dashing off the simi-

* The lady in this picture is said to be a portrait of the celebrated Mrs. Piozzi, when Miss Salusbury.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

litude of a painter's pallet broken—" Finis!" exclaimed Hogarth, " the deed is done, and all is over!" It is a well-known and very remarkable fact that he never again took the pallet in his hand : it is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died about a year after he had finished this extraordinary " Tail-Piece !"

Hogarth died at his house in Leicester Square, October 26, 1764. He lies buried in Chiswick church-yard, where an elegant monument is erected to his memory, on which is an appropriate inscription by his friend Garrick.

His wife Jane died November 13, 1789, and lies by the side of her distinguished husband.

FINIS.

